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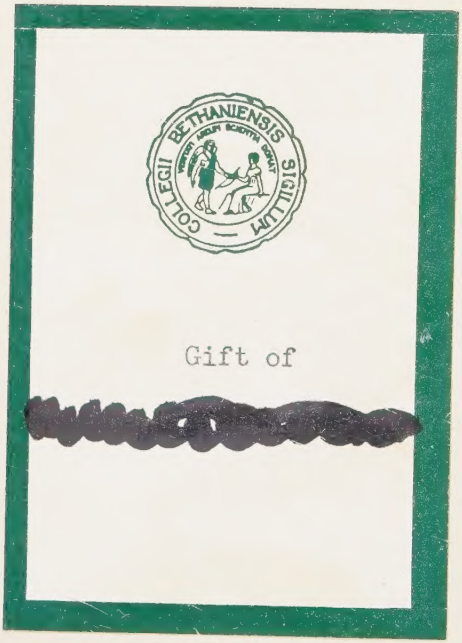

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INTRODUCTIONS BY ANDREW LANG AND DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL)

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, FORREST MORGAN, AND CAROLINE TICKNOR


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SPRING

*From a painting by E. Semenowski*

# THE SEASONS.

By JAMES THOMSON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 3806.]

## Spring.

Lo, the sweet snowdrop, harbinger of Spring,
Uplifts its head above its mantle cold,
The first of flowers to brave the melting snow,
And whether yellow, white, or violet,
It hath the very tenderness of love.
There in deep hollows of the dreary Woods
Clusters of primrose cheer the sullen earth
And light with joy the Wastes of withered leaves.
Then comes the daffodil, and in the Dells
Are seas of bluebells, oh! so delicate,
Hiding the banks above the rushing Flood
With blue mists creeping in the pensive shade.
Meanwhile the grass grows rank on sunny slopes,
And in the hedgerows hide the violets.
In gardens, pansies clothe the gay parterre
With robes all tremulous in colors gay.
Sweeping the surface of the clear cold lake,
From out the chambers of the deep blue sky,
A keen air fans the rushes with the chill
Of crackled ice. Be patient, gentle flowers,
The cold earth drinks the vitalizing heat,
And soon your lover the bright Sun will warm
The passing breeze, and all the latent life
Of tree and flower will bourgeon into bloom.
From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,

And swells, and deepens, to the cherished Eye.
The Hawthorn whitens; and the juicy Groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy Forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the Deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the Birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed
In all the colors of the flushing Year,
By Nature's swift and secret working Hand,
The Garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised Fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the Town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where Freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbrier hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptured Eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brushed from Russian Wilds, a cutting Gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy Mildew; or, dry blowing, breathe
Untimely Frost; before whose baleful Blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
For oft, engendered by the hazy North,
Myriads on myriads, Insect armies waft
Keen in the poisoned breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blackened Core,
Their eager way. A feeble Race, yet oft
The sacred Sons of Vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the Year.
To check this Plague, the skillful Farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involved in smoke, the latent Foe
From every cranny suffocated falls;
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty Tribe;
Or, when the envenomed leaf begins to curl,

With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping Birds unwisely scares.
Be patient, Swains; these cruel seeming Winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repressed,
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with rain,
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened Year.
The Northeast spends his rage; and now, shut up
Within his iron caves, the effusive South
Warms the wide Air, and o'er the void of Heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining Ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling Vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry Storms on Mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the Breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a Breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of Aspin tall. The uncurling Floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seen through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis Silence all,
And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense
The plumy People streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even Mountains, Vales,
And Forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad Creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The Clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
The stealing Shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,

Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distills,
Beholds the kindling Country color round.
Thus all day long the full-distended Clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered Earth
Is deep enriched with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward Sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.
Full swell the Woods; their every Music wakes,
Mixed in wild concert, with the warbling Brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the Hills,
The hollow lows responsive from the Vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweetened Zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding Earth, the grand ethereal Bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the Red
To where the Violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving Clouds
Form, fronting on the Sun, thy showery Prism;
And to the sage-instructed Eye unfold
The various Twine of Light, by thee disclosed
From the white mingling maze. Not so the Swain;
He, wondering, views the bright Enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but, amazed,
Beholds the amusive Arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still Night succeeds,
A softened shade, and saturated Earth
Awaits the Morning beam, to give to light,
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes
The balmy treasures of the former day.
Then spring the living Herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power

SUMMER

*From a painting by E. Semenowski*

Of Botanist to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely Dale,
In silent search; or through the Forest, rank
With what the dull incurious Weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain Rock,
Fired by the nodding Verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mixed them with the nursing mold,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

### Summer.

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic Youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy Maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping Age is here; and Infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the Sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet haycock rises thick behind,
In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy Labor, Love, and social Glee.
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog
Compelled, to where the mazy running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamor much of Men, and Boys, and Dogs,
Ere the soft fearful People to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the Swain,
On some, impatient, seizing, hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labor to the farther shore.

Repeated this, till deep the well-washed Fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt,
The Trout is banished by the sordid stream.
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless Race: where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, tossed from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered Flocks
Are in the wattled pen, innumerous, pressed,
Head above head: and, ranged in lusty rows,
The Shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest Maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd king;
While the glad Circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending Steams
And keen Reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the Mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed:
And scarce a chirping Grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very Streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,

# Manuscript of Sir Isaac Newton.

Letter to William Briggs, M.D., commending his "New Theory of Vision," but dissenting from some of his conclusions. Trinity College, Cambridge, 20 June, 1682.

The "New Theory of Vision" was published in Robert Hooke's "Philosophical Collections," No. 6, 1682; and a Latin version, made by Newton's advice and accompanied by a commendatory letter from him to the author, appeared in 1685.

Sir,—I have perused your very ingenious Theory of Vision, in which (to be free with you as a friend should be) there seems to be some things more solid and satisfactory, others more disputable but yet plausibly suggested and well deserving the consideration of the ingenious. The more satisfactory I take to be your asserting that we see with both eyes at once, your speculations about the use of the *musculus obliquus inferior*, your assigning every fibre in the optick nerve of one eye to have its correspondent in that of the other, both which make all appear to both eyes in one and the same place and your solving hereby the duplicity of the object in distorted eyes and confuting the childish opinions about the splitting the optick cone. The more disputable seems your notion about every pair of fellow fibres being unisons to one another, discords to the rest, and this consonance making the object seen with two eyes appear but one for the same reason that unison sounds seem but one sound. I did think to have sent you what I fancy may be objected against this notion and so staid for time to write it down, but upon second thoughts I had rather reserve it for discourse at our next meeting, and therefore shall only add my thanks for your kind letter and present.

Sir, I am,
Your much obliged and humble
Servant

IS. NEWTON.

Trin. Coll. Cambridge,
June 20th, 1682.

S

I have perused yᵉ very ingenious Theory of Vision
in wch (to be free wth you as a friend should be) there
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S^r I am

Trinn. Coll. Cambridge yo^r much obliged & humble
June 20th. 1682 Servant

Is. Newton.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, 1682.

Brit. Mus. Add. Ms. 4,237, f. 31.

And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.
Thrice happy he, who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic fountain, forest-crowned,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.
Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail!
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted Hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbaged brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The Heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded Eye
And Ear resume their watch; the Sinews knit;
And Life shoots swift through all the lightened limbs.
Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near Fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious Flood
Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured Wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,

Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the Sun; while all the tuneful Race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disordered droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The Stock dove only through the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murdered Mate,
Struck from his side by savage Fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder Song of sorrow through the grove.
Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air:
There on that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lined, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the Bee
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep lulled in noon,
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the Torrid Zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compared,
Yon Blaze is feeble, and yon Skies are cool.

## Autumn.

Ye Swains, now hasten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye Virgins, come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise: the clustering nuts for you
The Lover finds amid the secret shade;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigor crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda, formed with every grace complete;

AUTUMN

*From a painting by E. Semenowski*

Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfined; and taste, revived,
The breath of Orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy Pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared;
Of tempered sun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mixed.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of Apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing Cyder for the thirsty tongue:
Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
The inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral Song.
And, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought.
Presents the downy Peach; the shining Plum,
With a fine bluish mist of animals
Clouded; the ruddy Nectarine; and, dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious Fig.
The Vine too here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The Vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increased, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,

Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes,
White o'er the turgent film, the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touched into flavor by the mingling ray,
The rural Youth and Virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing Swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy:
The Claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.
Now, by the cool declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, checked
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapor, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the Woods: the dim-seen River seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppressed, the Sun
Sheds, weak and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wildered, o'er the waste
The Shepherd stalks gigantic; till at last
Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless gray confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard)
Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urged
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving Mists, that constant now begin

To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain cisterns fill — those ample stores,
Of water, scooped among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some Sages say, that, where the numerous wave
Forever lashes the resounding shore,
Drilled through the sandy stratum, every way,
The Waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles, infinitely strained,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless Fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the Waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if by blind Ambition led astray,
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
The attractive sand that charmed their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating Salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old Ocean too, sucked through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.
Say then, where lurk the vast eternal Springs,
That, like creating Nature, lie concealed
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius, given to man
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O lay the mountains bare, and wide display
Their hidden structure to the astonished view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;

The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretched
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds;
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus, pouring many a stream.
O from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia rolled
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the stony girdle of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapped in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods —
O sweep the eternal snows; hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread; unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon;
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth.
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretched to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose;
I see the Rivers in their infant beds;
Deep, deep I hear them, laboring to get free.
I see the leaning Strata, artful ranged;
The gaping Fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs.
Strewed bibulous above I see the Sands,
The pebbly Gravel next, the Layers then
Of mingled molds, of more retentive earths,
The guttered Rocks and mazy-running Clefts;
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky Siphons stretched immense,
The mighty Reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious formed:
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Through the stirred sands a bubbling passage burst;
And welling out, around the middle steep,

WINTER

*From a painting by E. Semenowski*

Or from the bottoms of the bosomed hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
The exhaling Sun, the vapor-burdened air,
The gelid mountains, that, to rain condensed,
These vapors in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous Rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and, firm, support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

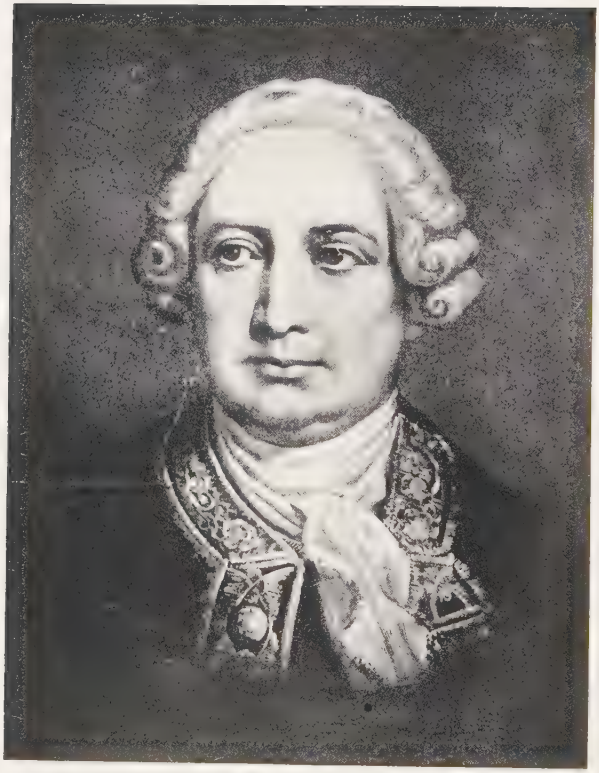
### Winter.

To thy loved haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous Winter days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, the ethereal Niter flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining Atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted Glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year;
A stronger Glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
The purer Rivers flow, their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the Shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Derived, thou secret all-invading Power,
Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hooked, or shaped
Like double wedges, and diffused immense
Through water, earth, and ether? hence at eve,
Steamed eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,
An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool

Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened Ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprisoned river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen Earth, and, hard, reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening Watch,
The village Dog deters the nightly thief;
The Heifer lows; the distant Waterfall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty Tread
Of traveler, the hollow-sounding Plain
Shakes from afar. The full Ethereal Round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of Starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid Influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labor of the silent Night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent Icicle; the Frostwork fair,
Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise;
Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen Brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
The Forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refined, the whiter Snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the Tread
Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain Top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.
    On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful Swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train, the raptured Boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,

On sounding Skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's Dames,
Or Russia's buxom Daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome Day;
But soon elapsed. The horizontal Sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the Vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the clustered Snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the Season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feathered game.
But what is this? our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonished shoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign. . . .
Muttering, the Winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow blustering from the south. Subdued,
The Frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the Mountains shine; loose Sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The Rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen Seas,
That washed the ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And hark! the lengthening Roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,

And piles a thousand Mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the Bark with trembling wretches charged,
That, tossed amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosened brine; while, through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famished Monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with Pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to Hope, and lights them safe
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done! — dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns, tremendous, o'er the conquered Year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictured Life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,
And pale, concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those Dreams of greatness? those unsolid Hopes
Of happiness? those longings after Fame?
Those restless Cares? those busy, bustling Days?
Those gay-spent, festive Nights? those veering Thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy Life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives, —
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to Happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
Forever free. The great Eternal Scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole



DAVID HUME.

Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye, refined, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraigned: see now the cause
Why unassuming Worth in secret lived,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge: why licensed Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,
Embittered all our bliss. Ye good, distressed!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view — which only saw
A little part — deemed evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

## THE SKEPTIC.

By DAVID HUME.

[David Hume, Scotch philosopher and historian, was born at Edinburgh, April 26, 1711. At first a merchant's clerk, he went to France to write in seclusion his "Treatise of Human Nature," which fell flat, but is now a classic. He published "Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary," in 1742 and 1752; in the latter year also his "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," from 1754 to 1761 "The History of England," and in the mean time the "Natural History of Religion." In 1763–1766 he was in France; 1767–1769 an under-secretary of state. He died August 25, 1776.]

I have long entertained a suspicion, with regard to the decisions of philosophers upon all subjects, and found in myself a greater inclination to dispute than assent to their conclusions. There is one mistake, to which they seem liable, almost without exception; they confine too much their principles, and make no account of that vast variety which nature has so much affected in all her operations. When a philosopher has once laid hold of a favorite principle, which perhaps accounts for many natural

effects, he extends the same principle over the whole creation, and reduces to it every phenomenon, though by the most violent and absurd reasoning. Our own mind being narrow and contracted, we cannot extend our conception to the variety and extent of nature ; but imagine that she is as much bounded in her operations, as we are in our speculation.

But if ever this infirmity of philosophers is to be suspected on any occasion, it is in their reasonings concerning human life, and the methods of attaining happiness. In that case, they are led astray, not only by the narrowness of their understandings, but by that also of their passions. Almost every one has a predominant inclination, to which his other desires and affections submit, and which governs him, though, perhaps, with some intervals, through the whole course of his life. It is difficult for him to apprehend that anything which appears totally indifferent to him can ever give enjoyment to any person, or can possess charms, which altogether escape his observation. His own pursuits are always, in his account, the most engaging: the objects of his passion, the most valuable : and the road, which he pursues the only one that leads to happiness.

But would these prejudiced reasoners reflect a moment, there are many obvious instances and arguments, sufficient to undeceive them, and make them enlarge their maxims and principles. Do they not see the vast variety of inclinations and pursuits among our species ; where each man seems fully satisfied with his own course of life, and would esteem it the greatest unhappiness to be confined to that of his neighbor? Do they not feel in themselves that what pleases at one time, displeases at another, by the change of inclination ; and that it is not in their power, by their utmost efforts, to recall that taste or appetite which formerly bestowed charms on what now appears indifferent or disagreeable? What is the meaning therefore of those general preferences of the town or country life, of a life of action or one of pleasure, of retirement or society ; when, besides the different inclinations of different men, every one's experience may convince him that each of these kinds of life is agreeable in its turn, and that their variety or their judicious mixture chiefly contributes to the rendering all of them agreeable ?

But shall this business be allowed to go altogether at adventures? And must a man consult only his humor and inclination, in order to determine his course of life, without employing his reason to inform him what road is preferable, and leads most

surely to happiness? Is there no difference, then, between one man's conduct and another?

I answer, there is a great difference. One man, following his inclination, in choosing his course of life, may employ much surer means for succeeding than another, who is led by inclination into the same course of life, and pursues the same object. *Are riches the chief object of your desires?* Acquire skill in your profession; be diligent in the exercise of it; enlarge the circle of your friends and acquaintance; avoid pleasure and expense; and never be generous, but with a view of gaining more than you could save by frugality. *Would you acquire the public esteem?* Guard equally against the extremes of arrogance and fawning. Let it appear that you set a value upon yourself, but without despising others. If you fall into either of the extremes, you either provoke men's pride by your insolence, or teach them to despise you by your timorous submission, and by the mean opinion which you seem to entertain of yourself.

These, you say, are the maxims of common prudence and discretion; what every parent inculcates on his child, and what every man of sense pursues in the course of life which he has chosen. — What is it then you desire more? Do you come to a philosopher as to a *cunning man*, to learn something by magic or witchcraft, beyond what can be known by common prudence and discretion? — Yes; we come to a philosopher to be instructed, how we shall choose our ends, more than the means for attaining these ends: we want to know what desire we shall gratify, what passion we shall comply with, what appetite we shall indulge. As to the rest, we trust to common sense, and the general maxims of the world, for our instruction.

I am sorry, then, I have pretended to be a philosopher: for I find your questions very perplexing; and am in danger, if my answer be too rigid and severe, of passing for a pedant and scholastic; if it be too easy and free, of being taken for a preacher of vice and immorality. However, to satisfy you, I shall deliver my opinion upon the matter, and shall only desire you to esteem it of as little consequence as I do myself. By that means you will neither think it worthy of your ridicule nor your anger.

If we can depend upon any principle, which we learn from philosophy, this, I think, may be considered as certain and undoubted, that there is nothing, in itself, valuable or despicable, desirable or hateful, beautiful or deformed; but that these

attributes arise from the particular constitution and fabric of human sentiment and affection. What seems the most delicious food to one animal, appears loathsome to another: what affects the feeling of one with delight, produces uneasiness in another. This is confessedly the case with regard to all the bodily senses: but, if we examine the matter more accurately, we shall find that the same observation holds even where the mind concurs with the body, and mingles its sentiment with the exterior appetite.

Desire this passionate lover to give you a character of his mistress: he will tell you that he is at a loss for words to describe her charms, and will ask you very seriously, if ever you were acquainted with a goddess or an angel? If you answer that you never were: he will then say that it is impossible for you to form a conception of such divine beauties as those which his charmer possesses; so complete a shape; such well-proportioned features; so engaging an air; such sweetness of disposition; such gayety of humor. You can infer nothing, however, from all this discourse, but that the poor man is in love; and that the general appetite between the sexes, which nature has infused into all animals, is in him determined to a particular object by some qualities which give him pleasure. The same divine creature, not only to a different animal, but also to a different man, appears a mere mortal being, and is beheld with the utmost indifference.

Nature has given all animals a like prejudice in favor of their offspring. As soon as the helpless infant sees the light, though in every other eye it appears a despicable and a miserable creature, it is regarded by its fond parent with the utmost affection, and is preferred to every other object, however perfect and accomplished. The passion alone, arising from the original structure and formation of human nature, bestows a value on the most insignificant object.

We may push the same observation further, and may conclude that, even when the mind operates alone, and feeling the sentiment of blame or approbation, pronounces one object deformed and odious, another beautiful and amiable; I say that, even in this case, those qualities are not really in the objects, but belong entirely to the sentiment of that mind which blames or praises. I grant, that it will be more difficult to make this proposition evident, and, as it were, palpable, to negligent thinkers; because nature is more uniform in the sentiments

of the mind than in most feelings of the body, and produces a nearer resemblance in the inward than in the outward part of human kind. There is something approaching to principles in mental taste; and critics can reason and dispute more plausibly than cooks or perfumers. We may observe, however, that this uniformity among human kind hinders not, but that there is a considerable diversity in the sentiments of beauty and worth, and that education, custom, prejudice, caprice, and humor frequently vary our taste of this kind. You will never convince a man, who is not accustomed to Italian music, and has not an ear to follow its intricacies, that a Scots tune is not preferable. You have not even any single argument, beyond your own taste, which you can employ in your behalf: and to your antagonist his particular taste will always appear a more convincing argument to the contrary. If you be wise, each of you will allow that the other may be in the right; and having many other instances of this diversity of taste, you will both confess that beauty and worth are merely of a relative nature, and consist in an agreeable sentiment, produced by an object in a particular mind, according to the peculiar structure and constitution of that mind.

By this diversity of sentiment, observable in human kind, nature has, perhaps, intended to make us sensible of her authority, and let us see what surprising changes she could produce on the passions and desires of mankind, merely by the change of their inward fabric, without any alteration on the objects. The vulgar may even be convinced by this argument. But men, accustomed to thinking, may draw a more convincing, at least a more general argument, from the very nature of the subject.

In the operation of reasoning, the mind does nothing but run over its objects, as they are supposed to stand in reality, without adding anything to them, or diminishing anything from them. If I examine the Ptolomaic and Copernican systems, I endeavor only, by my inquiries, to know the real situation of the planets; that is, in other words, I endeavor to give them, in my conception, the same relations that they bear towards each other in the heavens. To this operation of the mind, therefore, there seems to be always a real, through often an unknown standard, in the nature of things; nor is truth or falsehood variable by the various apprehensions of mankind. Though all human race should forever conclude that the sun moves, and the earth remains at rest, the sun stirs not an inch

from his place for all these reasonings; and such conclusions are eternally false and erroneous.

But the case is not the same with the qualities of *beautiful and deformed*, *desirable and odious*, as with truth and falsehood. In the former case, the mind is not content with merely surveying its objects, as they stand in themselves: it also feels a sentiment of delight or uneasiness, approbation or blame, consequent to that survey; and this sentiment determines it to affix the epithet *beautiful or deformed*, *desirable or odious*. Now, it is evident, that this sentiment must depend upon the particular fabric or structure of the mind, which enables such particular forms to operate in such a particular manner, and produces a sympathy or conformity between the mind and its objects. Vary the structure of the mind or inward organs, the sentiment no longer follows, though the form remains the same. The sentiment being different from the object, and arising from its operation upon the organs of the mind, an alteration upon the latter must vary the effect, nor can the same object, presented to a mind totally different, produce the same sentiment.

This conclusion every one is apt to draw of himself, without much philosophy, where the sentiment is evidently distinguishable from the object. Who is not sensible, that power, and glory, and vengeance, are not desirable of themselves, but derive all their value from the structure of human passions, which begets a desire towards such particular pursuits? But with regard to beauty, either natural or moral, the case is commonly supposed to be different. The agreeable quality is thought to lie in the object, not in the sentiment; and that merely because the sentiment is not so turbulent and violent as to distinguish itself, in an evident manner, from the perception of the object.

But a little reflection suffices to distinguish them. A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular spirals of the Ptolomaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, *whose* parts are all equally distant from a common center. It is only the effect which that figure produces upon a mind whose particular fabric or structure renders

it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas' voyage by the map, might perfectly understand the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author; and, consequently, might have a distinct idea of the whole narration. He would even have a more distinct idea of it than they could attain who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, everything in the poem: but he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but in the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty, though possessed of the science and understanding of an angel.

The inference upon the whole is, that it is not from the value or worth of the object which any person pursues, that we can determine his enjoyment, but merely from the passion with which he pursues it, and the success which he meets with in his pursuit. Objects have absolutely no worth or value in themselves. They derive their worth merely from the passion. If that be strong, and steady, and successful, the person is happy. It cannot reasonably be doubted but a little miss, dressed in a new gown for a dancing-school ball, receives as complete enjoyment as the greatest orator, who triumphs in the splendor of his eloquence, while he governs the passions and resolutions of a numerous assembly.

All the difference, therefore, between one man and another, with regard to life, consists either in the *passion*, or in the *enjoyment:* and these differences are sufficient to produce the wide extremes of happiness and misery.

To be happy, the *passion* must neither be too violent, nor too remiss. In the first case, the mind is in a perpetual hurry and tumult; in the second, it sinks into a disagreeable indolence and lethargy.

To be happy, the passion must be benign and social; not rough or fierce. The affections of the latter kind are not near so agreeable to the feeling as those of the former. Who will compare rancor and animosity, envy and revenge, to friendship, benignity, clemency, and gratitude?

To be happy, the passion must be cheerful and gay, not

gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches: one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

Some passions or inclinations, in the *enjoyment* of their object, are not so steady or constant as others, nor convey such durable pleasure and satisfaction. *Philosophical devotion*, for instance, like the enthusiasm of a poet, is the transitory effect of high spirits, great leisure, a fine genius, and a habit of study and contemplation: but notwithstanding all these circumstances, an abstract, invisible object, like that which *natural* religion alone presents to us, cannot long actuate the mind, or be of any moment in life. To render the passion of continuance, we must find some method of affecting the senses and imagination, and must embrace some *historical* as well as *philosophical* account of the divinity. Popular superstitions and observances are even found to be of use in this particular.

Though the tempers of men be very different, yet we may safely pronounce in general, that a life of pleasure cannot support itself so long as one of business, but is much more subject to satiety and disgust. The amusements which are the most durable have all a mixture of application and attention in them; such as gaming and hunting. And in general, business and action fill up all the great vacancies in human life.

But where the temper is the best disposed for any *enjoyment*, the object is often wanting: and in this respect, the passions, which pursue external objects, contribute not so much to happiness as those which rest in ourselves; since we are neither so certain of attaining such objects, nor so secure in possessing them. A passion for learning is preferable, with regard to happiness, to one for riches.

Some men are possessed of great strength of mind; and even when they pursue *external* objects are not much affected by a disappointment, but renew their application and industry with the greatest cheerfulness. Nothing contributes more to happiness than such a turn of mind.

According to this short and imperfect sketch of human life, the happiest disposition of mind is the *virtuous;* or, in other words, that which leads to action and employment renders us sensible to the social passions, steels the heart against the assaults of fortune, reduces the affections to a just moderation, makes our own thoughts an entertainment to us, and inclines us rather to the pleasures of society and conversation than to those of the senses. This, in the mean time, must be obvious

to the most careless reasoner, that all dispositions of mind are not alike favorable to happiness, and that one passion or humor may be extremely desirable, while another is equally disagreeable. And, indeed, all the difference between the conditions of life depends upon the mind; nor is there any one situation of affairs, in itself, preferable to another. Good and ill, both natural and moral, are entirely relative to human sentiment and affection. No man would ever be unhappy, could he alter his feelings. Proteus-like, he would elude all attacks, by the continual alterations of his shape and form.

But of this resource nature has, in a great measure, deprived us. The fabric and constitution of our mind no more depends on our choice than that of our body. The generality of men have not even the smallest notion that any alteration in this respect can ever be desirable. As a stream necessarily follows the several inclinations of the ground on which it runs; so are the ignorant and thoughtless part of mankind actuated by their natural propensities. Such are effectually excluded from all pretensions to philosophy, and the *medicine of the mind*, so much boasted. But even upon the wise and thoughtful, nature has a prodigious influence; nor is it always in a man's power, by the utmost art and industry, to correct his temper, and attain that virtuous character to which he aspires. The empire of philosophy extends over a few; and with regard to these two, her authority is very weak and limited. Men may well be sensible of the value of virtue, and may desire to attain it; but it is not always certain that they will be successful in their wishes.

Whoever considers, without prejudice, the course of human actions will find that mankind are almost entirely guided by constitution and temper, and that general maxims have little influence, but so far as they affect our taste or sentiment. If a man have a lively sense of honor and virtue, with moderate passions, his conduct will always be conformable to the rules of morality; or if he depart from them, his return will be easy and expeditious. On the other hand, where one is born of so perverse a frame of mind, of so callous and insensible a disposition, as to have no relish for virtue and humanity, no sympathy with his fellow-creatures, no desire of esteem and applause; such a one must be allowed entirely incurable, nor is there any remedy in philosophy. He reaps no satisfaction but from low and sensual objects, or from the indulgence of malignant passions: he feels no remorse to control his vicious inclinations: he has not even

that sense or taste which is requisite to make him desire a better character. For my part, I know not how I should address myself to such a one, or by what arguments I should endeavor to reform him. Should I tell him of the inward satisfaction which results from laudable and humane actions, the delicate pleasure of disinterested love and friendship, the lasting enjoyments of a good name and an established character, he might still reply that these were, perhaps, pleasures to such as were susceptible of them; but that, for his part, he finds himself of a quite different turn and disposition. I must repeat it; my philosophy affords no remedy in such a case, nor could I do anything but lament this person's unhappy condition. But then I ask, If any other philosophy can afford a remedy; or if it be possible, by any system, to render all mankind virtuous, however perverse may be their natural frame of mind? Experience will soon convince us of the contrary; and I will venture to affirm that, perhaps, the chief benefit which results from philosophy arises in an indirect manner, and proceeds more from its secret, insensible influence than from its immediate application.

It is certain that a serious attention to the sciences and liberal arts softens and humanizes the temper, and cherishes those fine emotions in which true virtue and honor consist. It rarely, very rarely happens, that a man of taste and learning is not, at least, an honest man, whatever frailties may attend him. The bent of his mind to speculative studies must mortify in him the passions of interest and ambition, and must, at the same time, give him a greater sensibility of all the decencies and duties of life. He feels more fully a moral distinction in characters and manners; nor is his sense of this kind diminished, but, on the contrary, it is much increased, by speculation.

Besides such insensible changes upon the temper and disposition, it is highly probable that others may be produced by study and application. The prodigious effects of education may convince us that the mind is not altogether stubborn and inflexible, but will admit of many alterations from its original make and structure. Let a man propose to himself the model of a character which he approves: let him be well acquainted with those particulars in which his own character deviates from this model: let him keep a constant watch over himself, and bend his mind, by a continual effort, from the vices, towards the virtues; and I doubt not but, in time, he will find, in his temper, an alteration for the better.

Habit is another powerful means of reforming the mind, and implanting in it good dispositions and inclinations. A man who continues in a course of sobriety and temperance will hate riot and disorder: if he engage in business or study, indolence will seem a punishment to him: if he constrain himself to practice beneficence and affability, he will soon abhor all instances of pride and violence. Where one is thoroughly convinced that the virtuous course of life is preferable; if he have but resolution enough, for some time, to impose a violence on himself; his reformation needs not to be despaired of. The misfortune is, that this conviction and this resolution never can have place, unless a man be, beforehand, tolerably virtuous.

Here then is the chief triumph of art and philosophy: it insensibly refines the temper, and it points out to us those dispositions which we should endeavor to attain, by a constant *bent* of mind, and by repeated *habit*. Beyond this I cannot acknowledge it to have great influence; and I must entertain doubts concerning all those exhortations and consolations which are in such vogue among speculative reasoners.

We have already observed that no objects are, in themselves, desirable or odious, valuable or despicable; but that objects acquire these qualities from the particular character and constitution of the mind which surveys them. To diminish, therefore, or augment any person's value for an object to excite or moderate his passions, there are no direct arguments or reasons, which can be employed with any force or influence. The catching of flies, like Domitian, if it give more pleasure, is preferable to the hunting of wild beasts, like William Rufus, or conquering of kingdoms, like Alexander.

But though the value of every object can be determined only by the sentiment or passion of every individual, we may observe that the passion, in pronouncing its verdict, considers not the object simply, as it is in itself, but surveys it with all the circumstances which attend it. A man transported with joy, on account of his possessing a diamond, confines not his view to the glittering stone before him: he also considers its rarity, and hence chiefly arises his pleasure and exultation. Here therefore a philosopher may step in, and suggest particular views, and considerations, and circumstances, which otherwise would have escaped us, and by that means, he may either moderate or excite any particular passion.

It may seem unreasonable absolutely to deny the authority of philosophy in this respect: but it must be confessed that there lies this strong presumption against it, that, if these views be natural and obvious, they would have occurred of themselves, without the assistance of philosophy; if they be not natural, they never can have any influence on the affections. *These* are of a very delicate nature, and cannot be forced or constrained by the utmost art or industry. A consideration which we seek for on purpose, which we enter into with difficulty, which we cannot attain without care and attention, will never produce those genuine and durable movements of passion which are the result of nature and the constitution of the mind. A man may as well pretend to cure himself of love, by viewing his mistress through the *artificial* medium of a microscope or prospect, and beholding there the coarseness of her skin, and monstrous disproportion of her features, as hope to excite or moderate any passion by the *artificial* arguments of a Seneca or an Epictetus. The remembrance of the natural aspect and situation of the object will, in both cases, still recur upon him. The reflections of philosophy are too subtle and distant to take place in common life, or eradicate any affection. The air is too fine to breathe in, where it is above the winds and clouds of the atmosphere.

Another defect of those refined reflections which philosophy suggests to us, is, that commonly they cannot diminish or extinguish our vicious passions, without diminishing or extinguishing such as are virtuous, and rendering the mind totally indifferent and inactive. They are, for the most part, general, and are applicable to all our affections. In vain do we hope to direct their influence only to one side. If by incessant study and meditation we have rendered them intimate and present to us, they will operate throughout, and spread an universal insensibility over the mind. When we destroy the nerves, we extinguish the sense of pleasure, together with that of pain, in the human body.

It will be easy, by one glance of the eye, to find one or other of these defects in most of those philosophical reflections so much celebrated both in ancient and modern times. "Let not the injuries or violence of men," say the philosophers, "ever discompose you by anger or hatred. Would you be angry at the ape for its malice, or the tiger for its ferocity?" This reflection leads us into a bad opinion of human nature,

and must extinguish the social affections. It tends also to prevent all remorse for a man's own crimes; when he considers that vice is as natural to mankind as the particular instincts to brute creatures.

"All ills arise from the order of the universe, which is absolutely perfect. Would you wish to disturb so divine an order for the sake of your own particular interest?" What if the ills I suffer arise from malice or oppression? "But the vices and imperfections of men are also comprehended in the order of the universe: —

> "If plagues and earthquakes break not heaven's design,
> Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?"

Let this be allowed; and my own vices will also be a part of the same order.

To one who said that none were happy who were not above opinion, a Spartan replied, "Then none are happy but knaves and robbers."

"Man is born to be miserable; and is he surprised at any particular misfortune? And can he give way to sorrow and lamentation upon account of any disaster?" Yes: he very reasonably laments that he should be born to be miserable. Your consolation presents a hundred ills, for one of which you pretend to ease him.

"You should always have before your eyes death, disease, poverty, blindness, exile, calumny, and infamy, as ills which are incident to human nature. If any of these ills fall to your lot, you will bear it the better, when you have reckoned upon it." I answer, if we confine ourselves to a general and distant reflection on the ills of human life, *that* can have no effect to prepare us for them. If by close and intense meditation we render them present and intimate to us, *that* is the true secret for poisoning all our pleasures, and rendering us perpetually miserable.

"Your sorrow is fruitless, and will not change the course of destiny." Very true: and for that very reason I am sorry.

Cicero's consolation for deafness is somewhat curious. "How many languages are there," says he, "which you do not understand? The Punic, Spanish, Gallic, Egyptian, etc. With regard to all these, you are as if you were deaf, yet you are indifferent about the matter. Is it then so great a misfortune to be deaf to one language more?"

I like better the repartee of Antipater the Cyrenaic, when some women were condoling with him for his blindness: "What!" says he, "do you think there are no pleasures in the dark?"

"Nothing can be more destructive," says Fontenelle, "to ambition, and the passion for conquest, than the true system of astronomy. What a poor thing is even the whole globe in comparison of the infinite extent of Nature?" This consideration is evidently too distant ever to have any effect. Or, if it had any, would it not destroy patriotism as well as ambition? The same gallant author adds, with some reason, that the bright eyes of the ladies are the only objects which lose nothing of their luster or value from the most extensive views of astronomy, but stand proof against every system. Would philosophers advise us to limit our affections to them?

"Exile," says Plutarch to a friend in banishment, "is no evil: mathematicians tell us that the whole earth is but a point, compared to the heavens. To change one's country, then, is little more than to remove from one street to another. Man is not a plant, rooted in a certain spot of earth: all soils and all climates are like suited to him." These topics are admirable, could they fall only into the hands of banished persons. But what if they come also to the knowledge of those who are employed in public affairs, and destroy all their attachment to their native country? Or will they operate like the quack's medicine, which is equally good for a diabetes and a dropsy?

It is certain, were a superior being thrust into a human body, that the whole of life would to him appear so mean, contemptible, and puerile, that he never could be induced to take part in anything, and would scarcely give attention to what passes around him. To engage him to such a condescension as to play even the part of a Philip with zeal and alacrity, would be much more difficult than to constrain the same Philip, after having been a king and a conqueror during fifty years, to mend old shoes with proper care and attention; the occupation which Lucian assigns him in the infernal regions. Now all the same topics of disdain towards human affairs, which could operate on this supposed being, occur also to a philosopher; but being, in some measure, disproportioned to human capacity, and not being fortified by the experience of anything better, they make not a full impression on him. He sees, but he feels not sufficiently their truth: and is always a

sublime philosopher, when he needs not; that is, as long as nothing disturbs him, or rouses his affections. While others play, he wonders at their keenness and ardor; but he no sooner puts in his own stake than he is commonly transported with the same passions that he had so much condemned, while he remained a simple spectator.

There are two considerations, chiefly, to be met with in books of philosophy, from which any important effect is to be expected, and that because these considerations are drawn from common life, and occur upon the most superficial view of human affairs. When we reflect on the shortness and uncertainty of life, how despicable seem all our pursuits of happiness! And even, if we would extend our concern beyond our own life, how frivolous appear our most enlarged and most generous projects; when we consider the incessant changes and revolutions of human affairs, by which laws and learning, books and government, are hurried away by time, as by a rapid stream, and are lost in the immense ocean of matter. Such a reflection certainly tends to mortify all our passions: but does it not thereby counterwork the artifice of nature, who has happily deceived us into an opinion that human life is of some importance? And may not such a reflection be employed with success by voluptuous reasoners, in order to lead us, from the paths of action and virtue, into the flowery fields of indolence and pleasure?

We are informed by Thucydides that, during the famous plague of Athens, when death seemed present to every one, a dissolute mirth and gayety prevailed among the people, who exhorted one another to make the most of life as long as it endured. The same observation is made by Boccace, with regard to the plague of Florence. A like principle make soldiers, during war, be more addicted to riot and expense than any other race of men. Present pleasure is always of importance; and whatever diminishes the importance of all other objects, must bestow on it an additional influence and value.

The *second* philosophical consideration, which may often have an influence on the affections, is derived from a comparison of our own condition with the condition of others. This comparison we are continually making even in common life; but the misfortune is, that we are rather apt to compare our situation with that of our superiors than with that of our inferiors. A philosopher corrects this natural infirmity by turn-

ing his view to the other side, in order to render himself easy in the situation to which fortune has confined him. There are few people who are not susceptible of some consolation from this reflection, though, to a very good-natured man, the view of human miseries should rather produce sorrow than comfort, and add, to his lamentations for his own misfortunes, a deep compassion for those of others. Such is the imperfection, even of the best of these philosophical topics of consolation.

I shall conclude this subject with observing that, though virtue be undoubtedly the best choice, when it is attainable; yet such is the disorder and confusion of human affairs that no perfect or regular distribution of happiness and misery is ever, in this life, to be expected. Not only the goods of fortune, and the endowments of the body (both of which are important), not only these advantages, I say, are unequally divided between the virtuous and vicious, but even the mind itself partakes, in some degree, of this disorder; and the most worthy character, by the very constitution of the passions, enjoys not always the highest felicity.

It is observable that though every bodily pain proceeds from some disorder in the part or organ, yet the pain is not always proportioned to the disorder, but is greater or less, according to the greater or less sensibility of the part upon which the noxious humors exert their influence. A *toothache* produces more violent convulsions of pain than a *phthisis* or a *dropsy*. In like manner, with regard to the economy of the mind, we may observe that all vice is indeed pernicious; yet the disturbance or pain is not measured out by nature with exact proportion to the degrees of vice; nor is the man of highest virtue, even abstracting from external accidents, always the most happy. A gloomy and melancholy disposition is certainly, *to our sentiments*, a vice or imperfection; but as it may be accompanied with great sense of honor and great integrity, it may be found in very worthy characters, though it is sufficient alone to imbitter life, and render the person affected with it completely miserable. On the other hand, a selfish villain may possess a spring and alacrity of temper, a certain *gayety of heart*, which is indeed a good quality, but which is rewarded much beyond its merit, and when attended with good fortune will compensate for the uneasiness and remorse arising from all the other vices.

I shall add, as an observation to the same purpose, that, if

a man be liable to a vice or imperfection, it may often happen that a good quality, which he possesses along with it, will render him more miserable than if he were completely vicious. A person of such imbecility of temper as to be easily broken by affliction is more unhappy for being endowed with a generous and friendly disposition, which gives him a lively concern for others, and exposes him the more to fortune and accidents. A sense of shame, in an imperfect character, is certainly a virtue; but produces great uneasiness and remorse, from which the abandoned villain is entirely free. A very amorous complexion, with a heart incapable of friendship, is happier than the same excess in love, with a generosity of temper, which transports a man beyond himself, and renders him a total slave to the object of his passion.

In a word, human life is more governed by fortune than by reason: is to be regarded more as a dull pastime than a serious occupation; and is more influenced by particular humor than by general principles. Shall we engage ourselves in it with passion and anxiety? It is not worthy of so much concern. Shall we be indifferent about what happens? We lose all the pleasure of the game by our phlegm and carelessness. While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though *perhaps* they receive him differently, yet treats alike the fool and the philosopher. To reduce life to exact rule and method is commonly a painful, oft a fruitless occupation: and is it not also a proof that we overvalue the prize for which we contend? Even to reason so carefully concerning it, and to fix with accuracy its just idea, would be overvaluing it, were it not that, to some tempers, this occupation is one of the most amusing in which life could possibly be employed.

## THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION TO THE COURSE OF NATURE.

By JOSEPH BUTLER.

[Joseph Butler, English theologian, was born at Mantage, in Berkshire, May 18, 1692. At first a Dissenter, he joined the English Church when a youth, and graduated at Oriel College. As preacher at the Rolls Chapel, he delivered the famous Sermons important in theological writing. After hold-

ing several rectorates, he retired and wrote the "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature" (1731). He was made bishop of Bristol in 1738, of Durham in 1750. He died at Bath June 16, 1752.]

## Of the Government of God by Rewards and Punishments, and Particularly of the Latter.

That which makes the question concerning a future life to be of so great importance to us is our capacity of happiness and misery. And that which makes the consideration of it to be of so great importance to us is the supposition of our happiness and misery hereafter depending upon our actions here. Without this, indeed, curiosity could not but sometimes bring a subject, in which we may be so highly interested, to our thoughts; especially upon the mortality of others, or the near prospect of our own. But reasonable men would not take any further thought about hereafter than what should happen thus occasionally to rise in their minds, if it were certain that our future interest no way depended upon our present behavior. Whereas, on the contrary, if there be ground, either from analogy or anything else to think it does, then there is reason also for the most active thought and solicitude to secure that interest; to behave so as that we may escape that misery and obtain that happiness in another life which we not only suppose ourselves capable of, but which we apprehend also is put in our own power. And whether there be ground for this last apprehension certainly would deserve to be most seriously considered, were there no other proof of a future life and interest than that presumptive one which the foregoing observations amount to.

Now, in the present state, all which we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, *is put in our own power.* For pleasure and pain are the consequences of our actions; and we are endued by the Author of our Nature with capacities of foreseeing these consequences. We find by experience He does not so much as preserve our lives, exclusively of our own care and attention, to provide ourselves with and to make use of that sustenance by which He has appointed our lives shall be preserved, and without which He has appointed they shall not be preserved at all. And in general we foresee that the external things, which are the objects of our various passions, can neither be obtained nor enjoyed without exerting ourselves in such and such manners; but by thus exerting ourselves we obtain and

enjoy these objects in which our natural good consists, or by this means God gives us the possession and enjoyment of them. I know not that we have any one kind or degree of enjoyment, but by the means of our own actions. And by prudence and care we may, for the most part, pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet; or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, willfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please. And many do please to make themselves extremely miserable — *i.e.* to do what they know beforehand will render them so. They follow those ways, the fruit of which they know, by instruction, example, experience, will be disgrace and poverty and sickness and untimely death. This every one observes to be the general course of things; though it is to be allowed we cannot find by experience that all our sufferings are owing to our own follies.

Why the Author of Nature does not give His creatures promiscuously such and such perceptions, without regard to their behavior, why He does not make them happy without the instrumentality of their own actions, and prevent their bringing any sufferings upon themselves, is another matter. Perhaps there may be some impossibilities in the nature of things which we are unacquainted with. Or less happiness, it may be, would upon the whole be produced by such a method of conduct than is by the present. Or perhaps divine goodness, with which, if I mistake not, we make very free in our speculations, may not be a bare single disposition to produce happiness, but a disposition to make the good, the faithful, the honest man happy. Perhaps an infinitely perfect mind may be pleased with seeing his creatures behave suitably to the nature which he has given them, to the relations which he has placed them in to each other, and to that which they stand in to himself, that relation to himself which, during their existence, is even necessary, and which is the most important one of all. Perhaps, I say, an infinitely perfect mind may be pleased with this moral piety of moral agents, in and for itself, as well as upon account of its being essentially conducive to the happiness of his creation. Or the whole end for which God made and thus governs the world may be utterly beyond the reach of our faculties. There may be somewhat in it as impossible for us to have any conception of as for a blind man to have a conception of colors. But however this be, it is certain matter of universal experience that the general method of divine admin-

istration is forewarning us, or giving us capacities to foresee, with more or less clearness, that if we act so and so we shall have such enjoyments, if so and so such sufferings, and giving us those enjoyments and making us feel those sufferings in consequence of our actions.

"But all this is to be ascribed to the general course of nature." True. This is the very thing which I am observing. It is to be ascribed to the general course of nature — *i.e.* not surely to the words or ideas, "course of nature," but to him who appointed it, and put things into it; or to a course of operation, from its uniformity or constancy, called natural, and which necessarily implies an operating agent. For when men find themselves necessitated to confess an Author of Nature, or that God is the natural governor of the world, they must not deny this again, because His government is uniform; they must not deny that He does all things at all, because He does them constantly; because the effects of His acting are permanent, whether His acting be so or not, though there is no reason to think it is not. In short, every man, in everything he does, naturally acts upon the forethought and apprehension of avoiding evil or obtaining good; and if the natural course of things be the appointment of God, and our natural faculties of knowledge and experience are given us by Him, then the good and bad consequences which follow our actions are His appointment, and our foresight of those consequences is a warning given us by Him how we are to act.

"Is the pleasure, then, naturally accompanying every particular gratification of passion intended to put us upon gratifying ourselves in every such particular instance, and as a reward to us for so doing?" No, certainly. Nor is it to be said that our eyes were naturally intended to give us the sight of each particular object to which they do or can extend; objects which are destructive of them, or which, for any other reason, it may become us to turn our eyes from. Yet there is no doubt but that our eyes were intended for us to see with. So neither is there any doubt but that the foreseen pleasures and pains belonging to the passions were intended, in general, to induce mankind to act in such and such manners.

Now from this general observation, obvious to every one, that God has given us to understand, He has appointed satisfaction and delight to be the consequence of our acting in one manner, and pain and uneasiness of our acting in another, and

of our not acting at all, and that we find the consequences, which we were beforehand informed of, uniformly to follow, we may learn that we are at present actually under His government in the strictest and most proper sense in such a sense as that he rewards and punishes us for our actions. An Author of Nature being supposed, it is not so much a deduction of reason as a matter of experience that we are thus under His government; under His government in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates. Because the annexing pleasure to some actions, and pain to others, in our power to do or forbear, and giving notice of this appointment beforehand to those whom it concerns, is the proper formal notion of government. Whether the pleasure or pain which thus follows upon our behavior be owing to the Author of Nature's acting upon us every moment which we feel it, or to his having at once contrived and executed his own part in the plan of the world, makes no alteration as to the matter before us. For, if civil magistrates could make the sanctions of their laws take place without interposing at all, after they had passed them, without a trial and the formalities of an execution; if they were able to make their laws execute themselves, or every offender to execute them upon himself, we should be just in the same sense under their government then as we are now, but in a much higher degree and more perfect manner. Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading the general thing here intended without denying all final causes. For final causes being admitted, the pleasures and pains now mentioned must be admitted too as instances of them. And if they are, if God annexes delight to some actions, and uneasiness to others, with an apparent design to induce us to act so and so, then He not only dispenses happiness and misery, but also rewards and punishes actions. If, for example, the pain which we feel upon doing what tends to the destruction of our bodies — suppose upon too near approaches to fire, or upon wounding ourselves — be appointed by the Author of Nature to prevent our doing what thus tends to our destruction, this is altogether as much an instance of His punishing our actions, and consequently of our being under His government, as declaring by a voice from heaven, that if we acted so He would inflict such pain upon us, and inflicting it, whether it be greater or less.

Thus we find that the true notion or conception of the Author of Nature is that of a master or governor, prior to the consideration of his moral attributes. The fact of our case, which we find by experience, is, that He actually exercises dominion or government over us at present, by rewarding and punishing us for our actions, in as strict and proper a sense of these words, and even in the same sense, as children, servants, subjects, are rewarded and punished by those who govern them.

And thus the whole analogy of Nature, the whole present course of things, most fully shows that there is nothing incredible in the general doctrine of religion; that God will reward and punish men for their actions hereafter — nothing incredible, I mean, arising out of the notion of rewarding and punishing. For the whole course of Nature is a present instance of His exercising that government over us which implies in it rewarding and punishing.

## AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.[1]

By MARK AKENSIDE.

[Mark Akenside, English poet and physician, was the son of a butcher of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he was born November 9, 1721. He studied theology and then medicine at Edinburgh, graduated M.D. at Leyden, and settled in London, 1748. He died June 23, 1770, having nine years earlier been appointed one of the physicians to the queen. A didactic poem, "On the Pleasures of the Imagination" (1744), is his only important work.]

Thrice has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,
Since I, exulting, grasped the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that waked my song before,
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man whose faithful cares,
Nor quelled by malice, nor relaxed by years,
Had awed Ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragged at length Corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauses owed,
And well-earned laurels every Muse bestowed;

[1] "Curio" means William Pulteney, Walpole's rival.

If public Justice urged the high reward,
And Freedom smiled on the devoted bard;
Say then, to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And saved Corruption at her hopeless hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow?
And public Justice sanctify the award?
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?
Yet long reluctant I forebore thy name,
Long watched thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious eyes,
And wished and hoped the light again would rise.
But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of Party hate is past;
Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my trust from all reproach be free;
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.
There are who say they viewed without amaze
The sad reverse of all thy former praise:
That, through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierced the foulness of thy secret aim;
Or deemed thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage;
I scorned the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's luster blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that "each man has his price,"
I still believed thy end was just and free;
And yet, even yet believe it — spite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dared disclaim,
Urged by the wretched impotence of shame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm, and liberty decayed;
Has begged Ambition to forgive the show;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,

Her gross delusion when she held thee dear;
How tame she followed thy tempestuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all. —
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
For laws subverted, and for cities sold!
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjured, and the blood you spilt;
Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
One dreadful palm reserved for him alone;
With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honor was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
Do robes of state the guarded heart inclose
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
To all that reason, all that sense would hear?
Else couldst thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
In such unthankful baseness to be lost?
Else couldst thou wed the emptiness of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?
When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
When now of conquest and dominion sure,
They sought alone to hold their fruits secure;
When taught by these, Oppression hid the face,
To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
By silent spells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the passive state,
Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
And Freedom loathe to tread the poisoned shore;
Then, like some guardian god that flies to save
The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful brake;
Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.
Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honors grew.
Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confessed;
Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant blessed;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns;

Touched in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires;
The learn'd recluse, who oft amazed had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame;
And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of these dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
Roused by thy labors from the blest retreat,
Where social ease and public passions meet,
Again ascending treads the civil scene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.
Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
And the great end appeared at last in view:
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,
We saw the senate bending to thy voice;
The friends of freedom hailed the approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain;
While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,
Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandoned lay.
Waked in the shock, the public Genius rose,
Abashed and keener from his long repose;
Sublime in ancient pride, he raised the spear
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear.
The city felt his call; from man to man,
From street to street, the glorious horror ran;
Each crowded haunt was stirred beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challenged the decided hour.
Lo! the deciding hour at last appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, Genius! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame,
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement steady to the goal!
Ye spirits by whose providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind!
Ye shades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field or on the scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labors nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne,

The sword submitted, and the laws her own;
See public power chastised beneath her stands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands;
See private life by wisest arts reclaimed;
See ardent youth to noblest manners framed;
See us acquire whate're was sought by you,
If Curio, only Curio, will be true.
'Twas then — O shame! O trust how ill repaid.
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betrayed! —
'Twas then — What frenzy on thy reason stole?
What spells unsinewed thy determined soul?
— Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved?
The man so great, so honored, so beloved?
This patient slave by tinsel chains allured?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjured?
This Curio, hated and despised by all,
Who fell himself, to work his country's fall?
O lost, alike to action and repose,
Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes;
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defied;
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame;
The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art
To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind!
— Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile,
When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
And cast their own impieties on you.
For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred power
My soul was vowed from reason's earliest hour,
How have I stood, exulting to survey
My country's virtues, opening in thy ray!
How, with the sons of every foreign shore
The more I matched them, honored hers the more!
O race erect! whose native strength of soul,
Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws control,
Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
And seeks a noble center for its cares;
Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end.

Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conscious reason judging every state,
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise:
Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
Fastidious Grandeur lift his solemn brow,
Or, all awake at pity's soft command,
Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand:
Thence large of heart, from envy far removed,
When public toils to virtue stand approved,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Not more indulgent the delighted sire;
Yet high and jealous of their freeborn name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Where'er Oppression works her wanton sway,
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
But if to purchase Curio's sage applause,
My country must with him renounce her cause,
Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod;
Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail:
Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
To where the Gracchi, where the Bruti stay!
O long revered, and late resigned to shame,
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim,
When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
Nor well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn;
In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unresisted power,
Breaks the false optics tinged with fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare;
Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
And ask thyself if all be well within!
Where is the heart-felt worth, and weight of soul,
Which labor could not stop, nor fear control?
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half abashed, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
Where the delightful taste of just applause?
Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,
On which the senate fired or trembling hung?
All vanished, all are sold; and in their room,
Couched in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous Grandeur dwell,

Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted shrine thy honor bled;
With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crowned,
Thy powerful tongue with poisoned philters bound.
That baffled Reason straight indignant flew,
And fair Persuasion from her seat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth supports thy cause;
No longer Glory prompts thee to applause;
No longer Virtue breathing in thy breast,
With all her conscious majesty confest,
Still bright and brighter wakes the almighty flame,
To rouse the feeble, and the willful tame.
And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;
But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
And formal passions mock thy struggling will;
Or if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot thro' thy breast, and stab the generous birth,
Till, blind with smart, from truth to frenzy tost,
And all the tenor of thy reason lost,
Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear;
While some with pity, some with laughter hear.
— Can art, alas! or genius guide the head,
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?
Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
When the prime function of the soul is broke?
But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
For see the hand of Destiny displayed
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betrayed!
See the dire fane of Infamy arise,
Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies;
Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.
Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
To warn the wanderer of the curst abode;
But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly;
There, black with frowns, relentless Time awaits,
And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates;

And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestowed;
Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
At last the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey;
Where, ever armed with adamantine chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant powers of lust,
The great, the sage, the happy, and august.
No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
No sound of honor hails their unblest ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betrayed,
The childless sire, and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effaced,
From towns enslaved, and continents laid waste;
But long posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
Forever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
— Awed at the name, fierce Appius rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
"He comes," they cry, "to whom the fates assigned
With surer arts to work what we designed,
From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
Till owned their guide, and trusted with their power,
He mocked their hopes in one decisive hour;
Then, tired and yielding, led them to the chain,
And quenched the spirit we provoked in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay:
Relume her sacred fire, so near suppressed,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast.
Though bold corruption boast around the land,

"Let virtue, if she can, my baits withstand;"
Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
Gay with her trophies raised on Curio's shame;
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.
O Friend and Father of the human mind,
Whose art for noblest ends our frame designed,
If I, though fated to the studious shade
Which party strife nor anxious power invade;
If I aspire, in public virtue's cause,
To guide the Muses by sublimer laws;
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verse might rouse her smothered flame,
And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind;
Or dash Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that Vice was born to fear.

## ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

By WILLIAM ROSCOE.

[1753–1831.]

As one who, destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, but hopes again, erewhile,
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart,—
Thus, loved associates! chiefs of elder art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you—nor with fainting heart.
For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

# LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

[HORACE WALPOLE: An English author; born in London October 5, 1717; died there March 2, 1797. He was the son of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. After traveling about the Continent, he purchased an estate at Twickenham, his house afterward becoming famous as Strawberry Hill. There he set up a printing press and published his own and other works. His most noteworthy writings are his "Letters" published in nine volumes, 1857–1859. His other works include: "A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England" (1758), "Anecdotes of Painting in England" (1761–1771), "The Castle of Otranto" (1764), "The Mysterious Mother" (1768), and "Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II." (1822).

Walpole's famous letters to various public personages, covering a period of more than sixty years, from 1735 to 1797, form a lively and interesting commentary on the events of the age, and are invaluable to the historian and politician. The author knew more of the courts of George I., George II., and George III. than any other individual; and though he lived to an extreme age, the perpetual youthfulness of his disposition rendered him as lively a chronicler when advanced in life as when his brilliant career commenced. It is to this unfading juvenility of spirit that the world is indebted for the gay colors with which Walpole invests everything he touches.]

## PLEASURES OF YOUTH, AND YOUTHFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

### TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

KING'S COLLEGE, *May* 6, 1736.

DEAR GEORGE, — I agree with you entirely in the pleasure you take in talking over old stories, but can't say but I meet every day with new circumstances, which will be still more pleasure to me to recollect. I think at our age 'tis excess of joy to think, while we are running over past happinesses, that it is still in our power to enjoy as great. Narrations of the greatest actions of other people are tedious in comparison of the serious trifles that every man can call to mind of himself while he was learning those histories. Youthful passages of life are the chippings of Pitt's diamond set into little heart rings with mottoes, — the stone itself more worth, the filings more gentle and agreeable.

The small events of the world of youth are as important to the actors therein, as the greater events of history are to the men who make them. While we are young let us enjoy the keen impressions of our experiences. I mean, let us enjoy the pleasurable experiences and try to avoid the painful as much as possible.

Alexander, at the head of the world, never tasted the true pleasure that boys of his own age have enjoyed at the head of a school. Little intrigues, little schemes and policies, engage their thoughts; and at the same time that they are laying the foundation for their middle age of life, the mimic republic they live in furnishes materials of conversation for their latter age; and old men cannot be said to be children a second time with greater truth from any one cause, than their living over again their childhood in imagination. To reflect on the season when first they felt the titillation of love, the budding passions, and the first dear object of their wishes! How, unexperienced, they gave credit to all the tales of romantic loves! Dear George, were not the playing fields at Eton food for all manner of flights? No old maid's gown, though it had been tormented into all the fashions from King James to King George, ever underwent so many transformations as those poor plains have in my idea. At first I was contented with tending a visionary flock, and sighing some pastoral name to the echo of the cascade under the bridge. How happy should I have been to have had a kingdom, only for the pleasure of being driven from it and living disguised in an humble vale! As I got further into Virgil and Clelia, I found myself transported from Arcadia to the garden of Italy, and saw Windsor Castle in no other view than the *Capitoli immobile saxum.* I wish a committee of the House of Commons may ever seem to be the senate; or a bill appear half so agreeable as a billet-doux. You see how deep you have carried me into old stories; I write of them with pleasure, but shall talk of them with more to you. I can't say I am sorry I was never quite a schoolboy: an expedition against bargemen, or a match at cricket, may be very pretty things to recollect; but, thank my stars, I can remember things that are very near as pretty. The beginning of my Roman history was spent in the asylum, or conversing in Egeria's hallowed grove, —not in thumping and pommeling King Amulius' herdsmen. I was sometimes troubled with a rough creature or two from the plow,—one that one should have thought had worked with his head as well as his hands, they were both so callous. One of the most agreeable circumstances I can recolleect is the Triumvirate, composed of yourself, Charles, and

Your sincere friend.

## George III., the New King. — Funeral of George II.

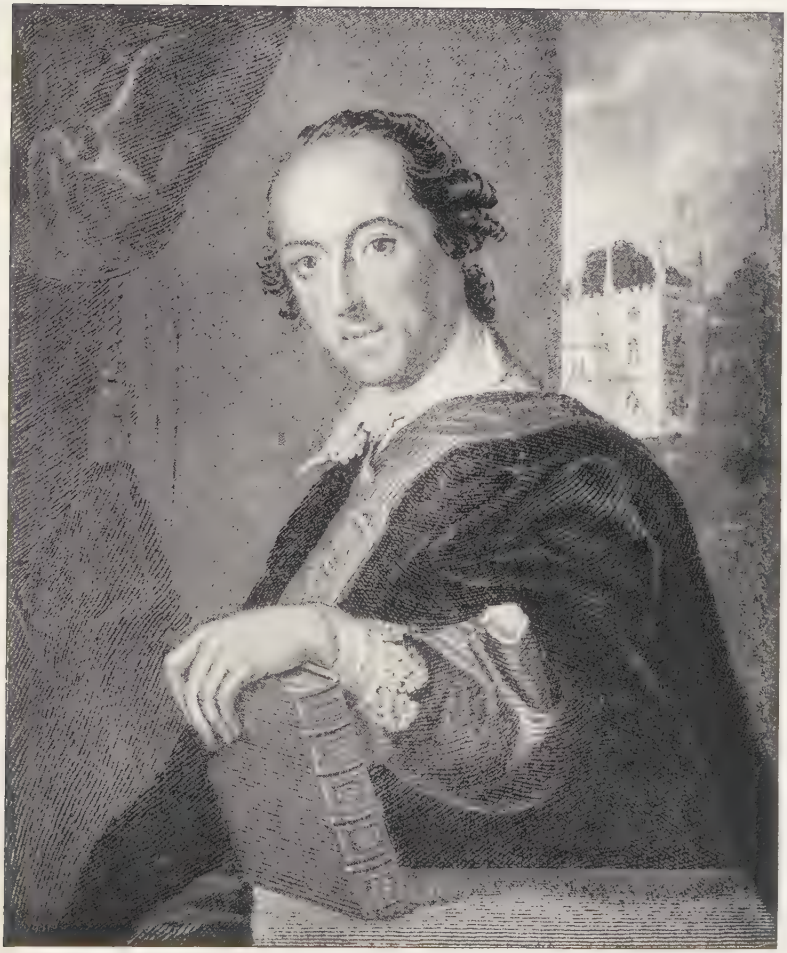
TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, *Nov.* 13, 1760.

Even the honeymoon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common saying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; Lord Gower yields the Mastership of the Horse to Lord Huntingdon, and removes to the Great Wardrobe, from whence Sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis' place, but he is saved. The City, however, have a mind to be out of humor; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words. "No petticoat Government, no Scotch Minister, no Lord George Sackville," — two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less, it is left at Leicester House; Lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and except Lady Susan Stuart and Sir Harry Erksine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the King himself, he seems all good nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This Sovereign don't stand in one spot with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well; it was the Cambridge address carried by the Duke of Newcastle in his Doctor's gown, and looking like the *Médecin malgré lui.* He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my Lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Lichfield and several other Jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says, "They go to St. James's because now there are so many *Stuarts* there."

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral, — nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see

that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabers and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day,—the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaroscuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, "Man that is born of a woman," was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant,—his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend: think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching



HORACE WALPOLE

cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle. The King of Prussia has totally defeated Marshal Daun. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, "Who is to be groom of the bedchamber? what is Sir T. Robinson to have?" I have been to Leicester fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate. I don't believe it will continue so. Good night.

Yours ever.

## Concerning a Particular Friend, and Friendship in General.

### TO JAMES CRAWFORD, ESQ.

Paris, *March* 6, 1766.

You cannot conceive, my dear sir, how happy I was to receive your letters, not so much for my own sake as for Madame du Deffand's. I do not mean merely from the pleasure your letter gave her, but because it wipes off the reproaches she has undergone on your account. They have at once twitted her with her partiality for you, and your indifference. Even that silly Madame de la Valière has been quite rude to her on your subject. You will not be surprised; you saw a good deal of their falsehood and spite, and I have seen much more. They have not only the faults common to the human heart, but that additional meanness and malice which is produced by an arbitrary Government, under which the subjects dare not look up to anything great.

The King has just thunderstruck the Parliament, and they are all charmed with the thought that they are still to grovel at the foot of the throne; but let us talk of something more meritorious. Your good old woman wept like a child with her poor no eyes as I read your letter to her. I did not wonder; it is kind, friendly, delicate, and just,—so just that it vexes me to be forced so continually to combat the goodness of her heart

and destroy her fond visions of friendship. Ah! but, said she at last, he does not talk of returning. I told her, if anything could bring you back, or me either, it would be desire of seeing her. I think so of you, and I am sure so of myself. If I had stayed here still, I have learned nothing but to know them more thoroughly. Their barbarity and injustice to our good old friend is indescribable: one of the worst is just dead, Madame de Lambert,—I am sure you will not regret her. Madame de Forcalquier, I agree with you, is the most sincere of her acquaintances, and incapable of doing as the rest do,—eat her suppers when they cannot go to a more fashionable house, laugh at her, abuse her, nay, try to raise her enemies among her nominal friends. They have succeeded so far as to make that unworthy old dotard, the President, treat her like a dog. Her nephew, the Archbishop of Toulouse, I see, is not a jot more attached to her than the rest, but I hope she does not perceive it so clearly as I do. Madame de Choiseul I really think wishes her well; but perhaps I am partial. The Princess de Beauveau seems very cordial too, but I doubt the Prince a little. You will forgive these details about a person you love and have so much reason to love; nor am I ashamed of interesting myself exceedingly about her. To say nothing of her extraordinary parts, she is certainly the most generous, friendly being upon earth; but neither these qualities nor her unfortunate situation touch her unworthy acquaintance. Do you know that she was quite angry about the money you left for her servants? Viar would by no means touch it, and when I tried all I could to obtain her permission for their taking it, I prevailed so little that she gave Viar five louis for refusing it. So I shall bring you back your draft, and you will only owe me five louis, which I added to what you gave me to pay for the two pieces of china at Dulac's, which will be sent to England with mine.

Well! I have talked too long on Madame du Deffand, and neglected too long to thank you for my own letter: I do thank you for it, my dear sir, most heartily and sincerely. I feel all your worth and all the gratitude I ought, but I must preach to you as I do to your friend. Consider how little time you have known me, and what small opportunities you have had of knowing my faults. I know them thoroughly; but to keep your friendship within bounds, consider my heart is not like yours, young, good, warm, sincere, and impatient to bestow

itself. Mine is worn with the baseness, treachery, and mercenariness I have met with. It is suspicious, doubtful, and cooled. I consider everything round me but in the light of amusement, because if I looked at it seriously I should detest it. I laugh that I may not weep. I play with monkeys, dogs, or cats, that I may not be devoured by the beast of the Gevaudan. I converse with Mesdames de Mirepoix, Boufflers, and Luxembourg, that I may not love Madame du Deffand too much; and yet they do but make me love her the more. But don't love me, pray don't love me. Old folks are but old women, who love their last lovers as much as they did their first. I should still be liable to believe you, and I am not at all of Madame du Deffand's opinion, that one might as well be dead as not love somebody. I think one had better be dead than love anybody. Let us compromise this matter; you shall love her, since she likes to be loved, and I will be the confidant. We will do anything we can to please her. I can go no farther; I have taken the veil, and would not break my vow for the world. If you will converse with me through the grate at Strawberry Hill, I desire no better; but not a word of friendship: I feel no more than if I professed it. It is paper credit, and like all other bank bills, sure to be turned into money at last. I think you would not realize me; but how do you, or how do I, know that I should be equally scrupulous? The Temple of Friendship, like the ruins in the Campo Vaccino, is reduced to a single column at Stowe. Those dear friends have hated one another till some of them are forced to love one another again; and as the cracks are soldered by hatred, perhaps that cement may hold them together. You see my opinion of friendship: it would be making you a fine present to offer you mine! Your Ministers may not know it, but the war has been on the point of breaking out here between France and England, and upon a cause very English,—a horse race. Lord Forbes and Lauragais were the champions; they rode, but the second lost. His horse being ill, it died that night, and the surgeons on opening it swore it was poisoned. The English suspect that a groom, who I suppose had been reading Livy or Demosthenes, poisoned it on patriotic principles, to insure victory to his country. The French, on the contrary, think poison as common as oats or beans in the stables at Newmarket. In short, there is no impertinence they have not uttered, and it has gone so far that two nights ago it was said that the King

had forbidden another race, which is appointed for Monday, between the Prince de Nassau and a Mr. Forth, to prevent national animosities. On my side I have tried to stifle these heats, by threatening them that Mr. Pitt is coming into the Ministry again; and it has had some effect. This event has confirmed what I discovered early after my arrival, that the *Anglomanie* was worn out; if it remains, it is *manie* against the English. All this, however, is for your private ear; for I have found that some of my letters home, in which I had spoken a little freely, have been reported to do me disservice. As we are *not* friends, I may trust to your discretion — may not I? I did not use to applaud it much.

Perhaps it is necessary to use still more caution in mentioning me to Lord Ossory. Do it gently; for though I have great regard for him, I don't design to make it troublesome to him.

You don't say a word of our Duchess [Grafton], so superior to earthly Duchesses! How dignified she will appear to me after all the little tracasseries of Paris! I trust I shall see her soon. Packing-up is in all my quarters, but though I quit tittle-tattle, I don't design to head a squadron of mob on any side. I hate politics as much as friendship, and design to converse at home as I have done here,— with Dévots, Philosophers, Choiseul, Maurepas, the Court, and the *Temple*.

What a volume I have writ! But don't be frightened: you need not answer it, if you have not a mind, for I shall be in England almost as soon as I could receive your reply. La Geoffiniska has received three sumptuous robes of ermine, martens and Astrakhan lambs, the last of which the Czarina had, I suppose, the pleasure of flaying alive herself. "Oh! pour cela, *oui*," says old Brantôme, who always assents. I think there is nothing else very new: Mr. Young puns, and Dr. Gem does not; Lorenzi blunders faster than one can repeat; Voltaire writes volumes faster than they can print; and I buy china faster than I can pay for it. I am glad to hear you have been two or three times at my Lady Hervey's. By what she says of you, you may be comforted, though you miss the approbation of Madame de Valentinois. Her golden apple, though indeed after all Paris has gnawed it, is reserved for Lord Holdernesse! Adieu! Yours ever.

### Visits a Wesley Meeting.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Bath, *Oct.* 10, 1766.

I am impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself; all my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good Lady Brown to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle; at each end of the broadest part are two of *my* eagles, with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit,—scarlet-armed chairs to all three. On either hand, a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails,—so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean, elderly man, fresh-colored, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupçon* of curl at the ends; wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast and with so little accent that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice and acted very ugly enthusiasm,—decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, "I *thanks* God for everything." Except a few from curiosity and *some honorable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan, who is carrying a pure rosy, vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the Noble Authors.

The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours: looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

## In Paris again with Madame du Deffand.

### to george montagu, esq.

Paris, *Sept.* 7, 1769.

Your two letters flew here together in a breath. I shall answer the article of business first. I could certainly buy many things for you here that you would like,—the relics of the last age's magnificence; but since my Lady Holdernesse invaded the Customhouse with an hundred and fourteen gowns in the reign of that twopenny monarch, George Grenville, the ports are so guarded that not a soul but a smuggler can smuggle anything into England; and I suppose you would not care to pay seventy-five per cent on secondhand commodities. All I transported three years ago was conveyed under the canon of the Duke of Richmond. I have no interest in our present representative, nor, if I had, is he returning. Plate, of all earthly vanities, is the most impassable: it is not contraband in its metallic capacity, but totally so in its personal; and the officers of the Customhouse not being philosophers enough to separate the substance from the superficies, brutally hammer both to pieces, and return you only the intrinsic,—a compensation which you, who are no member of Parliament, would not, I trow, be satisfied with. Thus I doubt you must retrench your generosity to yourself, unless you can contract it into an Elzevir size, and be content with anything one can bring in one's pocket.

My dear old friend [Madame du Deffand] was charmed with your mention of her, and made me vow to return you a thousand compliments. She cannot conceive why you will not step hither. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eyesight. If she had that, I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry Hill. She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and, having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds con-

versation for everybody. Affectionate as Madame de Sévigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard or to the Foire St. Ovide, because it is too early to go to bed! I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two or three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the president Henault's, as she thought it would amuse me. In short, her goodness to me is so excessive that I feel unashamed at producing my withered person in a round of diversions which I have quitted at home. I tell a story,—I do feel ashamed, and sigh to be in my quiet castle and cottage; but it costs me many a pang when I reflect that I shall probably never have resolution enough to take another journey to see this best and sincerest of friends, who loves me as much as my mother did! But it is idle to look forward. What is next year?—a bubble that may burst for her or me, before even the flying year can hurry to the end of its almanac! To form plans and projects in such a precarious life as this resembles the enchanted castles of fairy legends, in which every gate was guarded by giants, dragons, etc. Death or diseases bar every portal through which we mean to pass; and though we may escape them and reach the last chamber, what a wild adventurer is he that centers his hopes at the end of such an avenue! I sit contented with the beggars at the threshold, and never propose going on but as the gates open of themselves.

The weather here is quite sultry, and I am sorry to say one can send to the corner of the street and buy better peaches than all *our* expense in kitchen gardens produces. Lord and Lady Dacre are a few doors from me, having started from Tunbridge more suddenly than I did from Strawberry Hill, but on a more unpleasant motive. My lord was persuaded to come and try a new physician. His faith is greater than mine! But, poor man, can one wonder that he is willing to believe? My lady has stood her shock, and I do not doubt will get over it.

Adieu, my t'other dear old friend! I am sorry to say I see you almost as seldom as I do Madame du Deffand. However, it is comfortable to reflect that we have not changed to each other for some five and thirty years, and neither you nor I haggle

about naming so ancient a term. I made a visit yesterday to the Abbess of Panthemont, General Oglethorpe's niece, and no chicken. I inquired after her mother, Madame de Mézières, and thought I might, to a spiritual votary to immortality, venture to say that her mother must be very old; she interrupted me tartly, and said no, her mother had been married extremely young. Do but think of its seeming important to a saint to sink a wrinkle of her own through an iron grate! Oh, we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!

## Literary and Dramatic Criticism.

### TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

STRAWBERRY HILL, *Oct.* 16, 1769.

I arrived at my own Louvre last Wednesday night, and am now at my Versailles. Your last letter reached me but two days before I left Paris, for I have been an age at Calais and upon the sea. I could execute no commission for you, and in truth you gave me no explicit one; but I have brought you a bit of china, and beg you will be content with a little present instead of a bargain. Said china is, or will be soon, in the Customhouse; but I shall have it, I fear, long before you come to London.

I am sorry those boys got at my tragedy. I beg you would keep it under lock and key; it is not at all food for the public, — at least not till I am "food for worms, good Percy." Nay, it is not an age to encourage anybody, that has the least vanity, to step forth. There is a total extinction of all taste; our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal; the theater swarms with wretched translations and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed at Paris when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakespeare. As that man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor. Cibber wrote as bad Odes, but then Cibber wrote "The Careless Husband," and his own Life, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's prologues and epilogues are as bad as his Pindarics and Pantomimes.

I feel myself here like a swan that, after living six weeks in a nasty pool upon a common, is got back into its own Thames.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

I do nothing but plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and silent waves. Neatness and greenth are so essential in my opinion to the country, that in France, where I see nothing but chalk and dirty peasants, I seem in a terrestrial purgatory that is neither town nor country. The face of England is so beautiful that I do not believe Tempe or Arcadia were half so rural; for both, lying in hot climates, must have wanted the turf of our lawns. It is unfortunate to have so pastoral a taste, when I want a cane more than a crook. We are absurd creatures; at twenty I loved nothing but London.

Tell me when you shall be in town. I think of passing most of my time here till after Christmas. Adieu!

## Charm of Madame de Sévigné's Letters. — The American War.

### TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Strawberry Hill, *Aug.* 7, 1775.

Let me tell you you have no more taste than Dr. Kenrick if you do not like Madame de Sévigné's Letters. Read them again; they are one of the very few books that, like Gray's Life, improve upon one every time one reads them. You have still less taste if you like my letters, which have nothing original; and if they have anything good, so much the worse, for it can only be from having read her letters and his. He came perfect out of the eggshell, and wrote as well at eighteen as ever he did,— nay, letters better; for his natural humor was in its bloom, and not wrinkled by low spirits, dissatisfaction, or the character he had assumed. I do not care a straw whether Dr. Kenrick and Scotland can persuade England that he was no poet. There is no common sense left in this country,—

With Arts and Sciences it traveled West.

The Americans will admire him and you, and they are the only people by whom one would wish to be admired. The world is divided into two nations,— men of sense that *will* be free, and fools that like to be slaves. What a figure do two great empires make at this moment! Spain, mistress of Peru and Mexico, amazes Europe with an invincible armada; at last it sails to Algiers, and disbarks its whole contents, even to the provisions of the fleet. It is beaten shamefully, loses all its

stores, and has scarce bread left to last till it gets back into its own ports!

Mrs. Britannia orders her senate to proclaim America a continent of cowards, and vote it should be starved unless it will drink tea with her. She sends her only army to be besieged in one of their towns, and half her fleet to besiege the *terra firma;* but orders her army to do nothing, in hopes that the American senate at Philadelphia will be so frightened at the British army being besieged in Boston that it will sue for peace. At last she gives her army leave to sally out; but being twice defeated, he determines to carry on the war so vigorously, till she has not a man left, that all England will be satisfied with the total loss of America! And if everybody is satisfied, who can be blamed? Besides, is not our dignity maintained? have not we carried our majesty beyond all example? When did you ever read before of a besieged army threatening military execution on the country of the besiegers? — *car tel est notre plaisir!* But, alack! we are like the mock Doctor, — we have made the heart and the liver change sides; *cela était autrefois ainsi, mais nous avons changé tout cela!* . . .

## America and the Administration.

### TO SIR HORACE MANN.

PARIS, *Sept.* 7, 1775.

Your letter of August 12 followed me hither from England. I can answer it from hence with less reserve than I should at home. I understand very well, my dear sir, the propriety of the style in which you write in your ministerial capacity, and never wish to have you expose yourself to any inconvenience by unnecessary frankness. I am too much convinced of your heart and head not swerving from the glorious principles in which we were both educated, to suspect you of having adopted the principles instilled into so many Englishmen by Scotch Jacobites, the authors of the present, as they have been of every civil war since the days of Queen Elizabeth. You will on your side not be surprised that I am what I always was, a zealot for liberty in every part of the globe, and consequently that I most heartily wish success to the Americans. They have hitherto not made *one* blunder; and the administration have made a thousand, besides the two capital ones of first provoking and

then of uniting the Colonies. The latter seem to have as good heads as hearts, as we want both. The campaign seems languishing. The Ministers will make all their efforts against the spring. So no doubt will the Americans too. Probably the war will be long. On the side of England, it must be attended with ruin. If England prevails, English and American liberty is at an end; if the Colonies prevail, our commerce is gone; and if, at last, we negotiate, they will neither forgive nor give us our former advantages.

The country where I now am is, luckily, neither in a condition or disposition to meddle. If it did, it would complete our destruction, even by only assisting the Colonies, which I can scarce think they are blind enough not to do. They openly talk of our tyranny and folly with horror and contempt, and perhaps with amazement; and so does almost every foreign Minister here, as well as every Frenchman. Instead of being mortified, as I generally am when my country is depreciated, I am comforted by finding that, though but one of very few in England, the sentiments of the rest of the world concur with and confirm mine. The people with us are fascinated; and what must we be when Frenchmen are shocked at our despotic acts! Indeed, both this nation and their king seem to embrace the most generous principles,—the only fashion, I doubt, in which we shall not imitate them! Too late our eyes will open.

The Duke and Duchess [of Gloucester] are at Venice. Nothing ever exceeded the distinctions paid to them in this country. The king even invited them to Paris; but the Duke's haste to be more southerly before the bad weather begins would not permit him to accept of that honor. They do not expect the same kindness everywhere; and for the English, they have even let the French see what slaves they are, by not paying their duty to the Duke and Duchess. I have written to her, without naming you, to dissuade their fixing at Rome,—I fear in vain. I proposed Sienna to them, as I flatter myself the Emperor's goodness for the Duke would dispose the Great Duke to make it agreeable to them; and their residence there would not commit *you*. Indeed, I do not believe you suspect me of sacrificing you to the interests of my family. On the other hand, I wish you, for your own sake, to take any opportunities of paying your court to them indirectly. They are both warm and hurt at the indignities they have received. In our present distracted situation, it is more than possible

that the Duke may be a very important personage. I know well that you have had full reason to be dissatisfied with him; I remember it as much as you can: but you are too prudent, as well as too good-natured, not to forgive a young prince. I own I am in pain about the Duchess. She has all the good qualities of her father [Sir Edward Walpole], but all his impetuosity; and is much too apt to resent affronts, though her virtue and good nature make her as easily reconciled: but her first movements are not discreet. I wish you to please her as much as possible, within your instructions. She has admirable sense, when her passions do not predominate. In one word, her marriage has given me many a pang; and though I never gave in to it, I endeavor by every gentle method to prevent her making her situation still worse; and above all things, I try never to inflame. It is all I can do where I have no ascendant, which, with a good deal of spirit of my own, I cannot expect: however, as I perfectly understand both my parties and myself, I manage pretty well. I know when to stoop and when to stop; and when I will stoop or will not. I should not be so pliant if they were where they ought to be.

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Lord Chatham when I left England was in a very low, languishing way, his constitution, I believe, too much exhausted to throw out the gout; and then it falls on his spirits. The last letters speak of his case as not desperate He might, if allowed — and it was practicable — do much good still. Who else can, I know not. The Opposition is weak every way. They have better hearts than the Ministers, fewer good heads, — not that I am in admiration of the latter. Times may produce men. We must trust to the book of events, if we will flatter ourselves. Make no answer to this; only say you received my letter from Paris, and direct to England. I may stay here a month longer, but it is uncertain.

11*th*.

P.S. — I had made up my letter; but those I received from England last night bring such important intelligence, I must add a paragraph. That miracle of gratitude, the Czarina, has consented to lend England twenty thousand Russians, to be transported to America. The Parliament is to meet on the 20th of next month, and vote twenty-six thousand seamen! What a paragraph of blood is there! With what torrents must

liberty be preserved in America! In England, what can save it? Oh, mad, mad England! What frenzy, to throw away its treasures, lay waste its empire of wealth, and sacrifice its freedom, that its prince may be the arbitrary lord of boundless deserts in America, and of an impoverished, depopulated, and thence insignificant island in Europe! And what prospect of comfort has a true Englishman? Why, that Philip II. miscarried against the boors of Holland, and that Louis XIV. could not replace James II. on the throne!

### Discouraging Outlook of Affairs in America.

#### TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, *April* 3, 1777.

I have nothing very new to tell you on public affairs, especially as I can know nothing more than you see in the papers. It is my opinion that the king's affairs are in a very bad position in America. I do not say that his armies may not gain advantages again; though I believe there has been as much design as cowardice in the behavior of the provincials, who seem to have been apprised that protraction of the war would be more certainly advantageous to them than heroism. Washington, the dictator, has shown himself both a Fabius and a Camillus. His march through our lines is allowed to have been a prodigy of generalship. In one word, I look upon a great part of America as lost to this country! It is not less deplorable that, between art and contention, such an inveteracy has been sown between the two countries as will probably outlast even the war! Supposing this unnatural enmity should not soon involve us in other wars, which would be extraordinary indeed, what a difference, in a future war with France and Spain, to have the Colonies in the opposite scale instead of being in ours! What politicians are those who have preferred the empty name of *sovereignty* to that of *alliance*, and forced subsidies to the golden ocean of commerce!

Alas! the trade of America is not all we shall lose. The ocean of commerce wafted us wealth at the return of regular tides; but we had acquired an empire too, in whose plains the beggars we sent out as laborers could reap sacks of gold in three or four harvests, and who with their sickles and reaping hooks have robbed and cut the throats of those who sowed the

grain. These rapacious foragers have fallen together by the ears; and our Indian affairs, I suppose, will soon be in as desperate a state as our American. Lord Pigot [Governor of Madras] has been treacherously and violently imprisoned, and the Company here has voted his restoration. I know nothing of the merits of the cause on either side. I dare to say both are very blamable. I look only to the consequences, which I do not doubt will precipitate the loss of our acquisitions there, the title to which I never admired, and the possession of which I always regarded as a transitory vision. If we could keep it, we should certainly plunder it, till the expense of maintaining would overbalance the returns; and though it has rendered a little more than the holy city of Jerusalem, I look on such distant conquests as more destructive than beneficial; and whether we are martyrs or banditti, whether we fight for the Holy Sepulcher or for lakhs of rupees, I detest invasions of quiet kingdoms both for their sakes and for our own; and it is happy for the former that the latter are never permanently benefited.

## Great Calamities lost in the Magnitude of English Affairs.

### TO SIR HORACE MANN.

. . . My letters, I think, are rather eras than journals. Three days ago commenced another date,—the establishment of a family for the Prince of Wales. I do not know all the names, and fewer of the faces that compose it; nor intend. I, who kissed the hand of George I., have no colt's tooth for the court of George IV. Nothing is so ridiculous as an antique face in a juvenile drawing-room. I believe that they who have spirits enough to be absurd in their decrepitude are happy, for they certainly are not sensible of their folly; but I, who have never forgotten what I thought in my youth of such superannuated idiots, dread nothing more than misplacing myself in my old age. In truth, I feel no such appetite; and excepting the young of my own family, about whom I am interested, I have mighty small satisfaction in the company of *posterity*,—for so the present generation seem to me. I would contribute anything to their pleasure but what cannot contribute to it,—my own presence. Alas! how many of this age are swept away before me; six thousand have been mowed down at once by the

late hurricane at Barbadoes alone! How Europe is paying the debts it owes to America! Were I a poet, I would paint hosts of Mexicans and Peruvians crowding the shores of Styx, and insulting the multitudes of the usurpers of their continent that have been sending themselves thither for these five or six years. The poor Africans, too, have no call to be merciful to European ghosts. Those miserable slaves have just now seen whole crews of men-of-war swallowed by the late hurricane.

We do not yet know the extent of our loss. You would think it very slight if you saw how little impression it makes on a luxurious capital. An overgrown metropolis has less sensibility than marble; nor can it be conceived by those not conversant in one. I remember hearing what diverted me then: a young gentlewoman, a native of our rock, St. Helena, and who had never stirred beyond it, being struck with the emotion occasioned there by the arrival of one or two of our China ships, said to the captain, "There must be a great solitude in London as often as the China ships come away!" Her imagination could not have compassed the idea if she had been told that six years of war, the absence of an army of fifty or sixty thousand men and of all our squadrons, and a new debt of many, many millions would not make an alteration in the receipts at the door of a single theater in London. I do not boast of or applaud this profligate apathy. When pleasure is our business, our business is never our pleasure; and if four wars cannot awaken us, we shall die in a dream!

## On Some New Books.

TO MISS BERRY.

BERKELEY SQUARE, *May* 26, 1791.

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The rest of my letter must be literary, for we have no news. Boswell's book is gossiping, but having numbers of proper names, would be more readable, at least by me, were it reduced from two volumes to one; but there are woeful longueurs, both about his hero and himself, the *fidus Achates*, about whom one has not the smallest curiosity. But I wrong the original Achate: one is satisfied with his fidelity in keeping his master's secrets and weaknesses, which modern led captains betray for their patron's glory and to hurt their own enemies,— which Boswell has done shamefully, particularly against Mrs. Piozzi

and Mrs. Montagu and Bishop Percy. Dr. Blagden says justly that it is a new kind of libel, by which you may abuse anybody by saying some dead person said so and so of somebody alive. Often, indeed, Johnson made the most brutal speeches to living persons; for though he was good-natured at bottom, he was very ill-natured at top. He loved to dispute to show his superiority. If his opponents were weak, he told them they were fools; if they vanquished him, he was scurrilous,— to nobody more than to Boswell himself, who was contemptible for flattering him so grossly, and for enduring the coarse things he was continually vomiting on Boswell's own country, Scotland. I expected, amongst the excommunicated, to find myself, but am very gently treated. I never would be in the least acquainted with Johnson; or, as Boswell calls it, I had not a just value for him,— which the biographer imputes to my resentment for the Doctor's putting bad arguments (purposely, out of Jacobitism) into the speeches which he wrote fifty years ago for my father in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* which I did not read then, or ever knew Johnson wrote till Johnson died, nor have looked at since. Johnson's blind Toryism and known brutality kept me aloof; nor did I ever exchange a syllable with him: nay, I do not think I ever was in a room with him six times in my days. Boswell came to me, said Dr. Johnson was writing the "Lives of the Poets," and wished I would give him anecdotes of Mr. Gray. I said, very coldly, I had given what I knew to Mr. Mason. Boswell hummed and hawed, and then dropped, "I suppose you know Dr. Johnson does not admire Mr. Gray." Putting as much contempt as I could into my look and tone, I said, "Dr. Johnson don't!— hump!"—and with that monosyllable ended our interview. After the Doctor's death, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell sent an ambling circular letter to me, begging subscriptions for a monument for him,— the two last, I think, impertinently, as they could not but know my opinion, and could not suppose I would contribute to a monument for one who had endeavored, poor soul! to degrade my friend's superlative poetry. I would not deign to write an answer, but sent down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers with a brief, that I would not subscribe. In the two new volumes Johnson says, and very probably did, or is made to say, that Gray's poetry is *dull*, and that he was a *dull* man! The same oracle dislikes Prior, Swift, and Fielding. If an

elephant could write a book, perhaps one that had read a great deal would say that an Arabian horse is a very clumsy, ungraceful animal. Pass to a better chapter!

Burke has published another pamphlet against the French Revolution, in which he attacks it still more grievously. The beginning is very good; but it is not equal, nor quite so injudicious as parts of its predecessor,—is far less brilliant, as well as much shorter; but were it ever so long, his mind overflows with such a torrent of images that he cannot be tedious. His invective against Rousseau is admirable, just, and new. Voltaire he passes almost contemptuously. I wish he had dissected Mirabeau too; and I grieve that he has omitted the violation of the consciences of the clergy, nor stigmatized those universal plunderers, the National Assembly, who gorge themselves with eighteen livres a day,—which to many of them would, three years ago, have been astonishing opulence.

When you return, I shall lend you three volumes in quarto of another work, with which you will be delighted. They are State letters in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Mary, Elizabeth, and James; being the correspondence of the Talbot and Howard families, given by a Duke of Norfolk to the Herald's Office; where they have lain for a century neglected, buried under dust, and unknown, till discovered by a Mr. Lodge, a genealogist, who, to gratify his passion, procured to be made a pursuivant. Oh, how curious they are! Henry seizes an alderman who refused to contribute to a benevolence, sends him to the army on the Borders, orders him to be exposed in the front line, and if that does not do, to be treated with the utmost rigor of military discipline. His daughter Bess is not less a Tudor. The mean, unworthy treatment of the Queen of Scots is striking; and you will find how Elizabeth's jealousy of her crown and her avarice were at war, and how the more ignoble passion predominated. But the most amusing passage is one in a private letter, as it paints the awe of children for their parents a *little* differently from modern habitudes. Mr. Talbot, second son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, was a member of the House of Commons, and was married. He writes to the Earl his father, and tells him that a young woman of a very good character has been recommended to him for chambermaid to his wife, and if his Lordship does not disapprove of it, he will hire her. There are many letters of news that are very entertaining too. But it is nine o'clock, and I must go to Lady Cecilia's.

### Picture of his Old Age.

TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY.

*Jan.* 15, 1797.

My dear Madam,— You distress me infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody. My old-fashioned breeding impels me every now and then to reply to the letters you honor me with writing, but in truth very unwillingly, for I seldom can have anything particular to say. I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows anything; and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffeehouses,— consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages, who are each brought to me about once a year, to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family, and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls or bats and balls. Must not the result of all this, madam, make me a very entertaining correspondent? And can such letters be worth showing? or can I have any spirit when so old and reduced to dictate?

Oh, my good madam, dispense with me from such a task, and think how it must add to it to apprehend such letters being shown! Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no more than their leaves when decked with a scrap of tinsel and stuck on twelfth-cakes that lie on the shopboards of pastry cooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust. Till then pray, madam, accept the resignation of your ancient servant,

Orford.

## HOURS IN A LIBRARY.[1]

By LESLIE STEPHEN.

[Leslie Stephen: An English author and editor; born at Kensington, November 28, 1832. He was educated at Eton, King's College, London, and was graduated from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1854, remaining there for a time as a fellow and a tutor. He was editor of the *Cornhill* (1871–1882); and of the first twenty-six volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography"

[1] By permission of the author and Smith Elder & Co. (Crown 8vo., price 6s.)

(1885–1891), from 1891 conjointly with his successor, Mr. Sidney Lee. Among his other works are: "The Playground of Europe" (1871), "Hours in a Library" (3 vols., 1874–1879), "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" (1876), "Johnson" (1878), "Pope" (1880), "Swift" (1882), and "Life of Henry Fawcett" (1885).]

## Horace Walpole.

The history of England, throughout a very large segment of the eighteenth century, is simply a synonym for the works of Horace Walpole. There are, indeed, some other books upon the subject. Some good stories are scattered up and down the *Annual Register*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Nichols' "Anecdotes." There is a speech or two of Burke's not without merit, and a readable letter may be disinterred every now and then from beneath the piles of contemporary correspondence. When the history of the times comes to be finally written in the fashion now prevalent, in which some six portly octavos are allotted to a year, and an event takes longer to describe than to occur, the industrious will find ample mines of waste paper in which they may quarry to their heart's content. Though Hansard was not, and newspapers were in their infancy, the shelves of the British Museum and other repositories groan beneath mountains of State papers, law reports, pamphlets, and chaotic raw materials, from which some precious ore may be smelted down.

But these amorphous masses are attractive chiefly to the philosophers who are too profound to care for individual character, or to those praiseworthy students who would think the labor of a year well rewarded by the discovery of a single fact tending to throw a shade of additional perplexity upon the secret of Junius. Walpole's writings belong to the good old-fashioned type of history, which aspires to be nothing more than the quintessence of contemporary gossip. If the opinion be pardonable in these days, history of that kind has not only its charm, but its serious value. If not very profound or comprehensive, it impresses upon us the fact — so often forgotten — that our grandfathers were human beings. The ordinary historian reduces them to mere mechanical mummies; in Walpole's pages they are still living flesh and blood. Turn over any of the proper decorous history books, mark every passage where, for a moment, we seem to be transported to the past — to the thunders of Chatham, the drivelings of Newcastle, or

the prosings of George Grenville, as they sounded in contemporary ears — and it will be safe to say that, on counting them up, a good half will turn out to be reflections from the illuminating flashes of Walpole. Excise all that comes from him, and the history sinks towards the level of the solid Archdeacon Coxe; add his keen touches, and, as in the "Castle of Otranto," the portraits of our respectable old ancestors, which have been hanging in gloomy repose upon the wall, suddenly step from their frames, and, for some brief space, assume a spectral vitality.

It is only according to rule that a writer who has been so useful should have been a good deal abused. No one is so amusing and so generally unpopular as a clever retailer of gossip. Yet it does seem rather hard that Walpole should have received such hard measure from Macaulay, through whose pages so much of his light has been transfused. The explanation, perhaps, is easy. Macaulay dearly loved the paradox that a man wrote admirably precisely because he was a fool, and applied it to the two greatest portrait painters of the times — Walpole and Boswell. There is something which hurts our best feelings in the success of a man whom we heartily despise. It seems to imply, which is intolerable, that our penetration has been at fault, or that merit — that is to say, our own conspicuous quality — is liable to be outstripped in this world by imposture. It is consoling if we can wrap ourselves in the belief that good work can be extracted from bad brains, and that shallowness, affectation, and levity can, by some strange chemistry, be transmuted into a substitute for genius. Do we not all, if we have reached middle age, remember some idiot (of course he was an idiot!) at school or college who has somehow managed to slip past us in the race of life, and revenge ourselves by swearing that he is an idiot still, and that idiocy is a qualification for good fortune? Swift somewhere says that a paper cutter does its work all the better when it is blunt, and converts the fact into an allegory of human affairs, showing that decorous dullness is an overmatch for genius. Macaulay was incapable, both in a good and bad sense, of Swift's trenchant misanthropy. His dislike to Walpole was founded not so much upon posthumous jealousy — though that passion is not so rare as absurd — as on the singular contrast between the character and intellect of the two men. The typical Englishman, with his rough, strong sense,

passing at times into the narrowest insular prejudice, detested the Frenchified fine gentleman who minced his mother tongue and piqued himself on cosmopolitan indifference to patriotic sentiment: the ambitious historian was irritated by the contempt which the dilettante dabbler in literature affected for their common art; and the thoroughgoing Whig was scandalized by the man who, whilst claiming that sacred name, and living face to face with Chatham and Burke, and the great Revolution families in all their glory, ventured to intimate his opinion that they, like other idols, had a fair share of clay and rubbish in their composition, and who, after professing a kind of sham republicanism, was frightened by the French Revolution into a paroxysm of ultra-Toryism. "You wretched fribble!" exclaims Macaulay; "you shallow scorner of all that is noble! You are nothing but a heap of silly whims and conceited airs! Strip off one mask of affectation from your mind, and we are still as far as ever from the real man. The very highest faculty that can be conceded to you is a keen eye for oddities, whether in old curiosity shops or in Parliament; and to that you owe whatever just reputation you have acquired." Macaulay's fervor of rebuke is amusing, though, by righteous Nemesis, it includes a species of blindness as gross as any that he attributes to Walpole. The summary decision that the chief use of France is to interpret England to Europe, is a typical example of that insular arrogance for which Matthew Arnold popularized the name of Philistinism.

Yet criticism of this one-sided kind has its value. At least it suggests a problem. What is the element left out of account? Folly is never the real secret of a literary reputation, or what noble harvests of genius we should produce! If we patiently take off all the masks we must come at last to the animating principle beneath. Even the great clothes philosophers did not hold that a mere Chinese puzzle of mask within mask could inclose sheer vacancy; there must be some kernel within, which may be discovered by sufficient patience. And in the first place, it may be asked, why did poor Walpole wear a mask at all? The answer seems to be obvious. The men of that age may be divided by a line which, to the philosophic eye, is of far more importance than that which separated Jacobites from loyal Whigs or Dissenters from High Churchmen. It separated the men who could drink two bottles of port after dinner from the men who could not. To men of delicate digestions the test

imposed by the jovial party in ascendency must have been severer than those due to political and ecclesiastical bigotry. They had to choose between social disabilities on the one side, and on the other indigestion for themselves and gout for their descendants. Thackeray, in a truly pathetic passage, partly draws the veil from their sufferings. Almost all the wits of Queen Anne's reign, he observes, were fat: "Swift was fat; Addison was fat; Gay and Thomson were preposterously fat; all that fuddling and punch drinking, that club and coffeehouse boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of the men of that age."

Think of the dinner described, though with intentional exaggeration, in Swift's "Polite Conversation," and compare the bill of fare with the *menu* of a modern London dinner. The very report of such conviviality — before which Christopher North's performances in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" sink into insignificance — is enough to produce nightmares in the men of our degenerate times, and may help us to understand the peevishness of feeble invalids such as Pope and Lord Hervey in the elder generation, or Walpole in that which was rising.

Amongst these Gargantuan consumers, who combined in one the attributes of "gorging Jack and guzzling Jemmy," Sir Robert Walpole was celebrated for his powers, and seems to have owed to them no small share of his popularity. Horace writes piteously from the paternal mansion, to which he had returned in 1743, not long after his tour in Italy, to one of his artistic friends: "Only imagine," he exclaims, "that I here every day see men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into outlines of human form, like the giant rock at Pratolino! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do if yonder alderman at the lower end of the table were to stick his fork into his neighbor's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin; whenever the first laughs or the second is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the sirloin does not ask quite so many questions."

What was the style of conversation at these tremendous entertainments had better be left to the imagination. Sir R. Walpole's theory on that subject is upon record; and we can dimly guess at the feelings of a delicate young gentleman who

had just learnt to talk about Domenichinos and Guidos, and to buy ancient bronzes, when plunged into the coarse society of these mountains of roast beef. As he grew up manners became a trifle more refined, and the customs described so faithfully by Fielding and Smollett belonged to a lower social stratum. Yet we can fancy Walpole's occasional visit to his constituents, and imagine him forced to preside at one of those election feasts which still survive on Hogarth's canvas. Substitute him for the luckless fine gentleman in a laced coat, who represents the successful candidate in the first picture of the series. A drunken voter is dropping lighted pipe ashes upon his wig; a hideous old hag is picking his pockets; a boy is brewing oceans of punch in a mash tub; a man is blowing bagpipes in his ear; a fat parson close by is gorging the remains of a haunch of venison; a butcher is pouring gin on his neighbor's broken head; an alderman — a very mountain of roast beef — is sinking back in a fit, whilst a barber is trying to bleed him; brickbats are flying in at the windows; the room reeks with the stale smell of heavy viands and the fresh vapors of punch and gin, whilst the very air is laden with discordant howls and thick with oaths and ribald songs. Only think of the smart young candidate's headache next morning in the days when soda water was not invented!

And remember too that the representatives were not entirely free from sympathy with the coarseness of their constituents. Just at the period of Hogarth's painting, Walpole, when speaking of the feeling excited by a Westminster election, has occasion to use this pleasing "new fashionable proverb" — "We spat in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday." It owed its origin to a feat performed by Lord Cobham at an assembly given at his own house. For a bet of a guinea he came behind Lord Hervey, who was talking to some ladies, and made use of his hat as a spittoon. The point of the joke was that Lord Hervey — son of Pope's "mere white curd of asses' milk," and related, as the scandal went, rather too closely to Horace Walpole himself — was a person of effeminate appearance, and therefore considered unlikely — wrongly, as it turned out — to resent the insult. We may charitably hope that the assailants, who thus practically exemplified the proper mode of treating milksops, were drunk.

The two-bottle men who lingered till our day were surviving relics of the type which then gave the tone to society.

Within a short period there was a Prime Minister who always consoled himself under defeats and celebrated triumphs with his bottle; a Chancellor who abolished evening sittings on the ground that he was always drunk in the evening; and even an archbishop — an Irish archbishop, it is true — whose jovial habits broke down his constitution. Scratch those jovial toping aristocrats, and you everywhere find the Squire Western. A man of squeamish tastes and excessive sensibility who jostled amongst that thick-skinned, iron-nerved generation, was in a position with which any one may sympathize who knows the sufferings of a delicate lad at a public school in the old (and not so very old) brutal days. The victim of that tyranny slunk away from the rough horseplay of his companions to muse, like Dobbin, over the "Arabian Nights" in a corner, or find some amusement which his tormentors held to be only fit for girls. So Horace Walpole retired to Strawberry Hill and made toys of Gothic architecture, or heraldry, or dilettante antiquarianism.

The great discovery had not then been made, we must remember, that excellence in field sports deserved to be placed on a level with the Christian virtues. The fine gentleman of the Chesterfield era speak of fox-hunting pretty much as we speak of prize fighting and bull baiting. When all manly exercises had an inseparable taint of coarseness, delicate people naturally mistook effeminacy for refinement. When you can only join in male society on pain of drinking yourself under the table, the safest plan is to retire to tea tables and small talk. For many years, Walpole's greatest pleasure seems to have been drinking tea with Lady Suffolk, and carefully piecing together bits of scandal about the Courts of the first two Georges. He tells us, with all the triumph of a philosopher describing a brilliant scientific induction, how he was sometimes able, by adding his bits of gossip to hers, to unravel the secret of some wretched intrigue which had puzzled two generations of quidnuncs. The social triumphs on which he most piqued himself were of a congenial order. He sits down to write elaborate letters to Sir Horace Mann, at Florence, brimming over with irrepressible triumph when he has persuaded some titled ladies to visit his pet toy, the printing press, at Strawberry Hill, and there, of course to their unspeakable surprise, his printer draws off a copy of verses composed in their honor in the most faded style of old-fashioned gallantry. He

is intoxicated by his appointment to act as poet laureate on the occasion of a visit of the Princess Amelia to Stowe. She is solemnly conducted to a temple of the Muses and Apollo, and there finds one of his admirable effusions—

> T'other day with a beautiful frown on her brow,
> To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stowe:

and so on. "She was really in Elysium," he declares, and visited the arch erected in her honor three or four times a day.

It is not wonderful, we must confess, that burly ministers and jovial squires laughed horselaughs at this mincing dandy, and tried in their clumsy fashion to avenge themselves for the sarcasms which, as they instinctively felt, lay hid beneath this mask of affectation. The enmity between the lapdog and the mastiff is an old story. Nor, as we must confess again, were these tastes redeemed by very amiable qualities beneath the smooth external surface. There was plenty of feminine spite as well as feminine delicacy. To the marked fear of ridicule natural to a sensitive man Walpole joined a very happy knack of quarreling. He could protrude a feline set of claws from his velvet glove. He was a touchy companion and an intolerable superior. He set out by quarreling with Gray, who, as it seems, could not stand his dandified airs of social impertinence, though it must be added in fairness that the bond which unites fellow-travelers is, perhaps, the most trying known to humanity. He quarreled with Mason after twelve years of intimate correspondence; he quarreled with Montagu after a friendship of some forty years; he always thought that his dependents, such as Bentley, were ang ls for six months, and made their lives a burden to them afterwards; he had a long and complex series of quarrels with all his near relations. Sir Horace Mann escaped any quarrel during forty-five years of correspondence; but Sir Horace never left Florence and Walpole never reached it. Conway alone remained intimate and immaculate to the end, though there is a bitter remark or two in the Memoirs against the perfect Conway.

With ladies, indeed, Walpole succeeded better; and perhaps we may accept, with due allowance for the artist's point of view, his own portrait of himself. He pronounces himself to be a "boundless friend, a bitter but placable enemy." Making the necessary corrections, we should translate this into "a

bitter enemy, a warm but irritable friend." Tread on his toes, and he would let you feel his claws, though you were his oldest friend; but so long as you avoided his numerous tender points, he showed a genuine capacity for kindliness and even affection; and in his later years he mellowed down into an amiable purring old gentleman, responding with eager gratitude to the caresses of the charming Miss Berrys. Such a man, skinless and bilious, was ill qualified to join in the rough game of politics. He kept out of the arena where the hardest blows were given and taken, and confined his activity to lobbies and back stairs, where scandal was to be gathered and the hidden wires of intrigue to be delicately manipulated. He chuckles irrepressibly when he has confided a secret to a friend, who has let it out to a minister, who communicates it to a great personage, who explodes into inextinguishable wrath, and blows a whole elaborate plot into a thousand fragments.

To expect deep and settled political principle from such a man would be to look for grapes from thorns and figs from thistles; but to do Walpole justice, we must add that it would be equally absurd to exact settled principle from any politician of that age. We are beginning to regard our ancestors with a strange mixture of contempt and envy. We despise them because they cared nothing for the thoughts which for the last century have been upheaving society into strange convulsions; we envy them because they enjoyed the delicious calm which was the product of that indifference. Wearied by the incessant tossing and boiling of the torrent which carries us away, we look back with fond regret to the little backwater so far above Niagara, where scarcely a ripple marks the approaching rapids. There is a charm in the great solid old eighteenth-century mansions, which London is so rapidly engulfing, and even about the old red-brick churches with "sleep-compelling" pews. We take imaginary naps amongst our grandfathers with no railways, no telegraphs, no mobs in Trafalgar Square, no discussions about ritualism or Dr. Colenso, and no reports of parliamentary debates. It is to our fancies an "island valley of Avilion," or, less magniloquently, a pleasant land of Cockaine, where we may sleep away the disturbance of battle, and even read through "Clarissa Harlowe." We could put up with an occasional highwayman in Hyde Park, and perhaps do not think that our comfort would be seriously disturbed by a dozen executions in a morning at Tyburn.

In such visionary glances through the centuries we have always the advantage of selecting our own position in life, and perhaps there are few that for such purposes we should prefer to Walpole's. We should lap ourselves against eating cares in the warm folds of a sinecure of 6000*l.* a year bestowed because our father was a Prime Minister. There are many immaculate persons at the present day to whom truth would be truth even when seen through such a medium. There are — we have their own authority for believing it — men who would be republicans, though their niece was married to a royal duke. Walpole, we must admit, was not one of the number. He was an aristocrat to the backbone. He was a gossip by nature and education, and had lived from infancy in the sacred atmosphere of court intrigue; every friend he possessed in his own rank either had a place, or had lost a place, or was in want of a place, and generally combined all three characters; professed indifference to place was only a cunning mode of angling for a place, and politics was a series of ingeniously contrived maneuvers in which the moving power of the machinery was the desire of sharing the spoils. Walpole's talk about Magna Charta and the execution of Charles I. could, it is plain, imply but a skin-deep republicanism. He could not be seriously displeased with a state of things of which his own position was the natural outgrowth. His republicanism was about as genuine as his boasted indifference to money — a virtue which is not rare in bachelors who have more than they can spend. So long as he could buy as much bric-à-brac, as many knickknacks, and old books and bronzes and curious portraits and odd gloves of celebrated characters as he pleased; add a new tower and a set of battlements to Strawberry Hill every few years; keep a comfortable house in London, and have a sufficiency of carriages and horses; treat himself to an occasional tour, and keep his press steadily at work; he was not the man to complain of poverty. He was a republican, too, as long as that word implied that he and his father and uncles and cousins and connections by marriage and their intimate friends were to have everything precisely their own way; but if a vision could have shown him the reformers of a coming generation who would inquire into civil lists and object to sinecures — to say nothing of cutting off the heads of the first families — he would have prayed to be removed before the evil day. Republicanism in his sense was a word exclusive of revolution.

Was it, then, a mere meaningless mask intended only to conceal the real man? Before passing such a judgment we should remember that the names by which people classify their opinions are generally little more than arbitrary badges; and even in these days, when practice treads so closely on the heels of theory, some persons profess to know extreme radicals who could be converted very speedily by a bit of riband. Walpole has explained himself with unmistakable frankness, and his opinion was at least intelligible. He was not a republican after the fashion of Robespierre, or Jefferson, or M. Gambetta; but he had some meaning. When a duke in those days proposed annual parliaments and universal suffrage, we may assume that he did not realize the probable effect of those institutions upon dukes; and when Walpole applauded the regicides, he was not anxious to send George III. to the block. He meant, however, that he considered George III. to be a narrow-minded and obstinate fool. He meant, too, that the great Revolution families ought to distribute the plunder and the power without interference from the Elector of Hanover. He meant, again, that as a quick and cynical observer, he found the names of Brutus and Algernon Sidney very convenient covers for attacking the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Bute. But beyond all this, he meant something more, which gives the real spice to his writings. It was something not quite easy to put into formulas; but characteristic of the vague discomfort of the holders of sinecures in those halcyon days arising from the perception that the ground was hollow under their feet.

To understand him we must remember that the period of his activity marks precisely the lowest ebb of political principle. Old issues had been settled, and the new ones were only just coming to the surface. He saw the end of the Jacobites and the rise of the demagogues. His early letters describe the advance of the Pretender to Derby; they tell us how the British public was on the whole inclined to look on and cry, "Fight dog, fight bear;" how the Jacobites who had anything to lose left their battle to be fought by half-starved cattle stealers, and contented themselves with drinking to the success of the cause; and how the Whig magnates, with admirable presence of mind, raised regiments, appointed officers, and got the expenses paid by the Crown. His later letters describe the amazing series of blunders by which we lost America in spite of the clearest warnings from almost every man of sense in the

kingdom. The interval between these disgraceful epochs is filled — if we except the brief episode of Chatham — by a series of struggles between different connections — one cannot call them parties — which separate and combine, and fight and make peace, till the plot of the drama becomes too complicated for human ingenuity to unravel. Lads just crammed for a civil service examination might possibly bear in mind all the shifting combinations which resulted from the endless intrigues of Pelhams and Grenvilles and Bedfords and Rockinghams; yet even those omniscient persons could hardly give a plausible account of the principles which each party conceived itself to be maintaining.

What, for example, were the politics of a Rigby, or a Bubb Dodington? The diary in which the last of these eminent persons reveals his inmost soul is perhaps the most curious specimen of unconscious self-analysis extant. His utter baseness and venality, his disgust at the "low venal wretches" to whom he had to give bribes; his creeping and crawling before those from whom he sought to extract bribes; his utter incapacity to explain a great man except on the hypothesis of insanity; or to understand that there is such a thing as political morality, derive double piquancy from the profound conviction that he is an ornament to society, and from the pious aspirations which he utters with the utmost simplicity. Bubb wriggled himself into a peerage, and differed from innumerable competitors only by superior frankness. He is the fitting representative of an era from which political faith has disappeared, as Walpole is its fitting satirist.

All political virtue, it is said, was confined, in Walpole's opinion, to Conway and the Marquis of Hertford. Was he wrong? or, if he was wrong, was it not rather in the exception than the rule? The dialect in which his sarcasms are expressed is affected, but the substance is hard to dispute. The world, he is fond of saying, is a tragedy to those who feel, a comedy to those who think. He preferred the comedy view. "I have never yet seen or heard," he says, "anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopædists, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object, and after all their parade, I think a plowman

who sows, reads his almanac, and believes that the stars are so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honester, than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems that shove one another aside, and come again like figures in a moving picture." Probably Walpole's belief in the plowman lasted till he saw the next smock frock; but the bitterness clothed in the old-fashioned cant is serious and is justifiable enough. Here is a picture of English politics in the time of Wilkes: —

"'No government, no police, London and Middlesex distracted, the colonies in rebellion, Ireland ready to be so, and France arrogant and on the point of being hostile! Lord Bute accused of all, and dying in a panic; George Grenville wanting to make rage desperate; Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes thinking we have no enemies but Lord Bute, and that five mutes and an epigram can set everything to rights; the Duke of Grafton (then Prime Minister) like an apprentice, thinking the world should be postponed to a horse race; and the Bedfords not caring what disgraces we undergo while each of them has 3000*l.* a year and three thousand bottles of claret and champagne!" And every word of this is true — at least, so far as epigrams need be true. It is difficult to put into more graphic language the symptoms of an era just ripe for revolution.

If frivolous himself, Walpole can condemn the frivolity of others. "Can one repeat common news with indifference," he asks, just after the surrender of Yorktown, "while our shame is writing for future history by the pens of all our numerous enemies? When did England see two whole armies lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners? . . . These are thoughts I cannot stifle at the moment that expresses them; and, though I do not doubt that the same dissipation that has swallowed up all our principles will reign again in ten days with its wonted sovereignty, I had rather be silent than vent my indignation. Yet I cannot talk, for I cannot think, on any other subject. It was not six days ago that, in the height of four raging wars (with America, France, Spain, and Holland), I saw in the papers an account of the opera and of the dresses of the company, and hence the town, and thence, of course, the whole nation, were informed that Mr. Fitzpatrick had very little powder in his hair." Walpole sheltered himself behind

the corner of a pension to sneer at the tragi-comedy of life; but if his feelings were not profound, they were quick and genuine, and, affectation for affectation, his cynical coxcombry seems preferable to the solemn coxcombry of the men who shamelessly wrangled for plunder, while they talked solemn platitudes about sacred Whig principles and the thrice-blessed British Constitution.

Walpole, in fact, represents a common creed amongst comfortable but clear-headed men of his time. It was the strange mixture of skepticism and conservatism which is exemplified in such men as Hume and Gibbon. He was at heart a Voltairean, and, like his teacher, confounded all religions and political beliefs under the name of superstition. Voltaire himself did not anticipate the Revolution to which he, more than any man, had contributed. Walpole, with stronger personal reasons than Voltaire for disliking a catastrophe, was as furious as Burke when the volcano burst forth. He was a republican so far as he disbelieved in the divine right of kings, and hated enthusiasm and loyalty generally. He wished the form to survive and the spirit to disappear. Things were rotten, and he wished them to stay rotten. The ideal to which he is constantly recurring was the pleasant reign of his father, when nobody made a fuss or went to war, or kept principles except for sale. He foresaw, however, far better than most men, the coming crash. If political sagacity be fairly tested by a prophetic vision of the French Revolution, Walpole's name should stand high. He visited Paris in 1765, and remarks that laughing is out of fashion. "Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the King to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having any belief left." Do you know, he asks presently, who are the philosophers? "In the first place, it comprehends almost everybody, and in the next it means men who, avowing war against Papacy, aim, many of them, at the destruction of regal power. The philosophers," he goes on, "are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and fanatic. They preach incessantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheism — you could not believe how openly. Don't wonder, therefore, if I should return a Jesuit. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, '*Il est bigot, c'est un déiste!*'" French politics, he professes a few years afterwards, must end in "despotism, a civil war, or assassination," and he remarks that the age will

not, as he had always thought, be an age of abortion, but rather "the age of seeds that are to produce strange crops hereafter." The next century, he says at a later period, "will probably exhibit a very new era, which the close of this has been, and is, preparing." If these sentences had been uttered by Burke, they would have been quoted as proofs of remarkable sagacity. As it is, we may surely call them shrewd glances for a frivolous coxcomb.

Walpole regarded these symptoms in the true epicurean spirit, and would have joined in the sentiment, *après moi le déluge*. He was on the whole for remedying grievances, and is put rather out of temper by cruelties which cannot be kept out of his sight. He talks with disgust of the old habit of stringing up criminals by the dozen; he denounces the slave trade with genuine fervor; there is apparent sincerity in his platitudes against war; and he never took so active a part in politics as in the endeavor to prevent the judicial murder of Byng. His conscience generally discharged itself more easily by a few pungent epigrams, and though he wished the reign of reason and humanity to dawn, he would rather that it should not come at all than be ushered in by a tempest. His whole theory is given forcibly and compactly in an answer which he once made to the republican Mrs. Macaulay, and was fond of repeating: "Madam, if I had been Luther, and could have known that for the *chance* of saving a million of souls I should be the cause of a million of lives, at least, being sacrificed before my doctrines could be established, it must have been a most palpable angel, and in a most heavenly livery, before he should have set me at work." We will not ask what angel would have induced him to make the minor sacrifice of six thousand a year to establish any conceivable doctrine.

Whatever may be the merit of these opinions, they contain Walpole's whole theory of life. I know, he seems to have said to himself, that loyalty is folly, that rank is contemptible, that the old society in which I live is rotten to the core, and that explosive matter is accumulating beneath our feet. Well! I am not made of the stuff for a reformer: I am a bit of a snob, though, like other snobs, I despise both parties to the bargain. I will take the sinecures the gods provide me, amuse myself with my toys at Strawberry Hill, despise kings and ministers, without endangering my head by attacking them, and be overpolite to a royal duke when he visits me on condition of laugh-

ing at him behind his back when he is gone. Walpole does not deserve a statue; he was not a Wilberforce or a Howard, and as little of a Burke or a Chatham. But his faults, as well as his virtues, qualified him to be the keenest of all observers of a society unconsciously approaching a period of tremendous convulsions.

To claim for him that, even at his best, he is a profound observer of character, or that he gives any consistent account of his greatest contemporaries, would be too much. He is full of whims, and, moreover, full of spite. He cannot be decently fair to any one who deserted his father, or stood in Conway's light. He reflects at all times the irreverent gossip current behind the scenes. To know the best and the worst that can be said of any great man, the best plan is to read the leading article of his party newspaper, and then to converse in private with its writer. The eulogy and the sarcasm may both be sincere enough; only it is pleasant, after puffing one's wares to the public, to glance at their seamy side in private. Walpole has a decided taste for that last point of view. The littleness of the great, the hypocrisy of the virtuous, and the selfishness of statesmen in general is his ruling theme, illustrated by an infinite variety of brilliant caricatures struck off at the moment with a quick eye and a sure hand. Though he elaborates no grand historical portrait, like Burke or Clarendon, he has a whole gallery of telling vignettes which are often as significant as far more pretentious works.

Nowhere, for example, can we find more graphic sketches of the great man who stands a head and shoulders above the whole generation of dealers in power and place. Most of Chatham's contemporaries repaid his contempt with intense dislike. Some of them pronounced him mad, and others thought him a knave. Walpole, who at times calls him a mountebank and an impostor, does not go further than Burke, who, in a curious comment, speaks of him as the "grand artificer of fraud," who never conversed but with "a parcel of low toad-eaters"; and asks whether all this "theatrical stuffing" and these "raised heels" could be necessary to the character of a great man. Walpole, of course, has a keen eye to the theatrical stuffing. He takes the least complimentary view of the grand problem, which still puzzles some historians, as to the genuineness of Chatham's gout. He smiles complacently when the great actor forgets that his right arm ought to be lying

helpless in a sling and flourishes it with his accustomed vigor. But Walpole, in spite of his sneers and sarcasms, can recognize the genuine power of the man. He is the describer of the striking scene which occurred when the House of Commons was giggling over some delicious story of bribery and corruption — the House of Commons was frivolous in those benighted days; he tells how Pitt suddenly stalked down from the gallery and administered his thundering reproof; how Murray, then Attorney General, "crouched silent and terrified," and the Chancellor of the Exchequer faltered out an humble apology for the unseemly levity. It is Walpole who best describes the great debate when Pitt, "haughty, defiant, conscious of injury and supreme abilities," burst out in that tremendous speech — tremendous if we may believe the contemporary reports, of which the only tolerably preserved fragment is the celebrated metaphor about the confluence of the Rhone and the Saône.

Alas! Chatham's eloquence has all gone to rags and tatters; though, to say the truth, it has only gone the way of nine tenths of our contemporary eloquence. We have, indeed, what are called accurate reports of spoken pamphlets, dried specimens of rhetoric from which the life has departed as completely as it is strained out of the specimens in a botanical collection. If there is no Walpole amongst us, we shall know what our greatest living orator has said; but how he said it, and how it moved his audience, will be as obscure as if the reporters' gallery were still unknown. Walpole — when he was not affecting philosophy, or smarting from the failure of an intrigue, or worried by the gout, or disappointed of a bargain at a sale — could throw electric flashes of light on the figure he describes which reveal the true man. He errs from petulancy, but not from stupidity. He can appreciate great qualities by fits, though he cannot be steadily loyal to their possessor. And if he wrote down most of our rulers as knaves and fools, we have only to lower those epithets to selfish and blundering, to get a very fair estimate of their characters. To the picturesque historian his services are invaluable; though no single statement can be accepted without careful correction.

Walpole's social, as distinguished from his political, anecdotes do in one sense what Leech's drawings have done for this generation. But the keen old man of the world puts a far bitterer and deeper meaning into his apparently superficial scratches than the kindly modern artist, whose satire was

narrowed, if purified, by the decencies of modern manners. Walpole reflects in a thousand places that strange combination of brutality and polish which marked the little circle of fine ladies and gentlemen who then constituted society, and played such queer pranks in quiet unconsciousness of the revolutionary elements that were seething below. He is the best of commentators on Hogarth, and gives us "Gin Lane" on one side and the "Marriage à la mode" on the other. As we turn over the well-known pages we come at every turn upon characteristic scenes of the great tragi-comedy that was being played out. In one page a highwayman puts a bullet through his hat, and on the next we read how three thousand ladies and gentlemen visited the criminal in his cell, on the Sunday before his execution, till he fainted away twice from the heat; then we hear how Lord Lovat's buffooneries made the whole brilliant circle laugh as he was being sentenced to death; and how Balmerino pleaded "not guilty," in order that the ladies might not be deprived of their sport; how the House of Commons adjourned to see a play acted by persons of quality, and the gallery was hung round with blue ribands; how the Gunnings had a guard to protect them in the park; what strange pranks were played by the bigamous Miss Chudleigh; what jokes — now, alas! very faded and dreary — were made by George Selwyn, and how that amiable favorite of society went to Paris in order to see the cruel tortures inflicted upon Damiens, and was introduced to the chief performer on the scaffold as a distinguished amateur in executions.

One of the best of all these vignettes portrays the funeral of George II., and is a worthy pendant to Lord Hervey's classic account of the Queen's death. It opens with the solemn procession to the torch-lighted Abbey, whose "long-drawn aisles and fretted vault" excite the imagination of the author of the "Castle of Otranto." Then the comic element begins to intrude; the procession jostles and falls into disorder at the entrance of Henry the Seventh's Chapel; the bearers stagger under the heavy coffin and cry for help; the bishop blunders in the prayers, and the anthem, as fit, says Walpole, for a wedding as a funeral, becomes immeasurably tedious. Against this tragi-comic background are relieved two characteristic figures. The "butcher" Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, stands with the obstinate courage of his race gazing into the vault where his father is being buried, and into which he is

soon to descend. His face is distorted by a recent stroke of paralysis, and he is forced to stand for two hours on a bad leg. To him enters the burlesque Duke of Newcastle, who begins by bursting into tears and throwing himself back in a stall whilst the Archbishop "hovers over him with a smelling bottle." Then curiosity overcomes him, and he runs about the chapel with a spyglass in one hand to peer into the faces of the company, and mopping his eyes with the other. "Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble." What a perch to select! Imagine the contrast of the two men, and remember that the Duke of Newcastle was for an unprecedented time the great dispenser of patronage, and so far the most important personage in the government. Walpole had reason for some of his sneers.

The literary power implied in these brilliant sketches is remarkable, and even if Walpole's style is more Gallicized than is evident to me, it must be confessed that with a few French idioms he has caught something of that unrivaled dexterity and neatness of touch in which the French are our undisputed masters. His literary character is of course marked by an affectation analogous to that which debases his politics. Walpole was always declaring with doubtful sincerity (that is one of the matters in which a man is scarcely bound to be quite sincere) that he has no ambition for literary fame, and that he utterly repudiates the title of "learned gentleman." There is too much truth in his disavowals to allow us to write them down as mere mock modesty; but doubtless his principal motive was a dislike to entering the arena of open criticism. He has much of the feeling which drove Pope into paroxysms of unworthy fury on every mention of Grub Street. The anxiety of men in that day to disavow the character of professional authors must be taken with the fact that professional authors were then an unscrupulous, scurrilous, and venal race. Walpole feared collision with them as he feared collision with the "mountains of roast beef." Though literature was emerging from the back lanes and alleys, the two greatest potentates of the day, Johnson and Warburton, had both a decided cross of the bear in their composition. Walpole was nervously anxious to keep out of their jurisdiction, and to sit at the feet of such

refined lawgivers as Mason and Gray, or the feebler critics of polite society. In such courts there naturally passes a good deal of very flimsy flattery between persons who are alternately at the bar or on the bench. We do not quite believe that Lady Di Beauclerk's drawings were unsurpassable by "Salvator Rosa and Guido," or that Lady Ailesbury's "landscape in worsteds" was a work of high art; and we doubt whether Walpole believed it; nor do we fancy that he expected Sir Horace Mann to believe that when sitting in his room at Strawberry Hill, he was in the habit of apostrophizing the setting sun in such terms as these: "Look at yon sinking beams! His gaudy reign is over; but the silver moon above that elm succeeds to a tranquil horizon," etc.

Sweeping aside all this superficial rubbish, as a mere concession to the faded taste of the age of hoops and wigs, Walpole has something to say for himself. He has been condemned for the absurdity of his criticisms, and it is undeniable that he sometimes blunders strangely. It would, indeed, be easy to show, were it worth while, that he is by no means so silly in his contemporary verdicts as might be supposed from scattered passages in his letters. But what are we to say to a man who compares Dante to "a Methodist parson in Bedlam"? The first answer is that, in this instance, Walpole was countenanced by greater men. Voltaire, with all his faults the most consummate literary artist of the century, says with obvious disgust that there are people to be found who force themselves to admire "feats of imagination as stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as those of the "Divina Commedia." Walpole must be reckoned as belonging both in his faults and his merits to the Voltairean school of literature, and amongst other peculiarities common to the master and his disciple, may be counted an incapacity for reverence and an intense dislike to being bored. For these reasons he hates all epic poets, from Dante to Blackmore; he detests all didactic poems, including those of Thomson and Akenside; and he is utterly scandalized by the French enthusiasm for Richardson. In these last judgments, at least nine tenths of the existing race of mankind agree with him; though few people have the courage to express their agreement in print.

We may be thankful that Walpole is as incapable of boring as of enduring bores. He is one of the few Englishmen who share the quality sometimes ascribed to the French as a nation,

and certainly enjoyed by his teacher, Voltaire; namely, that though they may be frivolous, blasphemous, indecent, and faulty in every other way, they can never for a single moment be dull. His letters show that crisp, sparkling quality of style which accompanies this power, and which is so unattainable to most of his countrymen. The quality is less conspicuous in the rest of his works, and the light verses and essays in which we might expect him to succeed are disappointingly weak. Xoho's letter to his countrymen is now as dull as the work of most imaginary travelers, and the essays in *The World* are remarkably inferior to the *Spectator*, to say nothing of the *Rambler*.

Yet Walpole's place in literature is unmistakable, if of equivocal merit. Byron called him the author of the last tragedy and the first romance in our language. The tragedy, with Byron's leave, is revolting (perhaps the reason why Byron admired it), and the romance passes the borders of the burlesque. And yet the remark hits off a singular point in Walpole's history. A thorough child of the eighteenth century, we might have expected him to share Voltaire's indiscriminating contempt for the Middle Ages. One would have supposed that in his lips, as in those of all his generation, Gothic would have been synonymous with barbaric, and the admiration of an ancient abbey as ridiculous as admiration of Dante. So far from which, Walpole is almost the first modern Englishman who found out that our old cathedrals were really beautiful. He discovered that a most charming toy might be made of mediævalism. Strawberry Hill, with all its gimcracks, its pasteboard battlements, and stained-paper carvings, was the lineal ancestor of the new law courts. The restorers of churches, the manufacturers of stained glass, the modern decorators and architects of all vanities, the Ritualists and the High Church party, should think of him with kindness. It cannot be said that they should give him a place in their calendar, for he was not of the stuff of which saints are made. It was a very thin veneering of mediævalism which covered his modern creed; and the mixture is not particularly edifying. Still he undoubtedly found out that charming plaything which, in other hands, has been elaborated and industriously constructed till it is all but indistinguishable from the genuine article. We must hold, indeed, that it is merely a plaything, when all has been said and done, and maintain that when the root has once been severed, the tree can never again be made to grow.

Walpole is so far better than some of his successors, that he did not make a religion out of these flimsy materials. However that may be, Walpole's trifling was the first forerunner of much that has occupied the minds of much greater artists ever since. And thus his initiative in literature has been as fruitful as his initiative in art. The "Castle of Otranto" and the "Mysterious Mother" were the progenitors of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and probably had a strong influence upon the author of "Ivanhoe." Frowning castles and gloomy monasteries, knights in armor, and ladies in distress, and monks and nuns and hermits, all the scenery and the characters that have peopled the imagination of the romantic school, may be said to have had their origin on the night when Walpole lay down to sleep, his head crammed full of Wardour Street curiosities, and dreamt that he saw a gigantic hand in armor resting on the banister of his staircase. In three months from that time he had elaborated a story, the object of which, as defined by himself, was to combine the charms of the old romance and the modern novel, and which, to say the least, strikes us now like an exaggerated caricature of the later school. Scott criticises the "Castle of Otranto" seriously, and even Macaulay speaks of it with a certain respect. Absurd as the burlesque seems, our ancestors found it amusing, and, what is stranger, awe-inspiring. Excitable readers shuddered when a helmet of more than gigantic size fell from the clouds, in the first chapter, and crushed the young baron to atoms on the eve of his wedding, as a trap smashes a mouse. This, however, was merely a foretaste of a series of unprecedented phenomena. At one moment the portrait of Manfred's grandfather, without the least premonitory warning, utters a deep sigh, and heaves its breast, after which it descends to the floor with a grave and melancholy air. Presently the menials catch sight of a leg and foot in armor to match the helmet, and apparently belonging to a ghost which has lain down promiscuously in the picture gallery. Most appalling, however, of all is the adventure which happened to Count Frederick in the oratory. Kneeling before the altar was a tall figure in a long cloak. As he approached it rose, and, turning round, disclosed to him the fleshless jaws and empty eye sockets of a skeleton. The ghost disappeared, as ghosts generally do, after giving a perfectly unnecessary warning, and the catastrophe is soon reached by the final appearance of the whole suit of armor with the ghost inside it,

who bursts the castle to bits like an eggshell, and, towering towards the sky, exclaims, "Theodore is the true heir of Alphonso!" This proceeding fortunately made a lawsuit unnecessary, and if the castle was ruined at once, it is not quite impossible that the same result might have been attained more slowly by litigation. The whole machinery strikes us as simply babyish, unless we charitably assume the whole to be intentionally burlesque. The intention is pretty evident in the solemn scene in the chapel, which closes thus: "As he spake these words, three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alphonso's statue" (Alphonso is the specter in armor). "Manfred turned pale, and the princess sank on her knees. 'Behold!' said the friar, 'mark this miraculous indication that the blood of Alphonso will never mix with that of Manfred!'" Nor can we think that the story is rendered much more interesting by Walpole's simple expedient of introducing into the midst of these portents a set of waiting maids and peasants, who talk in the familiar style of the smart valets in Congreve's or Sheridan's comedies.

Yet, babyish as this mass of nursery tales may appear to us, it is curious that the theory which Walpole advocated has been exactly carried out. He wished to relieve the prosaic realism of the school of Fielding and Smollett by making use of romantic associations without altogether taking leave of the language of common life. He sought to make real men and women out of mediæval knights and ladies, or, in other words, he made a first experimental trip into the province afterwards occupied by Scott. The "Mysterious Mother" is in the same taste; and his interest in Ossian, in Chatterton, and in Percy's Relics, is another proof of his anticipation of the coming change of sentiment. He was an arrant trifler, it is true; too delicately constituted for real work in literature and politics, and inclined to take a cynical view of his contemporaries generally, he turned for amusement to antiquarianism, and was the first to set modern art and literature masquerading in the antique dresses. That he was quite conscious of the necessity for more serious study appears in his letters, in one of which, for example, he proposes a systematic history of Gothic architecture, such as has since been often enough executed. It does not, it may be said, require any great intellect, or even any exquisite taste, for a fine gentleman to strike out a new line of dilettante amusement. In truth, Walpole has no pretensions whatever to be

# Manuscript of Thomas Gray.

Copy in his own hand of his "Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard," enclosed in a letter to Dr. Thomas Wharton, dated Cambridge, 18 December, 1750, in which he writes:

"The Stanzas which I now enclose to you have had the misfortune by Mr. Walpole's fault to be made still more publick, for which they certainly were never meant; but it is too late to complain. They have been so applauded it is quite a shame to repeat it. I mean not to be modest; but I mean it is a shame for those who have said such superlative things about them that I can't repeat them. I should have been glad that you and two or three more people has liked them, which would have satisfied my ambition on this head amply."

The "Elegy" was begun in 1742, taken up again in 1749, and completed on 12 June, 1750, when it was enclosed in a letter to Horace Walpole; it was first published in 16 Feb., 1751.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The Curfeu tolls the Knell of parting Day,
  The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lea,
The Ploughman homeward plods his weary Way,
  And leaves the World to Darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring Landscape on the Sight,
  And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds:
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
  Or drowsy Tinkleings lull the distant Folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled Tower
  The mopeing Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret Bower
  Molest her ancient solitary Reign.

Beneath those rugged Elms, that Yewtree's Shade,
  Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,
Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
  The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet sleep.

*  *  *  *  *  *

Can storied Urn or animated Bust
  Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice provoke the Silent Dust,
  Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold Ear of Death?

[Vol. XII. p. 3940.]

# Elegy, written in a Country-Churchyard.

The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lea,
The Ploughman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness & to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring Landscape on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds,
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
Or drowsy Tinklings lull the distant Folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled Tower
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret Bower
Molest her ancient solitary Reign.

Beneath those rugged Elms, that Yewtree's Shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap
Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet sleep.

The breezy Call of incense-breathing Morn,
The Swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built Shed,
The Cock's shrill Clarion, & the echoing Horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
Or busy Housewife ply her Evening Care:
No Children run to lisp their Sire's Return,
Nor climb his Knees the envied Kiss to share.

Oft did the Harvest to their Sickles yield,
Their Furrow oft the stubborn Glebe has broke,
How drive their Team a-field

How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the Woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil,
Their homely Joys, & Destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful Smile
The short & simple Annals of the Poor.
The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th'inevitable Hour.
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.
Forgive, ye Proud, th'involuntary Fault,
If Memory to These no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn Isle & fretted Vault
The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.
Can storied Urn or animated Bust
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold Ear of Death?

Ever Yours
Gray.

THOMAS GRAY, 1750.

BRIT. MUS. EGERTON MS. 2,400, f. 45.

regarded as a great original creator, or even as one of the few infallible critics. The only man of his time who had some claim to that last title was his friend Gray, who shared his Gothic tastes with greatly superior knowledge.

But he was indefinitely superior to the great mass of commonplace writers, who attain a kind of bastard infallibility by always accepting the average verdict of the time; which, on the principle of the *vox populi*, is more often right than that of any dissenter. There is an intermediate class of men who are useful as sensitive barometers to foretell coming changes of opinion. Their intellects are mobile if shallow; and perhaps their want of serious interest in contemporary intellects renders them more accessible to the earliest symptoms of superficial shiftings of taste. They are anxious to be at the head of the fashions in thought as well as in dress, and pure love of novelty serves to some extent in place of genuine originality. Amongst such men Walpole deserves a high place; and it is not easy to obtain a high place even amongst such men. The people who succeed best at trifles are those who are capable of something better. In spite of Johnson's aphorism, it is the colossus who, when he tries, can cut the best heads upon cherry stones, as well as hew statues out of rock. Walpole was no colossus; but his peevish anxiety to affect even more frivolity than was really natural to him, has blinded his critics to the real power of a remarkably acute, versatile, and original intellect. We cannot regard him with much respect, and still less with much affection; but the more we examine his work, the more we shall admire his extreme cleverness.

## ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

By THOMAS GRAY.

[Thomas Gray was born in London in 1716; educated at Eton and Cambridge and studied for the bar. He then became intimate with Horace Walpole, and accompanied him in his tour of Europe, returning alone in 1741. In 1741 he published his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and in 1751 his ever-famous "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." His most ambitious poem is "The Bard," published in 1757, in which year he was offered, but declined, the office of laureate, vacant by the death of Cibber. In 1768 he was appointed professor of modern history at Cambridge. He died July 30, 1771.]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;

The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world — to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

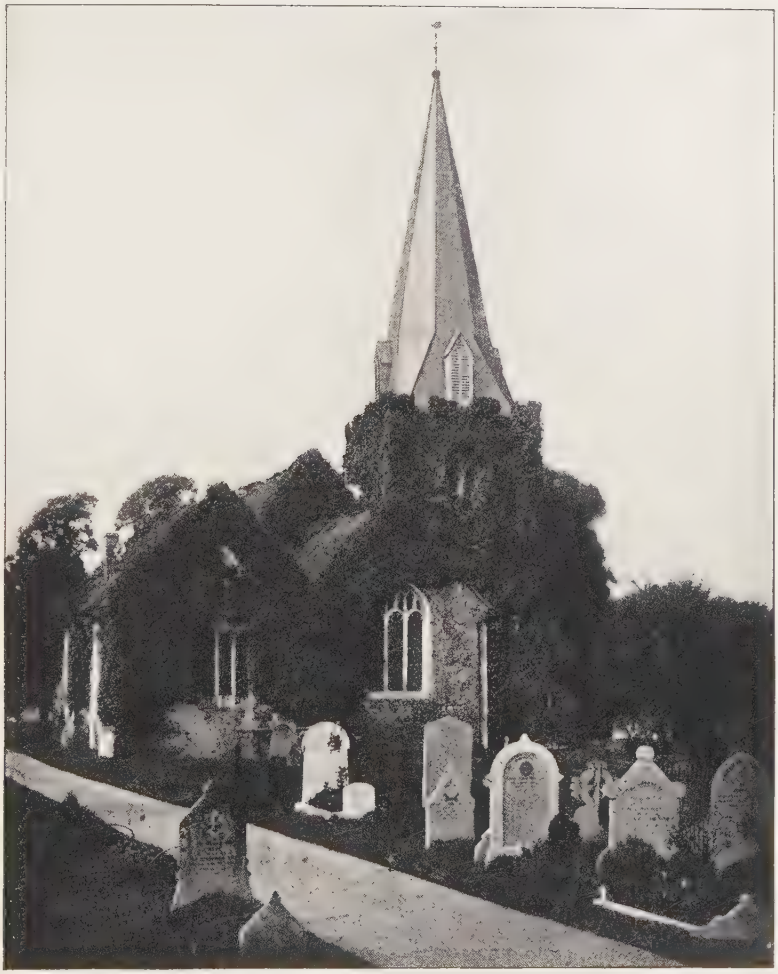
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead — but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.



STOKE POGIS CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD OF GRAY'S "ELEGY"

*From a photo by F. G. O. Stuart, Southampton*

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll:
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

### The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had — a tear;
He gained from heaven — 'twas all he wished — a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

## EXEQUY.

By HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester.

[1592–1669.]

Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges, this complaint;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee; thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Though almost blind; for thee (loved clay)
I languish out, not live, the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practice with mine eyes,
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily Time creeps about
To one that mourns; this, only this,
My exercise and business is:
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolvèd into showers.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (though overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide passed),
And I remember must in tears
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours: by thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run:

But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fallen and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposèd is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne'er was read in almanac.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime:
Were it a month, or year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then.
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return,
And, putting off thy ashy shroud,
At length disperse this sable cloud!

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blessed as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My little world!) that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss: then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime thou hast her, Earth: much good
May my harm do thee! Since it stood

With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her whom living I loved best;
With a most free and bounteous grief
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and, prithee, look
Thou write into thy doomsday book
Each parcel of this Rarity
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie.
See that thou make thy reckoning straight,
And yield her back again by weight:
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this trust,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent,
Not gave thee, my dear monument.
So, close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw: my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age or grief or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears;
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield;
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,

And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live,
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

## A SISTERLY VISIT.

By SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

(From "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded.")

[Samuel Richardson, English novelist, was born in Derbyshire in 1689, and began his career as a printer's apprentice. He afterwards established a business of his own in London, became printer of the "Journals" of the House of Commons, and late in life was master of the Stationers' Company. Asked by two publishers to write a book of familiar letters "on the useful concerns in common life," he wrote "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded" (1741), which ran through five editions in a year, and was recommended even from the pulpit. He then wrote "Clarissa Harlowe" (1751), generally regarded as his masterpiece, and "Sir Charles Grandison" (1754). The former work Johnson declared to be the first book in the world for its knowledge of the human heart. Richardson was a pious, benevolent man, and lived surrounded by a circle of affectionate and flattering friends, mostly women. He died in London, July 4, 1761.]

### Monday Morning, Seven O'clock.

I have just received a letter from my best friend [her husband]. This is a copy of it; directed to me by maiden name, because of the servant who brought it: —

*Monday Morning, Three O'clock.*

My Dearest Love, — As I desired you not to expect me, if I returned not by eleven last night, I hope my absence did not discompose you.

I sat up with my poor friend Carlton all night. He entreats me not to leave him. His hours seem to be numbered. A very few, it is believed, will shut up the solemn scene. He is, however, sensible. I have made his heart, and the hearts of his wife and children, easy in the assurances of my kindness to them. I left the poor man, for a few moments, praying for a release, and blessing me.

I could have wished, so much has this melancholy scene affected me, that we had not engaged ourselves to Sir Simon and the good neighborhood, for this night; but since the engagement must take place, let me beg of you, my dear, to take the chariot, and go to Sir Simon's; the sooner in the day, the more obliging it will be to all your admiring friends. I hope to join you there by your tea time in the afternoon. It will be six miles difference to me, and I know the good company will excuse dress on the occasion.

I count every hour of this little absence for a day, for I am, with the utmost sincerity, my dearest love,

Forever yours,

W. B.

If you could dine with Sir Simon and the ladies, it would be a freedom they would be delighted with, and the more, as they expect not such a favor.

God preserve the health of my dearest Mr. B. I hope it will not suffer by his fatigues; and God bless him for his goodness to his sick friend and the distressed family. The least intimation of his pleasure shall be a command to me. I have ordered the chariot to be got ready. I will go and dine with Lady Darnford. I am already dressed.

Mrs. Jewkes is sent for down. The trampling of horses in the courtyard. Visitors are come. A chariot and six. Coronets on the chariot. Who can they be? They have alighted, and come into the house.

Dreadful! Dreadful! What shall I do? Lady Davers! [her husband's sister]. Lady Davers, her own self! And my kind protector a great, great many miles off!

Mrs. Jewkes, out of breath, tells me this, and says she is inquiring for my master and me. How I tremble! I can hardly hold my pen. . . . "She is not marry'd, I hope!" said my lady. — "No," replied Mrs. Jewkes. — "I am glad of that!" said my lady. Mrs. Jewkes apologized to me, as it was to be a secret at present, for denying that I was married.

I can write no more at present. Lord bless me! I am all in terrors! I will try to get away.

Let me tell you all, my dear mother, just as it passed. I have been dreadfully — But you shall hear all as it passed.

"I will run away, Mrs. Jewkes," said I. "Let the chariot go to the further end of the elm walk, and I will fly to it unperceiv'd." — "But she is inquiring for you, madam. I said you were within, but going out. She would see you presently, she said, as soon as she could have patience." — "What did she call me, Mrs. Jewkes?" — "*The creature*, madam: — '*I will see the creature*,' said she, '*as soon as I can have patience*.'" — "Ay, but," replied I, "*the creature* won't see her, if she can help it. Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, favor my escape for this once; for I am sadly frighted."

"I'll bid the chariot go down as you order," said she, "and wait till you come; and I'll step down and shut the hall door, that you may pass unobserv'd; for she sits cooling herself in the parlor over against the staircase." — "That's a good Mrs. Jewkes!" said I; "but who has she with her?" — "Her woman," answer'd she, "and her nephew; but he came on horseback, and is gone into the stables, and they have three footmen." — "And I wish," said I, "they were all three hundred miles off! What *shall* I do!"

Mrs. Jewkes told me I must go down, or my lady would come up. — "What does she call me now?" — "*Wench*, madam: '*Bid the wench come down to me*.' Her nephew and her woman are with her."

"I can't go!" said I, "and that's enough! You might contrive it, that I might get out, if you would." — "Indeed, madam, I cannot, for I would have shut the door, and she bid me let it stand open; and there she sits over against the staircase." — "Then," said I, fanning myself, "I'll get out of the window, I think; I am sadly frighted!" — "I wonder you so much disturb yourself, madam," said Mrs. Jewkes. "You're on the right side of the hedge, I'm sure; and were it my case, I would not be so discompos'd for anybody." — "Ay," said I, "but who can help constitution? I dare say *you* would no more be so discompos'd than I can help it." — "Indeed, madam, if I were you, I would put on an air as mistress of the house, as you are, and go and salute her ladyship, and bid her welcome." — "Fine talking!" replied I; "and be cuffed for my civility! How unlucky this is, that your good master is abroad!"

"She expects to see you, madam. What answer shall I give her?" — "Tell her I am sick in bed, tell her I am dying,

and must not be disturb'd; tell her I am gone out; tell her anything!"

At that moment up came her woman. "How do you do, Mrs. Pamela?" said she, and stared; I suppose to see me dressed. "My lady desires to speak with you."—"Now," thought I, "I must go. She won't beat me, I hope. Oh, that my dear protector were at home!"

I followed her woman down; my gloves on, and my fan in my hand, that I might be ready to step into the chariot when I could get away. I had hoped that the occasion for all my tremblings had been over; but I trembled sadly; yet resolv'd to put on as easy an air as possible; and entering the parlor, and making a very low court'sy—"Your servant, my good lady," said I.—"And *your* servant, again," said she, "*my lady;* for I think you are dress'd out like one."

"A charming girl, tho'!" said her rakish nephew, and swore a great oath. "Dear madam, forgive me, but I must kiss her." And came up to me.

"Forbear, uncivil gentleman," said I; "I won't be us'd with freedom."

"Jackey," said my lady, "sit down, and don't touch the creature: she's proud enough already. There's a great difference in her air, as well as in her dress, I assure you, since I saw her last.

"Well, child," said she, sneeringly, "how dost find thyself? Thou'rt mightily come on of late! I hear strange reports about thee! Thou'rt got into fool's paradise, I doubt; but wilt find thyself terribly mistaken, in a little while, if thou thinkest my brother will disgrace his family for the sake of thy baby face!"

"I see," said I, sadly vex'd (her woman and nephew smiling by), "your ladyship has no particular commands for me, and I beg leave to withdraw."

"Worden," said she to her woman, "shut the door; my young lady and I must not part so soon. Where's your well-manner'd deceiver gone, child?" said she.

"When your ladyship is pleased to speak intelligibly," replied I, "I shall know how to answer."

"Well, but my dear child," said she, in drollery, "don't be too *pert*, neither. Thou wilt not find thy master's sister half so ready as thy mannerly master is to bear with thy freedoms. A little more of that modesty and humility, therefore,

which my mother's waiting wench used to show, will become thee better than the airs thou givest thyself."

"I would beg," said I, "one favor of your ladyship: that if you would have me keep my distance, you will not forget your own degree."

"Why, suppose, *Miss Pert*, I should forget *my* degree, wouldst thou not *keep* thy distance?"

"If you, madam," said I, "lessen the distance yourself, you will descend nearer to the level you are pleased to consider me in, than I hope Lady Davers, for her own honor, will deign to do."

"Do you hear? do you hear, Jackey? Did I not tell you that I should know how to form a notion of her situation, either by her pertness, or her reverence! — Ah, girl! girl!"

Her nephew, who swears like a fine gentleman at every word, rapp'd out an oath, and said, drolling, "I think, Mrs. Pamela, if I may be so *bold* as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady Davers!" — "I hope, sir," replied I (vexed at what my lady said, and at his sneering), "that as there was no need of your information, you don't expect my thanks for it; and I am sorry you seem to think it wants an oath."

He look'd more foolish than I, if possible, not expecting such a reprimand. At last — "Why, Mrs. Pamela," said he, "you put me half out of countenance with your witty reproof."

"Sir," said I, "you seem quite a fine gentleman. I hope, however, that you *can* be out of countenance."

"How now, Pert One," said my lady, "do you know to whom you talk?"

"I beg pardon, madam! But lest I should still further forget myself ——"

And then I made a low courtesy, and was going. But she arose, and gave me a push, and pull'd the chair, and setting the back against the door, sat down in it.

"Well," said I, "I can bear anything at your ladyship's hands."

Yet I was ready to cry. And I went and sat down, and fann'd myself, at the other end of the room.

Her woman, who stood all the time, said softly, "Mrs. Pamela, you should not sit in my lady's presence." My lady, tho' she did not hear *her*, said, "You shall sit down, child, in the room where I am, when I give you leave."

I stood up and said, "When your ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, I might be allowed to sit."

"But I ask'd you," said she, "whither your master is gone?"

"To one Mr. Carlton's, madam, about sixteen miles off, who is very ill."

"And when does he come home?"

"This evening, madam."

"And whither are you going?"

"To a gentleman's house in the town, madam."

"And how were you to go?"

"In the chariot, madam."

"Why, you must be a lady in time, to be sure! I believe you'd become a chariot mighty well, child! Were you ever out in it with your master?"

"I beseech you, madam," said I, very much nettled, "to ask half a dozen such questions together; because one answer may do for all."

"Why, Bold Face," said she, "you'll forget your distance, and bring me to your level before my time."

I could no longer refrain tears, but said: "Pray, your ladyship, let me ask what I have done to be thus severely treated? If you think I am deceived, as you were pleased to hint, ought I not rather to be entitled to your pity than your anger?"

She came to me, and, taking my hand, led me to her chair, and then sat down, still holding my hand.

"Poor wench!" said she, "I did indeed pity you, while I thought you innocent; and when my brother brought you down hither, without your consent, I was concern'd for you. I was still *more* concern'd for you, and lov'd you when I heard of your virtue and resistance, and your laudable efforts to get away from him. But when, as I fear, you have suffered yourself to be prevailed upon, and have lost your innocence, and added another to the number of the fools he has ruin'd" (this shocked me a little), "I cannot help showing you my displeasure."

"Madam," reply'd I, "I must beg a less hasty judgment; I have *not* lost my innocence."

"Take care, take care, Pamela; don't lose your veracity, as well as your virtue. Why are you here, when you are at full liberty to go whither you please? I will make one pro-

posal to you, and if you are innocent, I am sure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me? I will instantly set out with you in my chariot, and not stay half an hour longer in this house, if you will go with me. Now, if you are innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can."

"I am innocent, madam," reply'd I, "and willing to *keep* so; and yet I cannot consent to this."

"Then, very flatly, thou liest, child," said she; "and I give thee up," rising, and walking about the room in great wrath. Her nephew and her woman said, "Your ladyship is very good."

"'Tis a plain case; a very plain case," said her nephew.

I would have mov'd the chair to have gone out, but her nephew came and sat in it. This provok'd me; for I thought I should be unworthy of the honor I was raised to, tho' I was afraid to own it, if I did not show some spirit, and I said, "What, sir, is *your* privilege in this house? And what is your pretense to detain me against my will?"

"Because," said he, "I like it."

"Do you so, sir?" replied I; "if that is the answer of a gentleman to me, a woman, it would not, I dare say, be your answer to a gentleman."

"My lady! my lady!" said he, "a challenge, a challenge, by Gad!"

"No, sir," said I; "I am of a sex that gives no challenges, and you think so too, or you would not have thought of the word."

"Don't be surpris'd, nephew," said my lady; "the wench could not talk thus, if she had not been her master's bedfellow. —Pamela, Pamela," tapping my shoulder two or three times in anger, "thou hast lost thy innocence, girl; and thou hast got some of thy master's assurance, and art fit to go anywhere."

"Then, and please your ladyship," said I, "I am unworthy of your presence, and desire I may withdraw."

"No," reply'd she; "I will know, first, what reason you can give for not accepting my proposal, if you are innocent."

"I *can* give," said I, "a very good one; but I beg to be excused."

"I *will* hear it," said she.

"Why, then," answer'd I, "I should perhaps have less reason to like *this* gentleman, at your ladyship's house, than my abode where I am."

"Well then," said she, "I'll put you to another trial. I'll set out this moment with you to your father and mother, and see you with them in safety. What do you say to that?"

"Ay, Mrs. Pamela," said her nephew, "now what does your innocence say to that?—'Fore Gad, madam, you have puzzled her now."

"Be pleased, madam," said I, "to relieve me from the questionings of this fine gentleman. Your kindness in these proposals makes me think you would not have me insulted."

"Insulted, madam! Insulted!" returned he. "Fine ladies will give themselves fine airs! May she not as well call me insolent, madam?—Who, Mrs. Pamela, do you talk to?"

"Jackey, be quiet," said my lady. "You only give her a pretense to evade my questions.—Answer me, Pamela."

"I will, madam, and it is thus: I have no occasion to be obliged to your ladyship for this honor; for I am to set out on Wednesday on the way to my parents."

"Now, again, thou liest, wench."

"I am not of quality," said I, courtesying, "to answer such language."

"Let me again caution thee, wench, not to provoke me by thy pertness to do something by thee unworthy of myself."

"That," thought I, "you have done already;" but I ventur'd not to say so.

"But who is to carry you," said she, "to your father and mother?"

"Who my master pleases, madam."

"Ay," said she, "I doubt not thou wilt do everything he pleases, if thou hast not already." . . .

I was quite shock'd. "I have not," said I, "deserved such usage; I am sure your ladyship can expect no answer to such a question. My sex, and my youth, might have exempted me from such treatment, from a person of your ladyship's birth and quality; were it only for your own sake, madam."

"Thou art a confident wench," said she, "I see!"

"Pray, madam, let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in the town to dinner."

"I can't spare you," replied she; "and whomsoever you are to go to will excuse you when they are told 'tis *I* that command you *not* to go; and *you* may excuse it too, young Lady *Wou'd-be*, if you recollect that 'tis the unexpected arrival of

your late lady's daughter, and your master's sister, that requires your attendance on her."

I pleaded, foolishly enough, as I might have expected she would ridicule me for it, preëngagement.

"My stars!" said she, "what will this world come to? Waiting wenches plead preëngagements in bar of their duty! — O Pamela, Pamela! I am sorry thou givest thyself such airs, and triest to ape thy betters: I see thou art quite spoil'd; of a modest, innocent girl, that thou wert, and humble too, thou now art fit for nothing in the world but what, I fear, thou art."

"Why, madam," said her kinsman, "what signifies all your ladyship can say? The matter's over with her, no doubt; and she likes it; and she is in a fairy dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before her dream's out."

"Bad as you take me to be, madam," said I, "I am not used to such language or reflections as this gentleman bestows upon me, and I won't bear it."

"Won't *bear* it, wench! — Well, but, Jackey, be silent;" and, shaking her head — "Poor girl! what a sweet innocence is here destroy'd! A thousand pities! I could weep over her! But she is quite lost, quite undone; and has assum'd airs upon it that all those creatures are distinguish'd by!"

I wept for vexation. "Say what you please, madam; if I can help it, I will not answer another word."

Mrs. Jewkes came in, and ask'd if her ladyship was ready for dinner. "Let it be served," said she. I would have gone out with Mrs. Jewkes, but my lady, taking my hand, repeated, that she could not spare me. "And, miss," proceeded she, "you may pull off your gloves, and lay your fan by; you shall not stir from my presence. If you behave better, you shall wait upon me at dinner, and then I shall have a little further talk with you."

Mrs. Jewkes stopping at the door — "Madam," said she to me, "may I speak one word with you?"

"I can't tell, Mrs. Jewkes," return'd I. "My lady holds my hand, and you see I am a kind of prisoner."

"Madam, dost thou call her, woman? And I suppose *thou* art called madam too. But what thou hast to say thou mayst speak before me."

Mrs. Jewkes went out, and seem'd vex'd for me. She says my face look'd like the very scarlet.

The cloth was laid in another parlor, and for *three* persons, and she led me in. "Come, my little dear," said she, with a sneer, "I'll hand you in, and I would have you think as highly of the honor as if it was done you by my brother."

"How dreadful," thought I, "would be my lot, were I as wicked as this haughty lady thinks me!"

"Jackey," said my lady, "come, let us go to dinner. Do you, Worden" (to her woman), "assist the girl in waiting on us. We will have no men fellows. Come, my young lady, shall I help you off with your white gloves?"

"I have not, madam, deserv'd this at your ladyship's hands."

Mrs. Jewkes coming in with the first dish, she said, "Do you expect anybody else, Mrs. Jewkes, that the cloth is laid for *three?*"

"I hoped your ladyship and madam," replied Mrs. Jewkes, "would have been so well reconcil'd that she would have sat down too."

"What means the clownish woman?" said my lady, in great disdain; "could you think the creature should sit down with me?"

"She does, and please your ladyship, with my master." . . .

"So!" said she, "the wench has got thee over! Come, my little dear, pull off thy *gloves*, I say;" and off she pull'd my left glove herself, and spy'd my ring. "O my dear God!" said she, "if the wench has not got a ring! Well! this *is* a pretty piece of foolery, indeed! Dost know, my friend, that thou art miserably trick'd? And so, poor Innocent! thou hast made a fine exchange, hast thou not? Thy honesty for this bauble! And I'll warrant, my little dear has topp'd her part, and paraded it like any real wife; and so mimics still the condition!—Why," said she, and turn'd me round, "thou art as mincing as any bride! No wonder thou art thus trick'd out, and talkest of thy *preëngagements!* Prithee, child, walk before me to that glass; survey thyself, and come back to me, that I may see how finely thou canst act the theatrical part given thee."

I was then resolved to try to be silent, altho' exceedingly vex'd. I went to the window, and sat down in it, and she took her place at the table; and her saucy nephew, fleering at me most provokingly, sat down by her.

"Shall not the bride sit down by us, madam?" said he.

"Ay, well thought of," answered my lady.—"Pray, Mrs.

Bride, your pardon for sitting down in your place!" How poor was this for a great lady! I said nothing.

With a still poorer pun — "Thou hast some modesty, however, child! For thou canst not *stand it*, so must *sit*, tho' in my presence!"

I kept my seat, and was still silent. "It is a sad thing," thought I, "to be thus barbarously treated, and hindered, besides, from going where I should be so welcome."

Her ladyship eat some soup, as did her kinsman; and then, as she was cutting up a chicken, said, with as little decency as goodness, "If thou *longest*, my little dear, I will help thee to a pinion, or breast."

"But, perhaps, child," said her Jackey, "thou likest the merrythought; shall I bring it thee?" And then laughed like an idiot, for all he is a lord's son, and may be a lord himself, being eldest son of Lord H. His mother was Lord Davers' sister, who, dying some years ago, he has received what education he has from Lord Davers' direction. Poor wretch! for all his greatness! If I could then have gone up, I would have given you his picture. But for one of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, much about the age of my dear Mr. B., he is a silly creature.

"Pamela," said my lady, "help me to a glass of wine. — No, Worden, *you* shan't;" for she was offering to do it. "I will have my Lady Bride confer that honor upon me; and then I shall see if she can *stand up*." I was silent, and stirr'd not.

"Dost hear, *Chastity?*" said she; "wilt thou help me to a glass of wine when I bid thee? What! not stir! Then I'll come and help *thee* to one."

Still I mov'd not; but, fanning myself, continu'd silent.

"When I have ask'd thee, Meek One, *half a dozen questions together*," said she, "I suppose thou wilt answer them *all at once*. Canst thou not find one word for me? Canst thou not find thy feet?"

I was so vex'd I bit out a piece of my fan, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, only fluttering it, and fanning myself.

"I believe," said she, "my next question will make up half a dozen; and then, Modest One, I shall be entitled to an answer."

Her nephew arose, and brought the bottle and glass.

"Come," said he, "Mrs. Bride, be pleased to help her ladyship, and I will be your deputy."

"Sir," replied I, "'tis in a good hand; help my lady yourself."

"Why, Creature," said she, flying into a passion, "dost thou think thyself above it? Insolence!" continued she, "this moment, when I bid you, know your duty, and give me a glass of wine; or——"

I took a little spirit then. Thought I, I can but be beaten. "If," said I, "to attend your ladyship at table, or even kneel at your feet, were required of me, as a token of respect to Lady Davers; and not as an insult to her brother, who has done me an honor that requires me to act a part not unworthy of his goodness to me, I would do it. But, as things are, I must say I cannot."

She seem'd quite surpris'd, and look'd now upon her kinsman and then upon her woman.

"I'm astonish'd! quite astonish'd! Well, then, I suppose you would have me conclude you to be my brother's wife; would you not?"

"Your ladyship," said I, "compels me to say this."

"But," replied she, "dost thou *thyself* think thou art so?"

"Silence," said her kinsman, "gives consent. 'Tis plain enough she does. Shall I rise, madam, and pay my duty to my new aunt?"

"Tell me," said my lady, "what, in the name of impudence, possesses thee, to *dare* to look upon thyself as *my* sister?"

"Madam," reply'd I, "that is a question will better become your brother to answer than me."

She was rising in great wrath; but her woman said, "Good your ladyship, you'll do yourself more harm than her; and if the poor girl has been deluded, as you have heard, with the sham marriage, she will be more deserving of your ladyship's pity than anger."

"True, Worden, very true," said my lady; "but there's no bearing the impudence of the creature."

I would have gone out at the door; but her kinsman ran and set his back against it. I expected bad treatment from her pride and violent temper; but this was worse than I could have thought of. And I said to him, "Sir, when my master comes to know your rude behavior, you will, perhaps, have

cause to repent it." I then went and sat down in the window again.

"Another challenge, by Gad!" said he; "but I am glad she says her *master!* You see, madam, she herself does not believe she is marry'd, and so has not been *so much* deluded as you think for."

And coming to me with a barbarous air of insult, he said, kneeling on one knee before me, "My new aunt, your *blessing*, or your *curse*, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my dinner!"

I gave him a most contemptuous look. "Tinsel'd toy!" said I (for he was laced all over), "twenty or thirty years hence, when you are *at age*, I shall know how to answer you better. Meantime, sport with your footmen, and not with me."

I then removed to another window nearer the door, and he look'd like the fool he is.

"Worden, Worden," said my lady, "this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard! Is my kinsman and Lord Davers' to be thus used by such a wench?" And was coming to me. Indeed I began to be afraid; for I have but a poor heart, after all. But Mrs. Jewkes, hearing high words, came in again, with the second course, and said, "Pray, your ladyship, don't discompose yourself. I am afraid this day's business will make matters wider than ever between your ladyship and your brother; for my master dotes upon madam."

"Woman," said she, "do thou be silent! Sure, I, that was born in this house, may have some privilege in it, without being talk'd to by the saucy servants in it!"

"I beg pardon, madam," reply'd Mrs. Jewkes; and turning to me, "Madam," said she, "my master will take it very ill if you make him wait for you."

I again arose to go out; but my lady said, "If it were only for *that* reason, she shan't go."

She then went to the door. "Woman," said she to Mrs. Jewkes, shutting her out, "come not in again till I call you;" and stepping to me, took my hand, saying, "Find your legs, miss, if you please."

I stood up. She tapp'd my cheek. "How does that glowing face," said she, "show thy rancorous heart, if thou daredst to speak out! But come this way." And leading me to her chair — "Stand there," said she, "and answer me a few questions, while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee, till I call thy impudent

master to account; and then I'll have you face to face, and all this mystery of iniquity shall be unravel'd; for, between you, I *will* come to the bottom of it."

When she had sat down, I mov'd to the window on the other side the parlor, which looks into the private garden; and her woman said, "Mrs. Pamela, don't make my lady angry; stand by her ladyship, as she bids you."

"Mrs. Worden," replied I, "do you attend your *lady's* commands, and lay not *yours* upon *me*."

"Your pardon, sweet Mrs. Pamela," replied she; "times are much alter'd with you, I assure you."

"Lady Davers," return'd I, "has a very good plea to be free in the house she was *born* in; but *you* may as well confine your freedom to the house in which you had your *breeding*."

"Heyday!" retorted she. "This from you, Mrs. Pamela! But since you provoke me, I'll tell you a piece of my mind."

"Hush, hush! *good woman*," said I, alluding to my lady's language to Mrs. Jewkes; "my lady wants not your assistance! Besides, I can't scold!"

The woman was ready to stutter with vexation; and her nephew laugh'd as if he would burst his sides. "G—— d—— me, Worden," said he, "you had better let her alone to my lady here; for she will be too many for twenty such as you and I."

And then he laugh'd again, and repeated, "I *can't scold*," quotha! "but, by Gad, miss, you can speak d——d spiteful words, I can tell you that! Poor Worden, poor Worden! — 'Fore Gad, she's quite dumfounder'd!"

"Well, but, Pamela," said my lady, "come hither, and tell me truly — Dost thou think thyself really marry'd?"

"My good lady," said I, and approach'd her chair, "I'll answer *all* your commands, if you'll have patience with me; but I cannot bear to be used thus by this gentleman and your ladyship's woman."

"Child," said she, "thou art very impertinent to my kinsman; thou canst not be civil to *me;* and *my ladyship's* woman is much thy betters. But that's not the thing! Dost thou think thou art really marry'd?"

"I see, madam," replied I, "you are resolv'd not to be pleas'd with *any* answer I shall return. If I should say I am *not*, then your ladyship will call me hard names, and perhaps I should tell an untruth. If I should say I *am*, your ladyship

will ask me how I have the impudence to be so; and will call it a sham marriage."

"I will," said she, "be answer'd more directly."

"Why, madam, what does it signify what *I* think? Your ladyship will believe as you please."

"But canst thou have the vanity, the pride, the folly," said she, "to think thyself actually marry'd to *my* brother? He is no fool, child; and libertine enough of conscience; and thou art not the first in the list of his credulous harlots."

"Well, well," said I (in a violent flutter), "I am easy and pleas'd with my lot, and pray, madam, let me continue to be so as long as I can."

"Pert wench! But I will have patience with thee, if possible. Dost thou not think I am concern'd that thou, a young creature, whom my mother lov'd so well, shouldst have cast thyself away, shouldst have suffer'd thyself to be deluded and undone, after such a noble stand that thou madest for so long a time?"

"I do not think myself deluded and undone, madam; and am as innocent and as virtuous as ever I was in my life."

"Thou liest, child," said she.

"So your ladyship told me *twice* before!"

She gave my hand a slap for this; and I made a low courtesy; and retiring, said, "I humbly thank your ladyship!" But I could not refrain tears; and added, "Your brother, madam, however, won't thank your ladyship for this usage of me, tho' *I* do."

"Come a little nearer me, my dear," said she, "and thou shalt have a little more than *that* to tell him of, if thou thinkest thou hast not made mischief enough already between a sister and brother. But, child, if he were here, I would serve thee worse, and him too."

"I wish he was," said I.

"Dost thou threaten me, mischief-maker, and insolent as thou art?"

"Now, pray, madam," said I (but got a little further off), "be pleased to reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I have had the *honor*, or rather *misfortune*, to come into your presence; whether you have said *one* thing befitting your ladyship's degree to me, even supposing I was the wench, and the creature, you take me to be?"

"Come hither, my pert dear," replied she, "come but

within my reach for *one* moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest."

To be sure she meant to box my ears. But I should be unworthy of my happy lot if I could not show some spirit.

When the cloth was taken away, I said, "I suppose I may now depart your presence, madam?"

"I suppose *not*," said she. "Why, I'll lay thee a wager, child, thy stomach's too full to eat, and so thou mayst fast till thy mannerly master comes home."

"Pray your ladyship," said her woman, "let the *poor girl* sit down at table with Mrs. Jewkes and *me*."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Worden," replied I, "but times, as you said, are much alter'd with me. I have been of late so much honor'd by better company that I can't stoop to yours."

"Was ever such confidence!" said my lady.

"Poor Worden! poor Worden!" said her kinsman; "why, she beats you quite out of the pit!"

"Will your ladyship," said I, "be so good as to tell me how long I am to stay? For you will please to see by *that* letter that I am obliged to attend my master's commands." And so I gave her her brother's letter, written from Mr. Carlton's, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the honor done me by him.

"Ay," said she, "this is my *worthy* brother's hand; it is directed to Mrs. Andrews. That's to *you*, I suppose, child! Thy name will be always Andrews for him, I am sure!" And so she read on, making remarks as she went along, in this manner: —

"'My dearest love,' — DEAREST LOVE sure!" looking at me, from head to foot. — "What! this to thy baby face! — DEAREST LOVE! — Out upon it! I shall never bear to hear those words again! — Pray, Jackey, bid Lord Davers never call *me* 'dearest love!' — 'as I desired you not to expect me, if I returned not by eleven last night, I hope' — Lord be good unto me! Mind, Jackey! I HOPE — 'my absence did not discompose you.' — Who can bear this! — A confession, Jackey! a plain confession!" — "And so it is, madam! As clear to me as the sun!" looking at me till he dashed me. And then laughing with *such* an impudent look. I hated him at the moment. — "Well, but *did it discompose his dearest love?*" said my lady. "*Wert*

thou *discomposed*, dearest love? — Vastly tender! A creature, in thy way of life, is more complaisantly treated than an honest wife; but mark the end of it!"

She read to herself till she came to the following words: "'I could have wished' — Prithee, Jackey, mind this — 'I could have wished WE had not engaged OURSELVES' — WE and OURSELVES — MY brother and THEE, reptile, put together! Give me patience! — 'to Sir Simon and the good neighborhood for this night.' — And does Sir Simon, and the good neighborhood, permit thy visits, child? They shall have none from me, I assure them. — 'But since the engagement must take place,' — Mind, mind, Jackey — 'let me beg of you,' — The wretch who could treat Lord Davers and me as he has done, to turn beggar to this creature! — *Let me beg of you* — 'my dear,' — My dear! I shall be sick before I get half thro'! Thou little witch! How hast thou brought this about? — But I will read on — 'to take the chariot,' — And is the chariot ready? — Thank Heaven, I am in time to save thee this presumption! — 'and go to Sir Simon's; the sooner in the day the more obliging' — Say you so, brother? And can thy company, creature, *oblige Sir Simon* and the *good neighborhood?* — 'to all your ad-' — O Jackey, Jackey — sick — sick to death! — 'miring friends!'" — And away went the letter at my head. I would have stooped for it; but her Worden was too nimble for me, and put the letter again into her lady's hands; who went on with her remarks. — "'I hope to join you there' — Join *you* — Who? Pamela Andrews! A beggar's brat! Taken by my mother ——" "On charity, madam!" said I. "I courtesy to the dear lady's memory for it. I can best bear this of all your ladyship's reflections. It is my glory!" — "Confidence! be silent. Dost thou glory in thy shame!" — "Thank God," thought I, "I have a *truer* glory!" And I was silent, proudly silent, my dear mother. "'I hope to join you there,'" proceeded she in reading, "'by your tea time in the afternoon.' — So you are in very good time, child, an hour or two hence, to answer all your important *preëngagements*. Now, Jackey, he would have been hanged before he would have wrote so complaisantly to a WIFE. No *admiring* friends would he have mentioned to a woman of birth and quality answerable to his own, after the first fortnight. Very evident to me how the case is. — Is it not so to you, Jackey? — To you, Worden?" — "Very true, madam," said her woman. — "Clear as the sun," said her

nephew, sneering in my glowing face. — "Uncivil gentleman!" I muttered to myself; but still I was proud of my innocence; and I could the better be silent. My lady read on: "'It will be six miles' difference to me.' — Ah, wretched Pamela! Seest thou not that thy influence is already in the wane? Hadst thou kept thine innocence, and thy lover had been of thine own rank, sixty miles would have been no more than one to him. Thinkest thou that my brother's heart is to be held fast by that baby face of thine? Poor wretch! How I pity thee!" I courtesied to her for her pity; but still in proud (because self-justified) silence. She read on: "'And I know the good company will excuse dress on the occasion.' — Excuse dress! No doubt but they will. Any dress is good enough, I am sure, to appear in, to such company as *admire* thee, creature, for a companion, in thy ruined state! — But, Jackey, Jackey! More fine things still! — 'I count every hour of this little absence for a day!' — There's for you! Let me repeat it: 'I count every hour of this little absence for a day!' Mind too the nonsense of the good man! One may see love is a new thing to him. Here is a very tedious time gone since he saw his dear; no less than, according to his amorous calculation, a dozen days and nights at least! And yet, TEDIOUS as it is, it is but a LITTLE ABSENCE. Well said, my good, accurate, and consistent brother. But wise men in love are always the greatest simpletons! — But now comes the reason *why* this LITTLE absence, which, at the same time, is so GREAT an ABSENCE, is so *tedious*: 'For I am,' — Ay, now for it! — 'with the UTMOST sincerity, my dearest love,' — Out upon it! DEAREST LOVE, again! — 'Forever yours!' — But, brother, thou liest! Thou know'st thou dost. And, so, my good Miss Andrews, or what shall I call you? Your *dearest love* will be *forever yours!* — And hast thou the vanity to believe this? — But stay, here is a postscript. The poor man knew not when to have done to his *dearest love*. He's sadly in for't, truly! Why, *his dearest love*," looking at me, "you are mighty happy in such a lover! — 'If you could dine with Sir Simon and the ladies,' — Cry your mercy, my *dearest love*, now comes the *preëngagement!* — 'it would be a freedom' — A freedom with a witness! — 'they would be delighted with.' — Wretched flatterers, and mean-spirited creatures, if they are. — 'And the more, as they expect not such a favor.' — *Favor!* Jackey! *Favor!* — O thou poor painted doll! But I *will* have patience, if possible!

Thy company will indeed be a favor to those who can be delighted with it."

"Well, so much for this kind letter! — Worden, you may go to dinner with Fat Face!"

Her woman retired. "But you see, miss," proceeded my lady to me, "you cannot honor this *admiring* company with this *little-expected*, and, but in complaisance to *his* folly, I dare say, *little-desired freedom*. And indeed, I cannot forbear *admiring* thee so much myself, my *dearest love*, that I will not spare thee at all, this whole evening."

You see that I had shown her my letter to very little purpose. Indeed, I repented my giving it into her hands several times as she read.

"Well then," said I, "I hope your ladyship will give me leave to send my excuses to your good brother, and let him know that your ladyship is come, and is so fond of me that you will not let me leave you."

"Insolent creature!" said she; "and wantest thou my *good* brother, as thou callest him, to come and quarrel with his sister on thy account? But thou shalt not stir from my presence; and I would now ask thee, what it is thou meantest by showing me this letter?"

"To show your ladyship," replied I, "how I was engaged for this day and evening."

"And for nothing else?" asked she.

"If your ladyship can collect from it any other circumstances, I might hope not to be the *worse* treated for them."

Her eyes sparkled with indignation. She took my hand, and said, grasping it very hard, "I know, confident creature, that you show'd it me to insult me. You show'd it me, to let me see that he could be civiler to a beggar-born than to me, or to my good Lord Davers. You show'd it me, as if you would have me be as credulous a fool as yourself, to believe you are married, when I know the whole trick of it, and have reason to believe *you* know it. You show'd it me, in short, to upbraid me with his stooping to such painted dirt, to the disgrace of a family, ancient and unsullied beyond most in the kingdom. And now will I give thee an hundred guineas for one bold word, that I may fell thee at my foot."

This fearful menace, and her fiery eyes and rageful countenance, made me lose all my courage.

I wept. "Good your ladyship," said I, "pity me. Indeed I am honest; indeed I am virtuous; indeed I would not do a bad thing for the world."

"Tho' I know," said she, "the whole trick of thy pretended marriage, and thy foolish ring, and all the rest of the wicked nonsense; yet I should not have patience with thee, if thou shouldst but offer to let me know thy vanity prompts thee to *believe* thou art marry'd to *my* brother! So take care, Pamela; take care, beggar's brat; take care."

"Spare, madam, I beseech you, my parents. They are honest; they are good; it is no crime to be poor. They were once in a very creditable way; they never were beggars. Misfortunes may attend the highest. I can bear the cruelest imputations on myself; but upon such honest, industrious parents, who have passed thro' the greatest trials, without being beholden to anything but God's blessing, and their own hard labor, I cannot bear reflection."

"What! art thou setting up for a family, creature as thou art? — God give me patience! I suppose my brother's folly, and his wickedness together, will, in a little while, occasion a search at the Herald's Office, to set out thy wretched obscurity. Provoke me, Pamela; I desire thou wilt. One hundred guineas will I give thee, to say but thou *thinkest* thou art marry'd to *my* brother."

"Your ladyship, I hope, won't kill me. And since nothing I can say will please you; and your ladyship is resolved to be angry with me, let me beg of you to do whatever you design by me, and suffer me to depart your presence!"

She slapt my hand, and reach'd to box my ear; but Mrs. Jewkes and her woman, hearkening without, they both came in at that instant; and Mrs. Jewkes said, pushing herself in between us, "Your ladyship knows not what you do; indeed you don't. My master would never forgive me if I suffer'd, in his house, one he so dearly loves to be so used; and it must *not* be, tho' you are Lady Davers."

Her woman too interposed, and told her I was not worth her ladyship's anger. But my lady was like a person beside herself.

I offered to go out, but her kinsman again set his back against the door, and put his hand to his sword, and said I should not go till Lady Davers permitted it. He drew it halfway, and I was so terrified, that I cry'd out, "O the sword! the sword!" And, not knowing what I did, ran to my lady,

and clasp'd my arms about her, forgetting, just then, how much she was my enemy; and said, sinking on my knees, "Defend me, good your ladyship! The sword! the sword!"—Mrs. Jewkes said, "My lady will fall into fits." But Lady Davers was herself so startled at the matter being carry'd so far, that she did not mind her words, and said, "Jackey, don't draw your sword! You see, violent as her spirit is, she is but a coward."

"Come," said she, "be comforted; I will try to overcome my anger, and will pity you. So, wench, rise up, and don't be foolish." Mrs. Jewkes held her salts to my nose. I did not faint. And my lady said, "Jewkes, if *you* wish to be forgiven, leave Pamela and me by ourselves; and, Jackey, do you withdraw; only you, Worden, stay."

I sat down in the window, trembling like a coward, as her ladyship called me, and as I am.

"You should not sit in my lady's presence, Mrs. Pamela," again said her woman.

"Yes, let her sit, till she is a little recover'd," replied my lady. She sat down over against me. "To be sure, Pamela," said she, "you have been very provoking with your tongue, to be sure you have, as well to my nephew (who is a man of quality too) as to me." And, palliating her cruel usage, conscious she had carry'd the matter too far, she wanted to lay the fault upon me. "Own," said she, "you have been very saucy, and beg my pardon, and beg Jackey's pardon; and I will try to pity you; for you would have been a sweet girl, after all, if you had but kept your innocence."

"'Tis injurious to me, madam," said I, "to imagine I have not! . . .

"Then your ladyship's next question," said I, "will be—Am I marry'd? And you won't bear my answer to that—and will beat me again."

"I have not beat you yet; have I, Worden? So you want to make out a story, do you? But, indeed, I cannot bear thou shouldst so much as *think* thou art *my* sister. I know the whole trick of it; and so, 'tis my opinion, dost thou. It is only thy little cunning, to serve for a cloak to thy yielding. Prithee, prithee, wench, thou seest I know the world a little; know it almost as much at thirty-two as thou dost at sixteen."

I arose from the window, and walking to the other end of the room—"Beat me again, if you please," said I; "but I

must tell your ladyship, I scorn your words, and am as much marry'd as your ladyship!"

At that she ran to me, but her woman interposed again. "Let the vain creature go from your presence, madam," said she. "She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your ladyship."

"Stand away, Worden," said my lady. "That is an assertion that I would not take from my brother. I can't bear it. As much marry'd as I? Is that to be borne?"

"But if the creature believes she is, madam," said her woman, "she is to be as much pity'd for her credulity as despis'd for her vanity."

I was in hopes to have slipp'd out at the door; but she caught hold of my gown, and pull'd me back. "Pray, your ladyship," said I, very much afraid of her (for I have a strange notion of the fury of a woman of quality when provoked), "don't kill me! I have done no harm." She locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. And I, seeing Mrs. Jewkes before the window, lifted up the sash, and said, "Mrs. Jewkes, I believe it would be best for the chariot to go to your master, and let him know that Lady Davers is here; and I cannot leave her ladyship."

She was resolv'd to be displeas'd, let me say what I would.

"No, no," said she; "he'll then think that I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her."

"I thought your ladyship," reply'd I, "could not have taken exceptions at this message."

"Thou knowest nothing, wench," said she, "of what belongs to people of condition; how shouldst thou?"

"Nor," thought I, "do I desire it at this rate."

"What shall I say, madam, to your brother?"

"Nothing at all," replied she; "let him expect his *dearest love*, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more *hours*, and every one will be *a day* in his amorous account."

Mrs. Jewkes coming nearer me, and my lady walking about the room, being then at the end, I whisper'd, "Let Robert stay at the elms; I'll have a struggle for't by and by."

"*As much marry'd as I!*" repeated she. "The insolence of the creature!" talking to herself, to her woman, and now and then to me, as she walked; but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent.

And then it was—"Am I not worthy of an answer?"

"If I speak," replied I, "your ladyship is angry with me, tho' it be ever so respectfully. Would to Heaven I knew how to please your ladyship!"

"Confess the truth," answered she, "that thou art an undone creature; and art sorry for it, and for the mischief thou hast caused between thy master and me; and then I will pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of guineas; and some honest farmer may patch up thy shame, for the sake of the money; or if nobody will have thee, thou must vow penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee."

I was quite sick at heart, at all this passionate extravagance, and the more as I was afraid of incurring displeasure, by not being where I was expected; and seeing it was no hard matter to get out of the window, into the front yard, the parlor floor being almost even with the yard, I resolv'd to attempt it; and to have a fair run for it. Accordingly, having seen my lady at the other end of the room, in her walks backward and forward, and having not pulled down the sash, which I put up when I spoke to Mrs. Jewkes, I got upon the seat, and whipp'd out in a moment, and ran away as fast as I could, — my lady at one window, and her woman at another, calling after me to return.

Two of her servants appeared at her crying out; and she bidding them stop me, I said, "Touch me at your peril, fellows!" But their lady's commands would have prevailed, had not Mr. Colbrand, who, it seems, had been order'd by Mrs. Jewkes, when she saw how I was treated, to be within call, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce looks, — the only time, I thought, it ever became him, — and said, "He would *chine* the man" (that was his word) "who offer'd to touch his lady;" and so he ran alongside of me; and I heard my lady say, "The creature flies like a bird." Indeed, Mr. Colbrand, with his huge strides, could hardly keep pace with me. I never stopp'd till I got to the chariot. Robert had got down from his seat, seeing me running at a distance, and held the door in his hand, with the step ready down; and in I jump'd, without touching the step, saying, "Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my lady's reach!" He mounted his seat, and Colbrand said, "Don't be frighten'd, madam; nobody shall hurt you." He shut the door, and away Robert drove; but I was quite out of breath, and did not recover it, and my fright, all the way.

HENRY FIELDING

# THE GENIAL JOKES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By HENRY FIELDING.

(From "Joseph Andrews.")

[HENRY FIELDING, English novelist, was born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707, son of Edmund Fielding, afterwards lieutenant general under the Duke of Marlborough. He was sent to Eton and Leyden, and on his return from the Continent wrote a number of comedies and farces, among them being "The Modern Husband," "The Wedding Day," etc. In 1735 he married Miss Charlotte Craddock, of Salisbury, and settled down as a country gentleman, but, having speedily exhausted his wife's money and his own, he resumed dramatic work; studied for the bar; and for immediate subsistence employed his pen on various subjects. He made his début as a novelist with "Joseph Andrews" (1742), which he had at first conceived as a burlesque of Richardson's "Pamela." The work met with success, and was followed by "Jonathan Wild the Great," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia." In 1745 Fielding was appointed justice of the peace for Middlesex and Westminster. He died October 8, 1754, at Lisbon, whither he had gone in search of health.]

THE hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds, in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him that some of them (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others, at the same time, applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavor might have been fatal to him; but being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could intrust his safety to. Having therefore escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviæ* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character: let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare without any

intention of giving offense to any brave man in the nation), I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer nor Virgil, nor knows he anything of Hector or Turnus; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behavior of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, come in, when Adams set out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humor; but, not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a greater hunter of men; indeed, he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species, for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly, crying out, stole away, encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr. Adams, swearing it was the largest jack hare he ever saw, at the same time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him; in which he was imitated by these two or three couple of human or rather two-legged curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou choosest to be called, who presidest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times; thou who didst infuse such wonderful humor into the pen of immortal Gulliver; who hast carefully guided the judgment whilst thou hast exalted the nervous, manly style of thy Mallet; thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations, which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero; lastly, thou who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy, tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand — a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal, and who hath made all those sticks which the beaux have lately walked with about the Park in a morning ; but this was far his masterpiece. On its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been taken for a pair of nutcrackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon; but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet, of infinite wit, humor, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories: as the first night of Captain B——'s play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction room, where Mr. Cock would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a china basin, and with astonishment wondering that "Nobody bids more for that fine, that superb." He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands than lightning darted from his eyes ; and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirt of his cassock, which, being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons: the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption; the second and much the greater reason is that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose : for indeed what instance could we bring to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength, and swiftness? all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those therefore that describe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the parson's skirts, and stopped his flight, which Joseph no sooner perceived than he leveled his cudgel at his head and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his greatcoat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood! Ringwood, the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good at trailing, and sure in a highway; no babbler, no overrunner; respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, they knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder and Plunder, and Wonder and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at Joseph and bit him by the leg: no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight, and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not Diana (the reader may believe it or not as he pleases) in that instant interposed, and, in the shape of the huntsman, snatched her favorite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar and pulled to the ground. Then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name, Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when lo! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight, telling them, in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer, for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath with her usual dignity related this prodigious battle, a battle we apprehend never equaled by any poet, romance or life writer whatever, and having brought it to a conclusion, she ceased; we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style with the continuation of this history. The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams and the gallantry of Joseph had at first thrown into a violent fit of

laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chase, shooting match, race, cock fighting, bull or bear baiting had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire, therefore, having first called his friends about him, as guards for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph what he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner? Joseph answered, with great intrepidity, that they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by and see that gentleman (pointing to Adams) abused either by man or beast; and having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer, but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavoring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, "'Twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a hare."

The squire, being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. Adams with a more favorable aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavored all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the

courage of his servant, for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field, being gathered together by Joseph (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten), he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all: they endeavored to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty, which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not anything new or uncommon in them: so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams, some of them declaring that parson hunting was the best sport in the world, others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire and his facetious companions.

They arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a bachelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph; so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk, a favor which was likewise intended for Adams, which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had when he first saw her intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed further, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house, then, was a man of a very considerable fortune; a bachelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may here use the expression) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother, and a tutor who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and

other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessaries; and his tutor, endeavoring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university — that is, what they commonly call traveling; which, with the help of the tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases, and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country, especially what had any savor of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return. And now, being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in Parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly was a strange delight which he took in everything which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them were most his favorites. If he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavored to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows whom we have before called curs, and who did indeed no great honor to the canine kind; their business was to hunt out and display everything that had any savor of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters; but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule, for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were, an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. Adams was saying

grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavored to seat himself he fell down on the ground, and this completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams' ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practiced on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect; though we must own it probable that some more jokes were (as they call it) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which, he said, were made extempore. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty: —

*An Extempore Poem on Parson Adams.*

Did ever mortal such a parson view?
His cassock old, his wig not overnew,
Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
In smell more like to that than rusty bacon;
But would it not make any mortal stare
To see this parson taken for a hare?
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipped off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received

with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing master's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, "He was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk dat he had learn of some great master." He said, "It was ver pritty quality in clergyman to dance;" and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him "his cassock would serve for petticoats, and that he would himself be his partner." At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing master wagers that the parson outdanced him, which he refused, saying "he believed so too, for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman;" he then stepped forward to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof, mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain, perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking candle. Adams, being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, Hear him, hear him; and he then spoke in the following manner: "Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favors make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for, though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shown towards me; indeed, towards yourself, if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman had thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath pleased to treat me with disrespect as a

parson. I apprehend my order is not the subject of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called. Another gentleman, indeed, hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me I need not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behavior to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, traveling with two of my parishioners (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman): my appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had a hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expenses in a noble manner." (At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.) "I do not show you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honor which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavored to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant, therefore, either to my order or my poverty (and you see I am not very poor), the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours." He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him, "He was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it; that the verses were, as himself had well observed, so bad that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing master, for which, if he well thrashed him, as he deserved, he should be very much pleased to see it" (in which, probably, he spoke truth). Adams answered, "Whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish him that way; but for the person whom he had accused, I am a witness," says he, "of his innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he was, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity." The captain answered with a surly look and accent "That he hoped he did not mean

to reflect upon him; damn him, he had as much inanity as another, and if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat." Adams, smiling, said, "He believed he had spoke right by accident." To which the captain returned, "What do you mean by my speaking right? If you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this." Adams replied, "If he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown;" and clenching his fist declared "he had thrashed many a stouter man." The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle, but he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than, "It is very well you are a parson;" and so, drinking off a bumper to old mother Church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said, and as much discommended the behavior to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty, and, lastly, recommended forgiveness of what had passed to Adams, who immediately answered, "That everything was forgiven;" and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer (a liquor he preferred to wine), and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor, who indeed had not laughed outwardly at anything that passed, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, "There were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy; and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; for," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish playthings, to choose, at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should

discover him playing at taw or other childish play." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, "He had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind." The doctor replied, "He had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favorite diversion of Socrates was recorded." "Ay!" says the parson, eagerly; "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favor of perusing it." The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, "That he believed he could describe it. I think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this: there was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue and goodness and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars, for it is long since I read it." Adams said, "It was indeed a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, he was informed, they trifled away too much of their lives." He added, "The Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented." The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared "He was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening." To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man), "you have a sermon about you, doctor." "Sir," said Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen." He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected, which was performed before they had drunk two bottles; and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this: there was a great tub of water

provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced between the poet and the doctor, who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its support at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but, unluckily, the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leaped out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honor; but he had wisely withdrawn: he then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travellers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended; for, as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

Adams, and Joseph, who was no less enraged than his friend at the treatment he met with, went out with their sticks in their hands, and carried off Fanny, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any apprehension of being pursued as that Mr. Adams might, by exercise, prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman, who had given such orders to his servants concerning Fanny that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone than he began to rave, and immediately dispatched several with orders either to bring her back or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing master and doctor went on this errand.

# THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CLINKER.

By TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

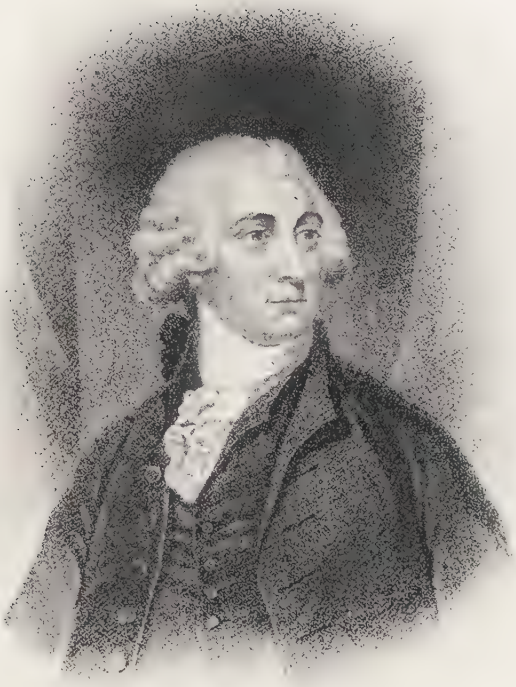
(From "The Expedition of Humphry Clinker.")

[Tobias George Smollett, English novelist, grandson of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, was born at Dalquhurn, Dumbartonshire, March, 1721. After a course of study at the University of Glasgow, he was apprenticed to a surgeon; about 1740 entered the navy as surgeon's mate; and took part in the disastrous expedition against Carthagena (1741). On his return to England, he set up as a practitioner in London, and then in Bath, but, not meeting with success, turned to literature, and acquired a reputation as novelist, editor, historian, dramatist, translator, etc. Toward the close of his life he retired to Monte Novo, near Leghorn, Italy, where he died after a long illness, October 21, 1771. "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphry Clinker" are his principal novels. His other works include: "A Complete History of England," written in fourteen months; "The Adventures of an Atom," a satire; translations of "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas"; plays, poems, etc. Smollett ranks with Richardson and Fielding as one of the standard novelists of the eighteenth century, founders of the English school of prose fiction.]

## J. Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., of Jesus Coll. Oxon.

Dear Phillips, — The moment I received your letter, I began to execute your commission. With the assistance of mine host at the Bull and Gate, I discovered the place to which your fugitive valet had retreated, and taxed him with his dishonesty. The fellow was in manifest confusion at sight of me — but he denied the charge with great confidence; till I told him that, if he would give up the watch, which was a family piece, he might keep the money and the clothes, and go to the devil his own way, at his leisure; but, if he rejected this proposal, I would deliver him forthwith to the constable, whom I had provided for that purpose, and he would carry him before the justice without farther delay. After some hesitation, he desired to speak with me in the next room, where he produced the watch, with all its appendages; and I have delivered it to our landlord, to be sent you by the first safe conveyance. So much for business.

I shall grow vain upon your saying you find entertainment in my letters, barren, as they certainly are, of incident and importance; because your amusement must arise, not from the matter, but from the manner, which you know is all my own. Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a person whose nice taste and consummate judgment I can no longer doubt,



TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

*From an original painting*

I will cheerfully proceed with our memoirs. As it is determined we shall set out next week for Yorkshire, I went to-day, in the forenoon, with my uncle, to see a carriage belonging to a coach maker in our neighborhood. Turning down a narrow lane, behind Long Acre, we perceived a crowd of people standing at a door, which, it seems, opened into a kind of Methodist meeting, and were informed that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within. Curious to see this phenomenon, we squeezed into the place with much difficulty; and who should this preacher be, but the identical Humphry Clinker! He had finished his sermon, and given out a psalm, the first stave of which he sung with peculiar grace. But, if we were astonished to see Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience. There was Lady Griskin, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my sister Liddy, and Mr. Barton, and all of them joined in the psalmody with strong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occasion; but old Squaretoes was differently affected. The first thing that struck him was the presumption of his lackey, whom he commanded to come down, with such an air of authority as Humphry did not think proper to disregard. He descended immediately, and all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly sheepish, Lady Griskin flirted her fan, Mrs. Tabby groaned in spirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs. Jenkins sobbed as if her heart was breaking. My uncle, with a sneer, asked pardon of the ladies for having interrupted their devotions, saying, he had particular business with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he handed Liddy into it, and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any further notice of the rest of the company, who still remained in silent astonishment.

Mr. Bramble, perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, assumed a milder aspect, bidding her be under no concern, for he was not at all displeased at anything she had done. "I have no objection," said he, "to your being religiously inclined; but I don't think my servant is a proper ghostly director for a devotee of your sex and character. If, in fact, as I rather believe, your aunt is not the sole conductress of this machine ——" Mrs. Tabitha made no answer, but threw up the

whites of her eyes, as if in the act of ejaculation. Poor Liddy said she had no right to the title of a devotee; that she thought there was no harm in hearing a pious discourse, even if it came from a footman, especially as her aunt was present; but that, if she had erred from ignorance, she hoped he would excuse it, as she could not bear the thoughts of living under his displeasure. The old gentleman, pressing her hand, with a tender smile, said she was a good girl, and that he did not believe her capable of doing anything that could give him the least umbrage or disgust.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr. Clinker to attend him upstairs, and spoke to him in these words: —

"Since you are called upon by the Spirit to preach and to teach, it is high time to lay aside the livery of an earthly master, and, for my part, I am unworthy to have an apostle in my service."

"I hope," said Humphry, "I have not failed in my duty to your honor; I should be a vile wretch if I did, considering the misery from which your charity and compassion relieved me; but having an inward admonition of the Spirit ——"

"Admonition of the devil!" cried the squire, in a passion; "what admonition, you blockhead? What right has such a fellow as you to set up for a reformer?"

"Begging your honor's pardon," replied Clinker, "may not the new light of God's grace shine upon the poor and the ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy and the philosopher, in all his pride of human learning?"

"What you imagine to be the new light of grace," said his master, "I take to be a deceitful vapor, glimmering through a crack in your upper story; in a word, Mr. Clinker, I will have no light in my family but what pays the king's taxes, unless it be the light of reason, which you don't pretend to follow."

"Ah, sir!" cried Humphry, "the light of reason is no more, in comparison to the light I mean, than a farthing candle to the sun at noon."

"Very true," said my uncle, "the one will serve to show you your way, and the other to dazzle and confound your weak brain. Hark ye, Clinker, you are either an hypocritical knave, or a wrong-headed enthusiast, and, in either case, unfit for my service. If you are a quack in sanctity and devotion, you will find it an easy matter to impose upon silly women, and others

of crazed understanding, who will contribute lavishly for your support. If you are really seduced by the reveries of a disturbed imagination, the sooner you lose your senses entirely, the better for yourself and the community. In that case some charitable person might provide you with a dark room and clean straw in Bedlam, where it would not be in your power to infect others with your fanaticism; whereas, if you have just reflection enough left to maintain the character of a chosen vessel in the meetings of the godly, you and your hearers will be misled by a Will-o'-the-wisp from one error into another, till you are plunged into religious frenzy: and then, perhaps, you will hang yourself in despair."

"Which the Lord, of his infinite mercy, forbid!" exclaimed the affrighted Clinker. "It is very possible I may be under the temptation of the devil, who wants to wreck me on the rocks of spiritual pride. Your honor says I am either a knave or a madman; now, as I'll assure your honor I am no knave, it follows that I must be mad; therefore I beseech your honor, upon my knees, to take my case into consideration, that means may be used for my recovery."

The squire could not help smiling at the poor fellow's simplicity, and promised to take care of him, provided he would mind the business of his place, without running after the new light of Methodism; but Mrs. Tabitha took offense at his humility, which she interpreted into poorness of spirit and worldly-mindedness; she upbraided him with the want of courage to suffer for conscience' sake; she observed that if he should lose his place for bearing testimony of the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous; and declaring that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquisition was established, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a significant look; then turning to the preacher, "You hear what my sister says. If you cannot live with me upon such terms as I have prescribed, the vineyard of Methodism lies before you, and she seems very well disposed to reward your labor."

"I would not willingly give offense to any soul upon earth," answered Humphry; "her ladyship has been very good to me ever since we came to London; and surely she has a heart turned for religious exercises, and both she and Lady Griskin sing psalms and hymns like two cherubims; but, at the same

time, I am bound to love and obey your honor. It becometh not such a poor ignorant fellow as me to hold dispute with a gentleman of rank and learning. As for the matter of knowledge, I am no more than a beast in comparison to your honor, therefore I submit; and, with God's grace, I will follow you to the world's end, if you don't think me too far gone to be out of confinement."

His master promised to keep him for some time longer on trial; then desired to know in what manner Lady Griskin and Mr. Barton came to join their religious society. He told him that her ladyship was the person who first carried my aunt and sister to the tabernacle, whither he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr. W——'s preaching; that he was confirmed in this new way by the preacher's sermons, which he had bought and studied with great attention; that his discourse and prayers had brought over Mrs. Jenkins and the housemaid to the same way of thinking; but as for Mr. Barton, he had never seen him at service before this day, when he came in company with Lady Griskin. Humphry, moreover, owned that he had been encouraged to mount the rostrum by the example and success of a weaver, who was much followed as a powerful minister; that, on his first trial, he found himself under such strong impulsions as made him believe he was certainly moved by the Spirit, and that he had assisted in Lady Griskin's and several private houses, at exercises of devotion.

Mr. Bramble was no sooner informed that her ladyship had acted as the *primum mobile* of this confederacy, than he concluded she had only made use of Clinker as a tool, subservient to the execution of some design, to the true secret of which he was an utter stranger. He observed that her ladyship's brain was a perfect mill for projects, and that she and Tabby had certainly engaged in some secret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs. Tabitha, which was to ensnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my Lady Griskin acted as her auxiliary; that this supposition would account for their endeavors to convert him to Methodism, an event which would occasion a connection of souls that might be easily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle seemed to be much diverted by the thoughts of this scheme's succeeding; but I gave him to understand that Barton was preëngaged; that he had the day before made a

present of an étuis to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view, no doubt, to countenance her own accepting of a snuffbox at the same time; that my sister having made me acquainted with this incident, I had desired an explanation of Mr. Barton, who declared his intentions were honorable, and expressed his hope that I would have no objection to his alliance; that I thanked him for the honor he had intended our family, but told him it would be necessary to consult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians, and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his proposal, though I was persuaded that no violence would be offered to my sister's inclinations, in a transaction that so nearly interested the happiness of her future life; that he assured me he should never think of availing himself of a guardian's authority, unless he could render his addresses agreeable to the young lady herself; and that he would immediately demand permission of Mr. and Mrs. Bramble to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune.

### Matt. Bramble to Dr. Lewis.

I had not much time to moralize on these occurrences; for the house was visited by a constable and his gang, with a warrant from Justice Buzzard to search the box of Humphry Clinker, my footman, who was just apprehended as a highwayman. This incident threw the whole family into confusion. My sister scolded the constable for presuming to enter the lodgings of a gentleman on such an errand, without having first asked and obtained permission; her maid was frightened into fits, and Liddy shed tears of compassion for the unfortunate Clinker, in whose box, however, nothing was found to confirm the suspicion of robbery.

For my own part, I made no doubt of the fellow's being mistaken for some other person, and I went directly to the justice, in order to procure his discharge; but there I found the matter much more serious than I expected. Poor Clinker stood trembling at the bar, surrounded by thief takers; and, at a little distance, a thick squat fellow, a postilion, his accuser, who had seized him in the street, and swore positively to his person, that the said Clinker had, on the 15th day of March last, on Blackheath, robbed a gentleman in a post chaise, which he, the postilion, drove. This deposition was sufficient to justify his

commitment; and he was sent accordingly to Clerkenwell prison, whither Jery accompanied him in the coach, in order to recommend him properly to the keeper, that he may want for no convenience which the place affords.

The spectators, who assembled to see this highwayman, were sagacious enough to discern something very villainous in his aspect; which, begging their pardon, is the very picture of simplicity; and the justice himself put a very unfavorable construction upon some of his answers, which, he said, savored of the ambiguity and equivocation of an old offender; but, in my opinion, it would have been more just and humane to impute them to the confusion into which we may suppose a poor country lad to be thrown on such an occasion. I am still persuaded he is innocent; and, in this persuasion, I can do no less than use my utmost endeavors that he may not be oppressed. I shall to-morrow send my nephew to wait on the gentleman who was robbed, and beg he will have the humanity to go and see the prisoner, that, in case he should find him quite different from the person of the highwayman, he may bear testimony in his behalf. Howsoever it may fare with Clinker, this cursed affair will be to me productive of intolerable chagrin. I have already caught a dreadful cold, by rushing into the open air from the justice's parlor, where I had been stewing in the crowd; and though I should not be laid up with the gout, as I believe I shall, I must stay in London for some weeks, till this poor devil comes to his trial at Rochester; so that, in all probability, my northern expedition is blown up.

If you can find anything in your philosophical budget to console me in the midst of these distresses and apprehensions, pray let it be communicated to your unfortunate friend,

MATT. BRAMBLE.

LONDON, *June* 12.

## J. MELFORD TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., JESUS COLL. OXON.

DEAR WAT, — The farce is finished, and another piece of a graver cast brought upon the stage. Our aunt made a desperate attack upon Barton, who had no other way of saving himself but by leaving her in possession of the field, and avowing his pretensions to Liddy, by whom he has been rejected in his turn. Lady Griskin acted as his advocate and agent on this occasion,

with such zeal as embroiled her with Mrs. Tabitha, and a high scene of altercation passed betwixt these two religionists, which might have come to action, had not my uncle interposed. They are, however, reconciled, in consequence of an event which has involved us all in trouble and disquiet. You must know, the poor preacher, Humphry Clinker, is now exercising his ministry among the felons in Clerkenwell prison. A postilion having sworn a robbery against him, no bail could be taken, and he was committed to jail, notwithstanding all the remonstrances and interest my uncle could make in his behalf.

All things considered, the poor fellow cannot possibly be guilty, and yet, I believe, he runs some risk of being hanged. Upon his examination, he answered with such hesitation and reserve as persuaded most of the people who crowded the place that he was really a knave; and the justice's remarks confirmed their opinion. Exclusive of my uncle and myself, there was only one person who seemed inclined to favor the culprit — he was a young man, well dressed, and, from the manner in which he cross-examined the evidence, we took it for granted that he was a student in one of the inns of court — he freely checked the justice for some uncharitable inferences he made to the prejudice of the prisoner, and even ventured to dispute with his worship on certain points of law.

My uncle, provoked at the unconnected and dubious answers of Clinker, who seemed in danger of falling a sacrifice to his simplicity, exclaimed, "In the name of God, if you are innocent, say so."

"No," cried he, "God forbid that I should call myself innocent, while my conscience is burdened with sin."

"What then, you did commit this robbery?" resumed his master.

"No, sure," said he, "blessed be the Lord, I'm free of that guilt."

Here the justice interposed, observing that the man seemed inclined to make a discovery by turning king's evidence, and desired the clerk to take his confession; upon which Humphry declared that he looked upon confession to be a popish fraud, invented by the whore of Babylon. The templar affirmed that the poor fellow was *non compos*, and exhorted the justice to discharge him as a lunatic. "You know very well," added he, "that the robbery in question was not committed by the prisoner."

The thief takers grinned at one another; and Mr. Justice Buzzard replied, with great emotion, "Mr. Martin, I desire you will mind your own business; I shall convince you one of these days that I understand mine."

In short, there was no remedy; the mittimus was made out, and poor Clinker sent to prison in a hackney coach, guarded by the constable, and accompanied by your humble servant. By the way, I was not a little surprised to hear this retainer to justice bid the prisoner to keep up his spirits, for that he did not at all doubt but that he would get off for a few weeks' confinement. He said his worship knew very well that Clinker was innocent of the fact, and that the real highwayman, who robbed the chaise, was no other than that very individual Mr. Martin, who had pleaded so strenuously for honest Humphry.

Confounded at this information, I asked, "Why then is he suffered to go about at his liberty, and this poor innocent fellow treated as a malefactor?"

"We have exact intelligence of all Mr. Martin's transactions," said he; "but as yet there is no evidence sufficient for his conviction; and, as for this young man, the justice could do no less than commit him, as the postilion swore point-blank to his identity."

"So, if this rascally postilion should persist in the falsity to which he has sworn," said I, "this innocent lad may be brought to the gallows."

The constable observed that he would have time enough to prepare for his trial, and might prove an *alibi;* or perhaps, Martin might be apprehended, and convicted for another fact, in which case he might be prevailed upon to take this affair upon himself; or finally, if these chances should fail, and the evidence stand good against Clinker, the jury might recommend him to mercy, in consideration of his youth, especially if this should appear to be the first fact of which he had been guilty.

Humphry owned he could not pretend to recollect where he had been on the day when the robbery was committed, much less prove a circumstance of that kind, so far back as six months, though he knew he had been sick of the fever and ague, which, however, did not prevent him from going about. Then, turning up his eyes, he ejaculated, "The Lord's will be done! if it be my fate to suffer, I hope I shall not disgrace the faith of which, though unworthy, I make profession."

When I expressed my surprise that the accuser should persist in charging Clinker, without taking the least notice of the real robber, who stood before him, and to whom, indeed, Humphry bore not the smallest resemblance, the constable, who was himself a thief taker, gave me to understand that Mr. Martin was the best qualified for business of all the gentlemen on the road he had ever known; that he had always acted on his own bottom, without partner or correspondent, and never went to work but when he was cool and sober; that his courage and presence of mind never failed him; that his address was genteel, and his behavior void of all cruelty and insolence; that he never encumbered himself with watches, or trinkets, nor even with bank notes, but always dealt for ready money, and that in the current coin of the kingdom; and that he could disguise himself and his horse in such a manner that, after the action, it was impossible to recognize either the one or the other. "This great man," said he, "has reigned paramount in all the roads within fifty miles of London above fifteen months, and has done more business in that time than all the rest of the profession put together; for those who pass through his hands are so delicately dealt with that they have no desire to give him the least disturbance; but, for all that, his race is almost run. He is now fluttering about justice like a moth about a candle. There are so many lime twigs laid in his way, that I'll bet a cool hundred he swings before Christmas."

Shall I own to you that this portrait, drawn by a ruffian, heightened by what I myself had observed in his deportment, has interested me warmly in the fate of poor Martin, whom nature seems to have intended for a useful and honorable member of that community upon which he now preys for a subsistence! It seems he lived some time as a clerk to a timber merchant, whose daughter Martin having privately married, he was discarded, and his wife turned out of doors. She did not long survive her marriage; and Martin, turning fortune hunter, could not supply his occasions any other way than by taking to the road, in which he has traveled hitherto with uncommon success. He pays his respects regularly to Mr. Justice Buzzard, the thief-catcher general of this metropolis, and sometimes they smoke a pipe together very lovingly, when the conversation generally turns upon the nature of evidence. The justice has given him fair warning to take care of himself, and he has received his caution in good part. Hitherto he has baffled all the

vigilance, art, and activity of Buzzard and his emissaries, with such conduct as would have done honor to the genius of a Cæsar or a Turenne ; but he has one weakness, which has proved fatal to all the heroes of the tribe, namely, an indiscreet devotion to the fair sex, and, in all probability, he will be attacked on this defenseless quarter.

Be that as it may, I saw the body of poor Clinker consigned to the jailer of Clerkenwell, to whose indulgence I recommended him so effectually that he received him in the most hospitable manner, though there was a necessity of equipping him with a suit of irons, in which he made a very rueful appearance. The poor creature seemed as much affected by my uncle's kindness as by his own misfortune. When I assured him that nothing should be left undone for procuring his enlargement, and making his confinement easy in the mean time, he fell down upon his knees, and kissing my hand, which he bathed with his tears, "O squire," cried he, sobbing, "what shall I say? — I can't — no, I can't speak — my poor heart is bursting with gratitude to you and my dear — dear — generous — noble benefactor."

I protest, the scene became so pathetic that I was fain to force myself away, and returned to my uncle, who sent me in the afternoon with his compliments to one Mr. Mead, the person who had been robbed on Blackheath. As I did not find him at home, I left a message, in consequence of which he called at our lodging this morning, and very humanely agreed to visit the prisoner. By this time Lady Griskin had come to make her formal compliments of condolence to Mrs. Tabitha, on this domestic calamity ; and that prudent maiden, whose passion was now cooled, thought proper to receive her ladyship so civilly that a reconciliation immediately ensued. These two ladies resolved to comfort the poor prisoner in their own persons, and Mr. Mead and I squired them to Clerkenwell, my uncle being detained at home by some slight complaints in his stomach and bowels.

The turnkey, who received us at Clerkenwell, looked remarkably sullen ; and when we inquired for Clinker, "I don't care if the devil had him," said he ; "here has been nothing but canting and praying since the fellow entered the place. Rabbit him ! the tap will be ruined — we han't sold a cask of beer, nor a dozen of wine, since he paid his garnish — the gentlemen get drunk with nothing but your damned religion. For my part, I believe as how your man deals with the devil. Two or three

as bold hearts as ever took the air upon Hounslow have been blubbering all night; and if the fellow an't speedily removed by habeas corpus, or otherwise, I'll be damned if there's a grain of true spirit left within these walls — we shan't have a soul to credit to the place, or to make his exit like a true-born Englishman, — damn my eyes! there will be nothing but sniveling in the cart — we shall all die like so many psalm-singing weavers."

In short, we found that Humphry was, at that very instant, haranguing the felons in the chapel; and that the jailer's wife and daughter, together with my aunt's woman, Win Jenkins, and our housemaid, were among the audience, which we immediately joined. I never saw anything so strongly picturesque as this congregation of felons clanking their chains, in the midst of whom stood orator Clinker, expatiating, in a transport of fervor, on the torments of hell, denounced in Scripture against evil doers, comprehending murderers, robbers, thieves, and whoremongers. The variety of attention exhibited in the faces of those ragamuffins formed a group that would not have disgraced the pencil of a Raphael. In one it denoted admiration; in another, doubt; in a third, disdain; in a fourth, contempt; in a fifth, terror; in a sixth, derision; and in a seventh, indignation. As for Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, she was in tears, overwhelmed with sorrow; but whether for her own sins, or the misfortune of Clinker, I cannot pretend to say. The other females seemed to listen with a mixture of wonder and devotion. The jailer's wife declared he was a saint in trouble, saying she wished from her heart there was such another good soul like him in every jail in England.

Mr. Mead, having earnestly surveyed the preacher, declared his appearance was so different from that of the person who robbed him on Blackheath, that he could freely make oath he was not the man. But Humphry himself was by this time pretty well rid of all apprehensions of being hanged; for he had been the night before solemnly tried and acquitted by his fellow-prisoners, some of whom he had already converted to Methodism. He now made proper acknowledgments for the honor of our visit, and was permitted to kiss the hands of the ladies, who assured him he might depend upon their friendship and protection. Lady Griskin, in her great zeal, exhorted his fellow-prisoners to profit by the precious opportunity of having such a saint in bonds among them, and turn over a new leaf for the

benefit of their poor souls ; and, that her admonition might have the greater effect, she reënforced it with her bounty.

While she and Mrs. Tabby returned in the coach with the two maidservants, I waited on Mr. Mead to the house of Justice Buzzard, who, having heard his declaration, said his oath could be of no use at present, but that he would be a material evidence for the prisoner at his trial. So that there seems to be no remedy but patience for poor Clinker ; and indeed the same virtue, or medicine, will be necessary for us all, the squire, in particular, who had set his heart upon his excursion to the northward.

While we were visiting honest Humphry in Clerkenwell prison, my uncle received a much more extraordinary visit at his own lodgings. Mr. Martin, of whom I have made such honorable mention, desired permission to pay him his respects, and was admitted accordingly. He told him that having observed him, at Mr. Buzzard's, a good deal disturbed by what had happened to his servant, he had come to assure him that he had nothing to apprehend for Clinker's life ; for, if it was possible that any jury could find him guilty upon such evidence, he, Martin himself, would produce in court a person whose deposition would bring him off as clear as the sun at noon. Sure, the fellow would not be so romantic as to take the robbery upon himself ! He said the postilion was an infamous fellow, who had been a dabbler in the same profession, and saved his life at the Old Bailey by impeaching his companions ; that, being now reduced to great poverty, he had made this desperate push, to swear away the life of an innocent man, in hopes of having the reward upon his conviction ; but that he would find himself miserably disappointed, for the justice and his myrmidons were determined to admit of no interloper in this branch of business ; and that he did not at all doubt but that they would find matter enough to stop the evidence himself before the next jail delivery. He affirmed that all these circumstances were well known to the justice ; and that his severity to Clinker was no other than a hint to his master to make him a present in private, as an acknowledgment of his candor and humanity.

This hint, however, was so unpalatable to Mr. Bramble that he declared, with great warmth, he would rather confine himself for life to London, which he detested, than be at liberty to leave it to-morrow, in consequence of encouraging corruption in a magistrate. Hearing, however, how favorable

Mr. Mead's report had been for the prisoner, he resolved to take the advice of counsel in what manner to proceed for his immediate enlargement. I make no doubt but that in a day or two this troublesome business may be dismissed; and in this hope we are preparing for our journey. If our endeavors do not miscarry, we shall have taken the field before you hear again from — Yours,

J. Melford.

London, *June* 11.

Matthew Bramble to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., of Jesus Coll. Oxon.

Dear Phillips, — The very day after I wrote my last, Clinker was set at liberty. As Martin had foretold, the accuser was himself committed for a robbery, upon unquestionable evidence. He had been for some time in the snares of the thief-taking society, who, resenting his presumption in attempting to encroach upon their monopoly of impeachment, had him taken up and committed to Newgate, on the deposition of an accomplice, who has been admitted as evidence for the king. The postilion being upon record as an old offender, the Chief Justice made no scruple of admitting Clinker to bail, when he perused the affidavit of Mr. Mead, importing that the said Clinker was not the person that robbed him on Blackheath; and honest Humphry was discharged. When he came home, he expressed great eagerness to pay his respects to his master, and here his elocution failed him, but his silence was pathetic; he fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, shedding a flood of tears, which my uncle did not see without emotion. He took snuff in some confusion; and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him his blessing in something more substantial than words. "Clinker," said he, "I am so well convinced, both of your honesty and courage, that I am resolved to make you my life guardsman on the highway."

He was accordingly provided with a case of pistols, and a carbine to be slung across his shoulders; and every other preparation being made, we set out last Thursday, at seven in the morning; my uncle, with the three women in the coach; Humphry, well mounted on a black gelding bought for his use; myself ahorseback, attended by my new valet, Mr. Dutton, an exceeding coxcomb, fresh from his travels, whom I had

taken upon trial. The fellow wears a solitaire, uses paint, and takes rappee with all the grimace of a French marquis. At present, however, he is in a riding dress, jack boots, leather breeches, a scarlet waistcoat, with gold binding, a laced hat, a hanger, a French posting whip in his hand, and his hair *en queue*.

Before we had gone nine miles, my horse lost one of his shoes; so that I was obliged to stop at Barnet to have another, while the coach proceeded at an easy pace over the common. About a mile short of Hatfield, the postilions stopped the carriage and gave notice to Clinker that there were two suspicious fellows ahorseback, at the end of a lane, who seemed waiting to attack the coach. Humphry forthwith apprised my uncle, declaring he would stand by him to the last drop of his blood, and, unslinging his carbine, prepared for action. The squire had pistols in the pockets of the coach, and resolved to make use of them directly; but he was effectually prevented by his female companions, who flung themselves about his neck, and screamed in concert. At this instant who should come up, at a hand gallop, but Martin, the highwayman, who, advancing to the coach, begged the ladies would compose themselves for a moment; then, desiring Clinker to follow him to the charge, he pulled a pistol out of his bosom, and they rode up together to give battle to the rogues, who, having fired at a great distance, fled across the common. They were in pursuit of the fugitives when I came up, not a little alarmed at the shrieks in the coach, where I found my uncle in a violent rage, without his periwig, struggling to disentangle himself from Tabby and the other two, and swearing with great vociferation. Before I had time to interpose, Martin and Clinker returned from the pursuit, and the former paid his compliments with great politeness, giving us to understand that the fellows had scampered off, and that he believed they were a couple of raw 'prentices from London. He commended Clinker for his courage, and said, if we would give him leave, he would have the honor to accompany us as far as Stevenage, where he had some business.

The squire, having recollected and adjusted himself, was the first to laugh at his own situation; but it was not without difficulty that Tabby's arms could be untwisted from his neck. Liddy's teeth chattered, and Jenkins was threatened with a fit as usual. I had communicated to my uncle the character of Martin, as it was described by the constable, and he was much

struck with its singularity. He could not suppose the fellow had any design on our company, which was so numerous and well armed; he therefore thanked him for the service he had just done them, said he would be glad of his company, and asked him to dine with us at Hatfield. This invitation might not have been agreeable to the ladies, had they known the real profession of our guest; but this was a secret to all, except my uncle and myself. Mrs. Tabitha, however, would by no means consent to proceed with a case of loaded pistols in the coach, and they were forthwith discharged in complaisance to her and the rest of the women.

Being gratified in this particular, she became remarkably good humored, and at dinner behaved in the most affable manner to Mr. Martin, with whose polite address, and agreeable conversation, she seemed to be much taken. After dinner, the landlord accosted me in the yard, asked with a significant look, if the gentleman that rode the sorrel belonged to our company? I understood his meaning, but answered *No;* that he had come up with us on the common, and helped us to drive away two fellows, that looked like highwaymen. He nodded three times distinctly, as much as to say he knows his cue. Then he inquired if one of those men was mounted on a bay mare, and the other on a chestnut gelding, with a white streak down his forehead? and being answered in the affirmative, he assured me they had robbed three post chaises this very morning. I inquired, in my turn, if Mr. Martin was of his acquaintance; and nodding thrice again, he answered that *he had seen the gentleman.*

Before we left Hatfield, my uncle, fixing his eyes on Martin, with such expression as is more easily conceived than described, asked, if he often traveled that road? and he replied with a look which denoted his understanding the question, that he very seldom did business in that part of the country. In a word, this adventurer favored us with his company to the neighborhood of Stevenage, where he took his leave of the coach and me in very polite terms, and turned off upon a crossroad, that led to a village on the left. At supper, Mrs. Tabby was very full in the praise of Mr. Martin's good sense and good breeding, and seemed to regret that she had not a farther opportunity to make some experiment upon his affection.

J. Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., at Oxon.

Dear Wat, — In my two last you had so much of Lismahago, that I suppose you are glad he is gone off the stage for the present. I must now descend to domestic occurrences. Love, it seems, is resolved to assert his dominion over all the females of our family. After having practiced upon poor Liddy's heart, and played strange vagaries with our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, he began to run riot in the affections of her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occasion to mention more than once in the course of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for something very different from the character of the mistress, yet custom and habit have effected a wonderful resemblance betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be sure, is much younger, and more agreeable in her person; she is likewise tender-hearted and benevolent, qualities for which her mistress is by no means remarkable, no more than she is for being of a timorous disposition, and much subject to fits of the mother, which are the infirmities of Win's constitution; but then she seems to have adopted Mrs. Tabby's manner with her cast clothes. She dresses and endeavors to look like her mistress, although her own looks are much more engaging. She enters into her schemes of economy, learns her phrases, repeats her remarks, imitates her style in scolding the inferior servants, and, finally, subscribes implicitly to her system of devotion. This, indeed, she found the more agreeable as it was in a great measure introduced and confirmed by the ministry of Clinker, with whose personal merit she seems to have been struck ever since he exhibited the pattern of his naked skin at Marlborough.

Nevertheless, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conquest he had made, he found it impossible to guard it on the side of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In short, my rascal Dutton professed himself her admirer, and by dint of his outlandish qualifications threw his rival Clinker out of the saddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an English pudding, composed of good wholesome flour and suet, and Dutton to a syllabub or iced froth, which, though agreeable to the taste, has nothing solid or substantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his

secondhand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed; he taught her to take rappee, and presented her with a snuff-box of *papier-maché;* he supplied her with a powder for her teeth; he mended her complexion, and he dressed her hair in the Paris fashion; he undertook to be her French master and her dancing master, as well as friseur, and thus imperceptibly wound himself into her good graces. Clinker perceived the progress he had made, and repined in secret. He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and, finding it produced no effect, had recourse to prayer. At Newcastle, while he attended Mrs. Tabby to the Methodist meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs. Jenkins to the play. He was dressed in a silk coat, made at Paris for his former master, with a tawdry waistcoat of tarnished brocade; he wore his hair in a great bag, with a huge solitaire, and a long sword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded lute-string, washed gauze, and ribbons three times refreshed, but she was most remarkable for the frissure of her head, which rose, like a pyramid, seven inches above the scalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes; nay, the gallant himself had spared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire, they walked together through the high street to the theater, and as they passed for players, ready dressed for acting, they reached it unmolested; but as it was still light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hissed and hooted all the way, and Mrs. Jenkins was all bespattered with dirt, as well as insulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezabel*, so that her fright and mortification threw her into an hysteric fit the moment she came home.

Clinker was so incensed at Dutton, whom he considered as the cause of her disgrace, that he upbraided him severely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt; and, mistaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horsewhip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging I would give him leave to chastise my servant for his insolence. "He has challenged me to fight him at sword's point," said he, "but I might as well challenge him to make a horseshoe or a plow iron, for I know no more of the one than he does of the other. Besides, it does not become servants to use those weapons,

or to claim the privilege of gentlemen to kill one another, when they fall out; moreover, I would not have his blood upon my conscience for ten thousand times the profit or satisfaction I should get by his death; but if your honor won't be angry, I'll engage to gee 'an a good drubbing, that, mayhap, will do 'en service, and I'll take care it shall do 'en no harm." I said I had no objection to what he proposed, provided he could manage matters so as not to be found the aggressor, in case Dutton should prosecute him for an assault and battery.

Thus licensed, he retired; and that same evening easily provoked his rival to strike the first blow, which Clinker returned with such interest that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring, at the same time, that he would exact severe and bloody satisfaction the moment we should pass the Border, when he could run him through the body without fear of the consequence. This scene passed in presence of Lieutenant Lismahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thrust of cold iron with his antagonist. "Cold iron," cried Humphry, "I shall never use against the life of any human creature; but I am so far from being afraid of his cold iron, that I shall use nothing in my defense but a good cudgel, which shall always be at his service." In the mean time the fair cause of this contest, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, seemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr. Clinker acted much on the reserve, though he did not presume to find fault with her conduct.

The dispute between the two rivals was soon brought to a very unexpected issue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick, was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh, on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heiress of a pawnbroker deceased, who had given her guardians the slip, and put herself under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in quest of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, so as to decline in the favor of his inamorata; but, in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldness on her side, which encouraged him to whisper, it was a pity she should have cast her affections upon a tailor, which he affirmed the Irishman to be. This discovery completed her disgust, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himself to her good graces; and the smooth-tongued rascal found no difficulty to insinuate himself into the place of her heart from which the other had

been discarded. Their resolution was immediately taken; in the morning, before day, while poor Teague lay snoring abed, his indefatigable rival ordered a post chaise, and set out with the lady for Coldstream, a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parson who dealt in this branch of commerce, and there they were noosed before the Irishman ever dreamed of the matter; but when he got up at six o'clock, and found the bird was flown, he made such a noise as alarmed the whole house. One of the first persons he encountered was the postilion returned from Coldstream, where he had been witness to the marriage, and, over and above a handsome gratuity, had received a bride's favor, which he now wore in his cap. When the forsaken lover understood they were actually married, and set out for London, and that Dutton had discovered to the lady that he (the Hibernian) was a tailor, he had like to have run distracted. He tore the ribbon from the fellow's cap, and beat it about his ears. He swore he would pursue him to the gates of hell, and ordered a post chaise and four to be got ready as soon as possible; but recollecting that his finances would not admit of this way of traveling, he was obliged to countermand this order.

For my part, I knew nothing at all of what happened, till the postilion brought me the keys of my trunk and portmanteau, which he had received from Dutton, who sent me his respects, hoping I would excuse him for his abrupt departure, as it was a step upon which his fortune depended. Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Irishman burst into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming, "By my soul, your sarvant has robbed me of five thousand pounds, and I'll have satisfaction, if I should be hanged to-morrow!" When I asked him who he was, "My name," said he, "is Master Macloughlin, but it should be Leighlin Oneale, for I am come from Ter-Owen the Great; and so I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland; and that rogue, your sarvant, said I was a tailor, which was as big a lie as if he had called me the Pope. I'm a man of fortune, and have spent all I had; and so being in distress, Mr. Coshgrave, the fashioner in Suffolk Street, tuck me out, and made me his own private shecretary; by the same token, I was the last he bailed; for his friends obliged him to tie himself up, that he would bail no more above ten pounds; for why, because as how he could not refuse anybody that asked, and therefore in time would have robbed himself of his whole fortune, and, if he had lived long

at that rate, must have died bankrupt very soon; and so I made my addresses to Miss Skinner, a young lady of five thousand pounds' fortune, who agreed to take me for better nor worse; and, to be sure, this day would have put me in possession, if it had not been for that rogue your sarvant, who came like a tief, and stole away my property, and made her believe I was a tailor, and that she was going to marry the ninth part of a man; but the devil burn my soul, if ever I catch him on the mountains of Tulloghobegly, if I don't show him that I'm nine times as good a man as he, or e'er a bug of his country."

When he had rung out his first alarm, I told him I was sorry he had allowed himself to be so jockied, but it was no business of mine, and that the fellow who robbed him of his bride had likewise robbed me of my servant. "Didn't I tell you then," cried he, "that Rogue was his true Christian name. Oh! if I had but one fair trust with him upon the sod, I'd give him leave to brag all the rest of his life."

My uncle, hearing the noise, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr. Oneale for the lady's elopement, observing that he seemed to have had a lucky escape; that it was better she should elope before than after marriage. The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He said, if he had been once married, she might have eloped as soon as she pleased; he would have taken care that she should not have carried her fortune along with her. "Ah!" said he, "she's a Judas Iscariot, and has betrayed me with a kiss; and, like Judas, she carried the bag, and has not left me money enough to bear my expenses back to London; and so as I am come to this pass, and the rogue that was the occasion of it has left you without a sarvant, you may put me in his place; and, by Jasus, it is the best thing you can do." I begged to be excused, declaring I could put up with any inconvenience rather than treat as footman the descendant of Ter-Owen the Great. I advised him to return to his friend Mr. Cosgrave, and take his passage from Newcastle by sea, towards which I made him a small present, and he retired, seemingly resigned to his evil fortune. I have taken upon trial a Scotchman, called Archy M'Alpin, an old soldier, whose last master, a colonel, lately died at Berwick. The fellow is old and withered, but he has been recommended to me for his fidelity by Mrs. Humphreys, a very good sort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth, and is much respected by all the travelers on this road.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himself happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Christian to repine at Dutton's success. Even Mrs. Jenkins will have reason to congratulate herself upon this event, when she coolly reflects upon the matter; for, howsoever she was forced from her poise for a season, by snares laid for her vanity, Humphry is certainly the north star to which the needle of her affection would have pointed at the long run; at present the same vanity is exceedingly mortified, upon finding herself abandoned by her new admirer, in favor of another inamorata. She received the news with a violent burst of laughter, which soon brought on a fit of crying, and this gave the finishing blow to the patience of her mistress, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all those flood gates of reprehension which had been shut so long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiscretion, but attacked her on the score of religion, declaring roundly that she was in a state of apostasy and reprobation, and, finally, threatened to send her a packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All the family interceded for poor Winifred, not even excepting her slighted swain, Mr. Clinker, who, on his knees, implored and obtained her pardon.

LYDIA MELFORD TO MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER.

MY DEAR, DEAR LETTY, — Never did I sit down to write in such agitation as I now feel. In the course of a few days, we have met with a number of incidents so wonderful and interesting that all my ideas are thrown into confusion and perplexity. You must not expect either method or coherence in what I am going to relate, my dearest Willis. Since my last, the aspect of affairs is totally changed! — and so changed! but I would fain give you a regular detail. In passing a river, about eight days ago, our coach was overturned, and some of us narrowly escaped with life. My uncle had well-nigh perished. O Heaven, I cannot reflect upon that circumstance without horror. I should have lost my best friend, my father and protector, but for the resolution and activity of his servant Humphry Clinker, whom Providence really seems to have placed near him for the necessity of this occasion. I would not be thought superstitious; but surely he acted from a stronger impulse than common fidelity. Was it not the voice of nature that loudly called upon him to save the life of his

own father? — for, O Letty, it was discovered that Humphry Clinker was my uncle's natural son.

Almost at the same instant, a gentleman who came to offer us his assistance and invite us to his house turned out to be a very old friend of Mr. Bramble. His name is Mr. Dennison, one of the worthiest men living, and his lady is a perfect saint upon earth. They have an only son; who do you think is this only son? O Letty! O gracious Heaven! how my heart palpitates, when I tell you that this only son of Mr. Dennison is that very identical youth who, under the name of Wilson, has made such ravage in my heart! Yes, my dear friend! Wilson and I are now lodged in the same house, and converse together freely. His father approves of his sentiments in my favor; his mother loves me with all the tenderness of a parent; my uncle, my aunt, and my brother no longer oppose my inclinations; on the contrary, they have agreed to make us happy without delay, and, in three weeks or a month, if no unforeseen accident intervenes, your friend Lydia Melford will have changed her name and condition. I say, if *no accident intervenes*, because such a torrent of success makes me tremble! I wish there may not be something treacherous in this sudden reconciliation of fortune; I have no merit, I have no title to such felicity! Far from enjoying the prospect that lies before me, my mind is harassed with a continued tumult, made up of hopes and wishes, doubts and apprehensions. I can neither eat nor sleep, and my spirits are in perpetual flutter. I more than ever feel that vacancy in my heart which your presence alone can fill. The mind, in every disquiet, seeks to repose itself on the bosom of a friend; and this is such a trial as I really know not how to support without your company and counsel; I must therefore, dear Letty, put your friendship to the test. I must beg you will come and do the last offices of maidenhood to your companion, Lydia Melford.

This letter goes inclosed in one to our worthy governess, from Mrs. Dennison, entreating her to interpose with your mamma, that you may be allowed to favor us with your company on this occasion; and I flatter myself that no material objection can be made to our request. The distance from hence to Gloucester does not exceed one hundred miles, and the roads are good. Mr. Clinker, alias Lloyd, shall be sent over to attend your motions. If you step into the post chaise, with your maid Betty Barker, at seven in the morning, you

will arrive by four in the afternoon at the halfway house, where there is good accommodation. There you shall be met by my brother and myself, who will next day conduct you to this place, where I am sure you will find yourself perfectly at your ease in the midst of an agreeable society. Dear Letty, I will take no refusal; if you have any friendship, any humanity, you will come. I desire that immediate application may be made to your mamma, and that the moment her permission is obtained, you will apprise your ever-faithful

LYDIA MELFORD.

*October* 14.

## THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

IMITATED FROM BÜRGER BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the brush, the brier, the brake:
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,

And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
*Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!*
When spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May:
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell
Exchange the rude unhallowed noise.

"To-day the ill-omened chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."—

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
"Who for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray:—
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend;
*Halloo, halloo! and hark away!*"

ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE LAKE

The Wildgrave spurred his courser light,
  O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left and on the right
  Each Stranger Horseman followed still.

Upsprings, from yonder tangled thorn,
  A stag more white than mountain snow:
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
  "*Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!*"

A heedless wretch has crossed the way;
  He gasps the thundering hoofs below:
But, live who can, or die who may,
  Still, "*Forward, forward!*" on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
  A field with Autumn's blessings crowned;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
  A husbandman with toil embrowned:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
  Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earned by the sweat these brows have poured,
  In scorching hour of fierce July."—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
  The left still cheering to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
  But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
  Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"—
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
  "*Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!*"

So said, so done:—A single bound
  Clears the poor laborer's humble pale;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
  Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
  Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
  Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
  Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;

Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady bloodhounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;—
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmannered dog! To stop my sport,
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle horn,
"*Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!*"—
And through the herd in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near:
The murderous cries the stag appall,—
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With, "*Hark away! and holla, ho!*"

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit poured his prayer;
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
Revere His altar, and forbear!

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wronged by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head: —
Be warned at length, and turn aside."

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey: —
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Nor God Himself, shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"*Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!*" —
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamor of the chase, was gone;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reached his ears:
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;

And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke: —

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits' hardened tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased forever through the wood;
Forever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is His child."

'Twas hushed. — One flash of somber glare
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call; — her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, "*Hark away, and holla, ho!*"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs and eager cry,
In frantic fear he scours along. —

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day they scour earth's caverned space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the 'lated peasant hears;
Appalled, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight mass he hears
The infernal cry of "*Holla, ho!*"

## EXPERIENCES OF CANDIDE.

By VOLTAIRE.

(From "Candide; or, Optimism.")

[François Marie Arouet, who assumed the name Voltaire, was born in Paris, November 21, 1694, and died there, May 30, 1778. He was educated in the Jesuit college Louis-le-Grand, and though intended by his parents for a lawyer he determined to become a writer. From the beginning of his career he was keen and fearless, and by his indiscreet but undeniably witty writing incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, by whom he was imprisoned in the Bastille, 1717–1718. His life was full of action and vicissitude, and though his denunciations of wrong or tyranny from any quarter frequently brought upon him persecution from those in authority, he was acknowledged by the world the greatest writer in Europe. His writings are far too numerous for individual mention, some editions of his collected works containing as many as ninety-two volumes. They include poetry, dramas, and prose. Among his more famous works are: "Œdipus" (1718), "History of Charles XII., King of Sweden" (1730), "Philosophical Letters" (1732), "Century of Louis XIV." (1751), "History of Russia under Peter I." (1759), "Republican Ideas" (1762), "The Bible at Last Explained" (1766), and the "Essay on Manners."]

One evening that Candide, with his attendant Martin, were going to sit down to supper with some foreigners who lodged at the same inn where they had taken up their quarters, a man, with a face the color of soot, came behind him, and taking him by the arm, said, "Hold yourself in readiness to go along with us; be sure you do not fail." Upon this, turning about to see from whom the above came, he beheld Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of Miss Cunegund could have given greater joy and surprise. He was almost beside himself. After embracing this dear friend, "Cunegund!" said he, "Cunegund has come with you, doubtless! Where, where is she? Carry me to her

this instant, that I may die with joy in her presence." "Cunegund is not here," answered Cacambo, "she is at Constantinople." "Good heavens, at Constantinople! But no matter if she were in China, I would fly thither. Quick, quick, dear Cacambo, let us be gone." "Soft and fair," said Cacambo, "stay till you have supped. I cannot at present stay to say anything more to you. I am a slave, and my master waits for me: I must go and attend him at table. But mum! say not a word; only get your supper, and hold yourself in readiness."

Candide, divided between joy and grief, charmed to have thus met with his faithful agent again, and surprised to hear he was a slave, his heart palpitating, his senses confused, but full of the hopes of recovering his dear Cunegund, sat down to table with Martin, who beheld all these scenes with great unconcern, and with six strangers, who were come to spend the Carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of those strangers. When supper was nearly over he drew near to his master, and whispered him in the ear, "Sire, your majesty may go when you please; the ship is ready;" and so saying he left the room. The guests, surprised at what they had heard, looked at each other without speaking a word, when another servant drawing near to his master, in like manner said, "Sire, your majesty's post chaise is at Padua, and the bark is ready." The master made him a sign, and he instantly withdrew. The company all stared at each other again, and the general astonishment was increased. A third servant then approached another of the strangers, and said, "Sire, if your majesty will be advised by me, you will not make any longer stay in this place; I will go and get everything ready," and instantly disappeared.

Candide and Martin then took it for granted that this was some of the diversions of the Carnival, and that these were characters in masquerade. Then a fourth domestic said to the fourth stranger, "Your majesty may set off when you please;" saying this, he went away like the rest. A fifth valet said the same to a fifth master. But the sixth domestic spoke in a different style to the person on whom he waited, and who sat near to Candide. "Troth, sir," said he, "they will trust your majesty no longer, nor myself neither, and we may both of us chance to be sent to jail this very night; and therefore I shall e'en take care of myself, and so adieu." The servants being

GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

From a painting by J. M. W. Turner.

all gone, the six strangers, with Candide and Martin, remained in a profound silence. At length Candide broke it by saying, "Gentlemen, this is a very singular joke, upon my word; why, how came you all to be kings? For my part I own frankly that neither my friend Martin here nor myself have any claim to royalty."

Cacambo's master then began, with great gravity, to deliver himself thus in Italian: "I am not joking in the least. My name is Achmet III. I was grand seignior for many years; I dethroned my brother, my nephew dethroned me, my viziers lost their heads, and I am condemned to end my days in the old seraglio. My nephew, the Grand Sultan Mahomet, gives me permission to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

A young man who sat by Achmet spoke next, and said: "My name is Ivan. I was once Emperor of all the Russias, but was dethroned in my cradle. My parents were confined, and I was brought up in a prison; yet I am sometimes allowed to travel, though always with persons to keep a guard over me, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The third said: "I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has renounced his right to the throne in my favor. I have fought in defense of my rights, and near a thousand of my friends have had their hearts taken out of their bodies alive, and thrown into their faces. I have myself been confined in a prison. I am going to Rome to visit the king my father, who was dethroned as well as myself; and my grandfather and I are come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fourth spoke thus: "I am the King of Poland; the fortune of war has stripped me of my hereditary dominions. My father experienced the same vicissitudes of fate. I resign myself to the will of Providence, in the same manner as Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fifth said: "I am King of Poland also. I have twice lost my kingdom; but Providence has given me other dominions, where I have done more good than all the Sarmatian kings put together were ever able to do on the banks of the Vistula. I resign myself likewise to Providence; and am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

It now came to the sixth monarch's turn to speak. "Gen-

tlemen," said he, "I am not so great a prince as the rest of you, it is true; but I am, however, a crowned head. I am Theodore, elected king of Corsica. I have had the title of majesty, and am now hardly treated with common civility. I have coined money, and am not now worth a single ducat. I have had two secretaries, and am now without a valet. I was once seated on a throne, and since that have lain upon a truss of straw in a common jail in London, and I very much fear I shall meet with the same fate here in Venice, where I come, like your majesties, to divert myself at the Carnival."

The other five kings listened to this speech with great attention; it excited their compassion; each of them made the unhappy Theodore a present of twenty sequins, and Candide gave him a diamond worth just an hundred times that sum. "Who can this private person be?" said the five princes to one another, "who is able to give, and has actually given, an hundred times as much as any of us?"

Just as they rose from table, in came four serene highnesses, who had also been stripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to spend the remainder of the Carnival at Venice. Candide took no manner of notice of them; for his thoughts were wholly employed on his voyage to Constantinople, whither he intended to go in search of his lovely Miss Cunegund.

The trusty Cacambo had already engaged the captain of the Turkish ship, that was to carry Sultan Achmet back to Constantinople, to take Candide and Martin on board. Accordingly they both embarked, after paying their obeisance to his miserable highness. As they were going on board, Candide said to Martin: "You see we supped in company with six dethroned kings, and to one of them I gave charity. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes still more unfortunate. For my part, I have lost only a hundred sheep, and am now going to fly to the arms of my charming Miss Cunegund. My dear Martin, I must insist on it that Pangloss was in the right. All is for the best." "I wish it may be so," said Martin. "But this was an odd adventure we met with at Venice. I do not think there ever was an instance before of six dethroned monarchs supping together at a public inn." "This is not more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of what has happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be

dethroned; and as for our having the honor to sup with six of them, it is a mere accident not deserving our attention."

As soon as Candide set his foot on board the vessel he flew to his old friend and valet, Cacambo; and throwing his arms about his neck, embraced him with transports of joy. "Well," said he, "what news of Miss Cunegund? Does she still continue the paragon of beauty? Does she love me still? How does she do? You have doubtless purchased a superb palace for her at Constantinople?"

"My dear master," replied Cacambo, "Miss Cunegund washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the house of a prince who has very few to wash. She is at present a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign named Ragotsky, whom the Grand Turk allows three crowns a day to maintain him in his exile; but the most melancholy circumstance of all is, that she is turned horribly ugly." "Ugly or handsome," said Candide, "I am a man of honor; and, as such, am obliged to love her still. But how could she possibly have been reduced to so abject a condition when I sent five or six millions to her by you?" "Lord bless me," said Cacambo, "was I not obliged to give two millions to Seignior Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Fagueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, for liberty to take Miss Cunegund away with me? And then did not a brave fellow of a pirate very gallantly strip us of all the rest? And then did not this same pirate carry us with him to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Miss Cunegund and the old woman are now servants to the prince I have told you of, and I myself am slave to the dethroned Sultan." "What a chain of shocking accidents!" exclaimed Candide. "But after all, I have still some diamonds left, with which I can easily procure Miss Cunegund's liberty. It is a pity, though, she is grown so very ugly."

Then turning to Martin, "What think you, friend?" said he; "whose condition is most to be pitied, the Emperor Achmet's, the Emperor Ivan's, King Charles Edward's, or mine?" "Faith, I cannot resolve your question," said Martin, "unless I had been in the breasts of you all." "Ah!" cried Candide, "were Pangloss here now, he would have known, and satisfied me at once." "I know not," said Martin, "in what balance your Pangloss could have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, and have set a just estimation on their sufferings.

All that I pretend to know of the matter is, that there are millions of men on the earth, whose conditions are an hundred times more pitiable than those of King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan, or Sultan Achmet." "Why, that may be," answered Candide.

In a few days they reached the Bosphorus, and the first thing Candide did was to pay a very high ransom for Cacambo; then, without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley in order to search for his Cunegund on the banks of the Propontis, notwithstanding she was grown so ugly.

There were two slaves among the crew of the galley, who rowed very ill, and to whose bare backs the master of the vessel frequently applied a bastinado. Candide, from natural sympathy, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at any of the rest, and drew near them with an eye of pity. Their features, though greatly disfigured, appeared to him to bear a strong resemblance with those of Pangloss and the unhappy Baron Jesuit, Miss Cunegund's brother. This idea affected him with grief and compassion. He examined them more attentively than before. "In troth," said he, turning to Martin, "if I had not seen my Master Pangloss fairly hanged, and had not myself been unlucky enough to run the Baron through the body, I should absolutely think those two rowers were the men."

No sooner had Candide uttered the names of the Baron and Pangloss, than the two slaves gave a great cry, ceased rowing, and let fall their oars out of their hands. The master of the vessel seeing this, ran up to them, and redoubled the discipline of the bastinado. "Hold, hold," cried Candide, "I will give you what money you shall ask for these two persons." "Good heavens! it is Candide," said one of the men. "Candide!" cried the other. "Do I dream?" said Candide, "or am I awake? Am I actually on board this galley? Is this my Lord Baron, whom I killed? and that my Master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged before my face?"

"It is I! it is I!" cried they both together. "What, is this your great philosopher?" said Martin. "My dear sir," said Candide to the master of the galley, "how much do you ask for the ransom of the Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, who is one of the first barons of the empire, and of Mr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany?" "Why then, Christian cur," replied the Turkish captain, "since these two

dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, who no doubt are of high rank in their own country, thou shalt give me fifty thousand sequins."

"You shall have them, sir; carry me back as quick as thought to Constantinople, and you shall receive the money immediately. No! carry me first to Miss Cunegund." The captain, upon Candide's first proposal, had already tacked about, and he made the crew ply their oars so effectually that the vessel flew through the water quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide bestowed a thousand embraces on the Baron and Pangloss. "And so then, my dear Baron, I did not kill you? And you, my dear Pangloss, are come to life again after your hanging? But how came you slaves on board a Turkish galley?" "And is it true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron. "Yes," said Cacambo. "And do I once again behold my dear Candide?" said Pangloss. Candide presented Martin and Cacambo to them. They embraced each other, and all spoke together. The galley flew like lightning, and now they were got back to port. Candide instantly sent for a Jew, to whom he sold for fifty thousand sequins a diamond richly worth one hundred thousand, though the fellow swore to him all the time by Father Abraham that he gave him the most he could possibly afford. He no sooner got the money into his hands than he paid it down for the ransom of the Baron and Pangloss. The latter flung himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed him with his tears. The former thanked him with a gracious nod, and promised to return him the money the first opportunity. "But is it possible," said he, "that my sister should be in Turkey?" "Nothing is more possible," answered Cacambo, "for she scours the dishes in the house of a Transylvanian prince." Candide sent directly for two Jews, and sold more diamonds to them. And then he set out with his companions in another galley, to deliver Miss Cunegund from slavery.

"Pardon," said Candide to the Baron; "once more let me entreat your pardon, reverend father, for running you through the body." "Say no more about it," replied the Baron; "I was a little too hasty, I must own. But as you seem to be desirous to know by what accident I came to be a slave on board the galley where you saw me, I will inform you. After I had

been cured of the wound you gave me by the college apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who clapped me up in prison in Buenos Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I asked leave to return to Rome, to the general of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new office when I happened to meet one evening with a young Icoglan, extremely handsome and well made. The weather was very hot; the young man had an inclination to bathe. I took the opportunity to bathe likewise. I did not know it was a crime for a Christian to be found bathing in company with a young Turk. A cadi ordered me to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the galleys. I do not believe there was ever an act of more flagrant injustice. But I would fain know how my sister came to be a scullion to a Transylvanian prince who had taken refuge among the Turks."

"But how happens it that I behold you again, my dear Pangloss?" said Candide. "It is true," answered Pangloss, "you saw me hanged, though I ought properly to have been burnt; but you may remember that it rained extremely hard when they were going to roast me. The storm was so violent that they found it impossible to light the fire, so they e'en hanged me because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and prepared to dissect me. He began by making a crucial incision from my navel to the clavicle. It is impossible for any one to have been more lamely hanged than I had been. The executioner of the holy Inquisition was a subdeacon, and knew how to burn people very well; but as for hanging, he was a novice at it, being quite out of the way of his practice; the cord being wet and not slipping properly, the noose did not join. In short, I still continued to breathe; the crucial incision made me scream to such a degree that my surgeon fell flat upon his back; and imagining it was the devil he was dissecting, ran away, and in his fright tumbled downstairs. His wife, hearing the noise, flew from the next room, and seeing me stretched upon the table with my crucial incision, was still more terrified than her husband, and fell upon him. When they had a little recovered themselves, I heard her say to her husband, 'My dear, how could you think of dissecting an heretic? Don't you know that the devil is always in them? I'll run directly to a priest

to come and drive the evil spirit out.' I trembled from head to foot at hearing her talk in this manner, and exerted what little strength I had left to cry out, 'Have mercy on me!' At length the Portuguese barber took courage, sewed up my wound, and his wife nursed me: and I was upon my legs in a fortnight's time. The barber got me a place to be lackey to a Knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but finding my master had no money to pay me my wages, I entered into the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

"One day I happened to enter a mosque, where I saw no one but an old imam and a very pretty young female devotee, who was telling her beads; her neck was quite bare, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas; she let fall her nosegay. I ran immediately to take it up, and presented it to her with the most respectful bow. I was so long in delivering it that the imam began to be angry, and perceiving I was a Christian, he cried out for help; they carried me before the Cadi, who ordered me to receive one hundred bastinadoes and sent me to the galleys. I was chained in the very galley and to the very same bench with the Baron. On board this galley there were four young men belonging to Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks of Corfu, who told us that the like adventures happened every day. The Baron pretended that he had been worse used than myself. We were continually whipped, and received twenty lashes a day with a bastinado, when the concatenation of sublunary events brought you on board our galley to ransom us from slavery."

"Well, my dear Pangloss," said Candide to them, "when you were hanged, dissected, whipped, and tugging at the oar, did you continue to think that everything in this world happens for the best?" "I have always abided by my first opinion," answered Pangloss; "for, after all, I am a philosopher, and it would not become me to retract my sentiments, especially as Leibnitz could not be in the wrong, and that pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, as well as a *plenum* and the *materia subtilis*."

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo were relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this world, on causes

and effects, on moral and physical evil, on free will and necessity, and on the consolation that may be felt by a person when a slave and chained to an oar in a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the coasts of the Propontis. The first objects they beheld there were Miss Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging some tablecloths on a line to dry.

The Baron turned pale at the sight. Even the tender Candide, that affectionate lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegund all sunburnt, with blear eyes, a withered neck, wrinkled face, and arms all covered with a red scurf, started back with horror; but recovering himself, he advanced towards her out of good manners. She embraced Candide and her brother; they embraced the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighborhood which the old woman proposed to Candide to make a shift with till the company should meet with a more favorable destiny. Cunegund, not knowing that she was grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, reminded Candide of his promise in so peremptory a manner that the simple lad did not dare to refuse her. He then acquainted the Baron that he was going to marry his sister. "I will never suffer," said the Baron, "my sister to be guilty of an action so derogatory to her birth and family; nor will I bear this insolence on your part; no, I never will be reproached that my nephews are not qualified for the first ecclesiastical dignities in Germany; nor shall a sister of mine ever be the wife of any person below the rank of a baron of the empire." Cunegund flung herself at her brother's feet, and bedewed them with her tears, but he still continued inflexible. "Thou foolish fellow," said Candide, "have I not delivered thee from the galleys, paid thy ransom and thy sister's too, who was a scullion and is very ugly, and yet condescend to marry her; and shalt thou pretend to oppose the match? If I were to listen only to the dictates of my anger, I should kill thee again." "Thou mayest kill me again," said the Baron, "but thou shalt not marry my sister while I am living."

Candide had in truth no great inclination to marry Miss Cunegund; but the extreme impertinence of the Baron determined him to conclude the match; and Cunegund pressed him so warmly that he could not recant. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss composed a fine

memorial, by which he proved that the Baron had no right over his sister; and that she might, according to all the laws of the empire, marry Candide with the left hand. Martin concluded to throw the Baron into the sea; Cacambo decided that he must be delivered to the Turkish captain and sent to the galleys, after which he should be conveyed by the first ship to the Father General at Rome. This advice was found to be very good: the old woman approved of it, and not a syllable was said to his sister. The business was executed for a little money; and they had the pleasure of tricking a Jesuit and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It was altogether natural to imagine that after undergoing so many disasters, Candide married to his mistress, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides brought home so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the most agreeable life in the world. But he had been so much choused by the Jews that he had nothing else left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became headstrong and insupportable; the old woman was infirm, and more ill natured yet than Cunegund. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and carried the produce of it to sell at Constantinople, was past his labor, and cursed his fate. Pangloss despaired of making a figure in any of the German universities. And as to Martin, he was firmly persuaded that a person is equally ill situated everywhere; he took things with patience. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss disputed sometimes about metaphysics and morality. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm fraught with effendis, bashaws, and cadis, that were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mytilene, and Erzeroum; and other cadis, bashaws, and effendis were seen coming back to succeed the place of the exiles, and were driven out in their turns. They saw several heads very curiously stuck upon poles, and carrying as presents to the Sublime Porte. Such sights gave occasion to frequent dissertations; and when no disputes were carried on, the irksomeness was so excessive that the old woman ventured one day to tell them, "I would be glad to know which is worst: to be the negro pirates', to have pieces of one's flesh cut off, to run the gantlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged at an *auto-da-fé*, to be dissected, to be chained to an oar in a galley; and, in short, to experience

all the miseries through which every one of us has passed, or to remain here doing nothing?" "This," said Candide, "is a grand question."

This discourse gave birth to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded that man was born to live in the convulsions of disquiet, or in the lethargy of idleness. Though Candide did not absolutely agree to this, yet he did not determine anything on the head. Pangloss avowed that he had undergone dreadful sufferings; but having once maintained that everything went on as well as possible, he still maintained it, and at the same time believed nothing of it.

There was one thing which more than ever confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candide hesitate, and embarrassed Pangloss, which was the arrival of Pacquette and Brother Giroflée one day at their farm. This couple had been in the utmost distress; they had very speedily made away with their three thousand piastres; they had parted, been reconciled; quarreled again, been thrown into prison; had made their escape, and at last Brother Giroflée turned Turk. Pacquette still continued to follow her trade wherever she came; but she got little or nothing by it. "I foresaw very well," says Martin to Candide, "that your presents would soon be squandered, and only make them more miserable. You and Cacambo have spent millions of piastres, and yet you are not more happy than Brother Giroflée and Pacquette." "Ah!" says Pangloss to Pacquette, "it is heaven who has brought you here among us, my poor child! What a handsome shape is here! and what is this world?" This new adventure engaged them more deeply than ever in philosophical disputations.

In the neighborhood lived a very famous dervish who passed for the best philosopher in Turkey; him they went to consult. Pangloss, who was their spokesman, addressed him thus: "Master, we come to entreat you to tell us why so strange an animal as man has been formed."

"Why do you trouble your head about it?" said the dervish; "is it any business of yours?" "But my reverend father," says Candide, "there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth." "What signifies it," says the dervish, "whether there is evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head whether the rats in the vessel are at their ease or not?" "What must then be done?" says

Pangloss. "Be silent," answers the dervish. "I flattered myself," replied Pangloss, "to have reasoned a little with you on the causes and effects, on the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and a preëstablished harmony." At these words the dervish shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation news was spread abroad that two viziers of the bench and the mufti had been just strangled at Constantinople, and several of their friends impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, as they were returning to the little farm, met with a good-looking old man, who was taking the air at his door under an alcove formed of the boughs of orange trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was disputative, asked him what was the name of the mufti who was lately strangled. "I cannot tell," answered the good old man; "I never knew the name of any mufti or vizier breathing. I am entirely ignorant of the event you speak of; I presume, that in general such as are concerned in public affairs sometimes come to a miserable end, and that they deserve it; but I never inquire what is doing at Constantinople. I am contented with sending thither the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands." After saying these words, he invited the strangers to come into his house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with diverse sorts of sherbet of their own making; besides caymac heightened with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, pineapples, pistachio nuts, and Mocha coffee unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American islands. After which the two daughters of this good Mussulman perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must certainly have a vast estate," said Candide to the Turk, who replied, "I have no more than twenty acres of ground, the whole of which I cultivate myself with the help of my children, and our labor keeps off from us three great evils — idleness, vice, and want."

Candide as he was returning home made profound reflections on the Turk's discourse. "This good old man," said Martin, "appears to me to have chosen for himself a lot much preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honor to sup." "Human grandeur," said Pangloss, "is very dangerous, if we believe the testimonies of almost all philosophers;

for we find Eglon, king of Moab, was assassinated by Aod; Absalom was hung by the hair of his head, and run through with three darts; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baaza; King Ela by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athalia by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah were led into captivity. I need not tell you what was the fate of Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II., Henry VI., Richard III., Mary Stuart, Charles I., the three Henrys of France, and the Emperor Henry IV." "Neither need you tell me," said Candide, "that we must take care of our garden." "You are in the right," said Pangloss; "for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dress it; and this proves that man was not born to be idle." "Work, then, without disputing," said Martin. "It is the only way to render life supportable."

The little society, one and all, entered into this laudable design, and set themselves to exert their different talents. The little piece of ground yielded them a plentiful crop. Cunegund indeed was very ugly, but she became an excellent hand at pastry work, Pacquette embroidered, the old woman had the care of the linen. There was none, down to Brother Giroflée, but did some service. He was a very good carpenter, and became an honest man.

Pangloss used now and then to say to Candide: "There is a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of a fine castle for the love of Miss Cunegund, had you not been put into the Inquisition, had you not traveled over America on foot, had you not run the Baron through the body, and had you not lost all your sheep which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio nuts."

"Excellently observed," answered Candide; "but let us take care of our garden."

# THE SELF-ANALYSIS OF A PARASITE.[1]

By DENIS DIDEROT.

(From "Rameau's Nephew.")

[Denis Diderot, French encyclopedist and philosophical writer, was born, a master cutler's son, at Langres, October 5, 1713. With a passion for books and study, he quitted the law and settled in Paris, where he supported himself by teaching, translating, and general literary work. His "Pensées Philosophiques" (1746) was burned by the Parliament of Paris, while he suffered three months' imprisonment at Vincennes for a work entitled "A Letter on the Blind" (1749). But he is now chiefly remembered as the projector and co-editor with D'Alembert of the famous "Encyclopédie," a repository of the results of scientific research in the middle of the eighteenth century. The first volume was issued in 1751, and although publication was several times suspended by the government, the vast undertaking was carried to a successful conclusion twenty years later. Diderot received financial support from Catherine II., and went to St. Petersburg (1773–1774) to thank his imperial benefactress. He died at Paris, July, 1784. Besides articles in the "Encyclopédie" on history, philosophy, and mechanical arts, he wrote plays, letters, art criticisms, and several stories, among which may be mentioned "The Nun," "Jacques the Fatalist," and "Rameau's Nephew." Diderot is regarded as the chief of the skeptical school of encyclopedists; and it is asserted that he was a professed atheist.]

*He* — Singular beings, you are!

*I* — 'Tis you who are beings much to be pitied, if you cannot imagine that one rises above one's lot, and that it is impossible to be unhappy under the shelter of good actions.

*He* — That is a kind of felicity with which I should find it hard to familiarize myself, for we do not often come across it. But, then, according to you, we should be good.

*I* — To be happy, assuredly.

*He* — Yet I see an infinity of honest people who are not happy, and an infinity of people who are happy without being honest.

*I* — You think so.

*He* — And is it not for having had common sense and frankness for a moment, that I don't know where to go for a supper to-night?

*I* — Nay, it is for not having had it always; it is because you did not perceive in good time that one ought first and foremost to provide a resource independent of servitude.

*He* — Independent or not, the resource I had provided is at any rate the most comfortable.

*I* — And the least sure and least decent.

[1] By permission of Longmans, Green & Co. (Crown 8vo., price 3s. 6d.)

*He* — But the most conformable to my character of sloth, madman, and good for naught.

*I* — Just so.

*He* — And since I can secure my happiness by vices which are natural to me, which I have acquired without labor, which I preserve without effort, which go well with the manners of my nation, which are to the taste of those who protect me, and are more in harmony with their small private necessities than virtues which would weary them by being a standing accusation against them from morning to night, why, it would be very singular for me to go and torment myself like a lost spirit, for the sake of making myself into somebody other than I am, to put on a character foreign to my own, and qualities which I will admit to be highly estimable, in order to avoid discussion, but which it would cost me a great deal to acquire, and a great deal to practice, and would lead to nothing, or possibly to worse than nothing, through the continual satire of the rich among whom beggars like me have to seek their subsistence. We praise virtue, but we hate it, and shun it, and know very well that it freezes the marrow of our bones — and in this world one must have one's feet warm. And then all that would infallibly fill me with ill humor; for why do we so constantly see religious people so harsh, so querulous, so unsociable? 'Tis because they have imposed a task upon themselves which is not natural to them. They suffer, and when people suffer, they make others suffer too. That is not my game, nor that of my protectors either; I have to be gay, supple, amusing, comical. Virtue makes itself respected, and respect is inconvenient; virtue insists on being admired, and admiration is not amusing. I have to do with people who are bored, and I must make them laugh. Now it is absurdity and madness which make people laugh, so mad and absurd I must be; and even if nature had not made me so, the simplest plan would still be to feign it. Happily, I have no need to play hypocrite; there are so many already of all colors, without reckoning those who play hypocrite with themselves. . . . If your friend Rameau were to apply himself to show his contempt for fortune, and women, and good cheer, and idleness, and to begin to Catonize, what would he be but a hypocrite? Rameau must be what he is — a lucky rascal among rascals swollen with riches, and not a mighty paragon of virtue, or even a virtuous man, eating his dry crust of bread, either alone, or by the side of a pack of beg-

gars. And, to cut it short, I do not get on with your felicity, or with the happiness of a few visionaries like yourself.

*I* — I see, my friend, that you do not even know what it is, and that you are not even made to understand it.

*He* — So much the better, I declare; so much the better. It would make me burst with hunger and weariness, and, maybe, with remorse.

*I* — Very well, then, the only advice I have to give you, is to find your way back as quickly as you can into the house from which your impudence drove you out.

*He* — And to do what you do not disapprove absolutely, and yet is a little repugnant to me relatively?

*I* — What a singularity!

*He* — Nothing singular in it at all; I wish to be abject, but I wish to be so without constraint. I do not object to descend from my dignity. . . . You laugh?

*I* — Yes, your dignity makes me laugh.

*He* — Everybody has his own dignity. I do not object to come down from mine, but it must be in my own way, and not at the bidding of others. Must they be able to say to me, Crawl — and behold me, forced to crawl? That is the worm's way, and it is mine; we both of us follow it — the worm and I — when they leave us alone, but we turn when they tread on our tails. They have trodden on my tail, and I mean to turn. And then you have no idea of the creature we are talking about. Imagine a sour and melancholy person, eaten up by vapors, wrapped twice or thrice round in his dressing gown, discontented with himself, and discontented with every one else; out of whom you hardly wring a smile, if you put your body and soul out of joint in a hundred different ways; who examines with a cold considering eye the droll grimaces of my face, and those of my mind, which are droller still. I may torment myself to attain the highest sublime of the lunatic asylum, nothing comes of it. Will he laugh, or will he not? That is what I am obliged to keep saying to myself in the midst of my contortions; and you may judge how damaging this uncertainty is to one's talent. My hypochondriac, with his head buried in a nightcap that covers his eyes, has the air of an immovable pagod, with a string tied to its chin, and going down under his chair. You wait for the string to be pulled, and it is not pulled; or if by chance the jaws open, it is only to articulate some word that shows he has not seen you, and that all your

drolleries have been thrown away. This word is the answer to some question which you put to him four days before; the word spoken, the mastoid muscle contracts, and the jaw sticks.

[Then he set himself to imitate his man. He placed himself on a chair, his head fixed, his hat coming over his eyebrows, his eyes half shut, his arms hanging down, moving his jaw up and down like an automaton:] Gloomy, obscure, oracular as destiny itself — such is our patron.

At the other side of the room is a prude who plays at importance, to whom one could bring one's self to say that she is pretty, because she is pretty, though she has a blemish or two upon her face. *Item*, she is more spiteful, more conceited, and more silly than a goose. *Item*, she insists on having wit. *Item*, you have to persuade her that you believe she has more of it than anybody else in the world. *Item*, she knows nothing, and she has a turn for settling everything out of hand. *Item*, you must applaud her decisions with feet and hands, jump for joy, and scream with admiration: "How fine that is, how delicate, well said, subtly seen, singularly felt! Where do women get that? Without study, by mere force of instinct, and pure light of nature! That is really like a miracle! And then they want us to believe that experience, study, reflection, education, have anything to do with the matter! . . ." And other fooleries to match, and tears and tears of joy; ten times a day to kneel down, one knee bent in front of the other, the other leg drawn back, the arms extended towards the goddess, to seek one's desire in her eyes, to hang on her lips, to wait for her command, and then start off like a flash of lightning. Where is the man who would subject himself to play such a part, if it is not the wretch who finds there two or three times a week the wherewithal to still the tribulation of his inner parts?

*I* — I should never have thought you were so fastidious.

*He* — I am not. In the beginning I watched the others, and I did as they did, even rather better, because I am more frankly impudent, a better comedian, hungrier, and better off for lungs. I descend apparently in a direct line from the famous Stentor. . . .

[And to give me a just idea of the force of his organ, he set off laughing, with violence enough to break the windows of the coffeehouse, and to interrupt the chess players.]

*I* — But what is the good of this talent?

*He* — You cannot guess?

*I* — No; I am rather slow.

*He* — Suppose the debate opened, and victory uncertain; I get up, and, displaying my thunder, I say: "That is as mademoiselle asserts. . . . That is worth calling a judgment. There is genius in the expression." But one must not always approve in the same manner; one would be monotonous, and seem insincere, and become insipid. You only escape that by judgment and resource; you must know how to prepare and place your major and most peremptory tones, to seize the occasion and the moment. When, for instance, there is a difference in feeling, and the debate has risen to its last degree of violence, and you have ceased to listen to one another, and all speak at the same time, you ought to have your place at the corner of the room which is farthest removed from the field of battle, to have prepared the way for your explosion by a long silence, and then suddenly to fall like a thunderclap over the very midst of the combatants. Nobody possesses this art as I do. But where I am truly surprising is in the opposite way — I have low tones that I accompany with a smile, and an infinite variety of approving tricks of face; nose, lips, brow, eyes, all make play; I have a suppleness of reins, a manner of twisting the spine, of shrugging the shoulders, extending the fingers, inclining the head, closing the eyes, and throwing myself into a state of stupefaction, as if I had heard a divine angelic voice come down from heaven; that is what flatters. I do not know whether you seize rightly all the energy of that last attitude. I did not invent it, but nobody has ever surpassed me in its execution. Behold, behold!

*I* — Truly, it is unique.

*He* — Think you there is a woman's brain that could stand that?

*I* — It must be admitted that you have carried the talent of playing the madman, and of self-debasement, as far as it can possibly be carried.

*He* — Try as hard as they will, they will never touch me — not the best of them. Palissot, for instance, will never be more than a good learner. But if this part is amusing at first, and if you have some relish in inwardly mocking at the folly of the people whom you are intoxicating, in the long run that ceases to be exciting, and then after a certain number of discoveries one is obliged to repeat one's self. Wit and art have

their limits. 'Tis only God Almighty and some rare geniuses, for whom the career widens as they advance.

*I*—With this precious enthusiasm for fine things, and this facility of genius of yours, is it possible that you have invented nothing?

*He*—Pardon me; for instance, that admiring attitude of the back, of which I spoke to you; I regard it as my own, though envy may contest my claim. I dare say it has been employed before: but who has felt how convenient it was for laughing in one's sleeve at the ass for whom one was dying of admiration! I have more than a hundred ways of opening fire on a girl under the very eyes of her mother, without the latter suspecting a jot of it; yes, and even of making her an accomplice. I had hardly begun my career before I disdained all the vulgar fashions of slipping a *billet-doux;* I have ten ways of having them taken from me, and out of the number I venture to flatter myself there are some that are new. I possess in an especial degree the gift of encouraging a timid young man; I have secured success for some who had neither wit nor good looks. If all that was written down, I fancy people would concede me some genius.

*I*—And would do you singular honor.

*He*—I don't doubt it.

*I*—In your place, I would put those famous methods on paper. It would be a pity for them to be lost.

*He*—It is true; but you could never suppose how little I think of method and precepts. He who needs a protocol will never go far. Your genius reads little, experiments much, and teaches himself. Look at Cæsar, Turenne, Vauban, the Marquise de Tencin, her brother the cardinal, and the cardinal's secretary, the Abbé Trublet, and Bouret! Who is it that has given lessons to Bouret? Nobody; 'tis nature that forms these rare men.

*I*—Well, but you might do this in your lost hours, when the anguish of your empty stomach, or the weariness of your stomach overloaded, banishes slumber.

*He*—I'll think of it. It is better to write great things than to execute small ones. Then the soul rises on wings, the imagination is kindled; whereas it shrivels in amazement at the applause which the absurd public lavishes so perversely on that mincing creature of a Dangeville, who plays so flatly, who walks the stage nearly bent double, who stares affectedly and

incessantly into the eyes of every one she talks to, and who takes her grimaces for finesse, and her little strut for grace; or on that emphatic Clairon, who becomes more studied, more pretentious, more elaborately heavy, than I can tell you. That imbecile of a pit claps hands to the echo, and never sees that we are a mere worsted ball of daintinesses ('Tis true the ball grows a trifle big, but what does it matter?), that we have the finest skin, the finest eyes, the prettiest bill; little feeling inside, in truth; a step that is not exactly light, but which for all that is not as awkward as they say. As for sentiment, on the other hand, there is not one of these stage dames whom we cannot cap.

*I* — What do you mean by all that? Is it irony or truth?

*He* — The worst of it is that this deuced sentiment is all internal, and not a glimpse of it appears outside; but I who am now talking to you, I know, and know well, that she has it. If it is not that, you should see, if a fit of ill humor comes on, how we treat the valets, how the waiting maids are cuffed and trounced, what kicks await our good friend, if he fails in an atom of that respect which is our due. 'Tis a little demon, I tell you, full of sentiment and dignity. Ah, you don't quite know where you are, eh?

*I* — I confess I can hardly make out whether you are speaking in good faith or in malice. I am a plain man. Be kind enough to be a little more outspoken, and to leave your art behind for once. . . .

*He* — What is it? why it is what we retail before our little patroness about the Dangeville or the Clairon, mixed up here and there with a word or two to put you on the scent. I will allow you to take me for a good for nothing, but not for a fool; and 'tis only a fool, or a man eaten up with conceit, who could say such a parcel of impertinences seriously.

*I* — But how do people ever bring themselves to say them?

*He* — It is not done all at once, but little by little you come to it. *Ingenii largitor venter.*

*I* — Then hunger must press you very hard.

*He* — That may be; yet strong as you may think them, be sure that those to whom they are addressed are much more accustomed to listen to them than we are to hazard them.

*I* — Is there anybody who has courage to be of your opinion?

*He* — What do you mean by anybody? It is the sentiment and language of the whole of society.

*I* — Those of you who are not great rascals must be great fools.

*He* — Fools! I assure you there is only one, and that is he who feasts us to cheat him.

*I* — But how can people allow themselves to be cheated in such gross fashion? For surely the superiority of the Dangeville and the Clairon is a settled thing.

*He* — We swallow until we are full to the throat any lie that flatters us, and take drop by drop a truth that is bitter to us. And then we have the air of being so profoundly penetrated, so true.

*I* — Yet you must once, at any rate, have sinned against the principles of art, and let slip, by an oversight, some of those bitter truths that wound; for, in spite of the wretched, abject, vile, abominable part you play, I believe you have at bottom some delicacy of soul.

*He* — I! not the least in the world. Deuce take me if I know what I am! In a general way, I have a mind as round as a ball, and a character fresh as a water willow. Never false, little interest as I have in being true; never true, little interest as I have in being false. I say things just as they come into my head; sensible things, then so much the better; impertinent things, then people take no notice. I let my natural frankness have full play. I never in all my life gave a thought, either beforehand, what to say, or while I was saying it, or after I had said it. And so I offend nobody.

*I* — Still that did happen with the worthy people among whom you used to live, and who were so kind to you.

*He* — What would you have? It is a mishap, an unlucky moment, such as there always are in life; there is no such thing as unbroken bliss: I was too well off, it could not last. We have, as you know, the most numerous and the best-chosen company. It is a school of humanity, the renewal of hospitality after the antique. All the poets who fall, we pick them up; all decried musicians, all the authors who are never read, all the actresses who are hissed, a parcel of beggarly, disgraced, stupid, parasitical souls, and at the head of them all I have the honor of being the brave chief of a timorous flock. It is I who exhort them to eat the first time they come, and I who ask for drink for them — they are so shy. A few young men in rags who do not know where to lay their heads, but who have good looks; a few scoundrels who bamboozle the master of the house,

and put him to sleep, for the sake of gleaning after him in the fields of the mistress of the house. We seem gay, but at bottom we are devoured by spleen and a raging appetite. Wolves are not more famishing, nor tigers more cruel. Like wolves when the ground has been long covered with snow, we raven over our food, and whatever succeeds we rend like tigers. Never was seen such a collection of soured, malignant, venomous beasts. You hear nothing but the names of Buffon, Duclos, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot; and God knows the epithets that bear them company! Nobody can have any parts if he is not as stupid as ourselves. That is the plan on which Palissot's play of "The Philosophers" has been conceived. And you are not spared in it, any more than your neighbors.

*I* — So much the better. Perhaps they do me more honor than I deserve. I should be humiliated if those who speak ill of so many clever and worthy people took it into their heads to speak well of me.

*He* — Everybody must pay his scot. After sacrificing the greater animals, then we immolate the others.

*I* — Insulting science and virtue for a living, that is dearly earned bread!

*He* — I have already told you, we are without any consistency; we insult all the world, and afflict nobody. We have sometimes the heavy Abbé d'Olivet, the big Abbé Le Blanc, the hypocrite Batteux. The big abbé is only spiteful before he has had his dinner; his coffee taken, he throws himself into an armchair, his feet against the ledge of the fireplace, and sleeps like an old parrot on its perch. If the noise becomes violent he yawns, stretches his arms, rubs his eyes, and says: "Well, well, what is it?" "It is whether Piron has more wit than Voltaire." "Let us understand; is it wit that you are talking about, or is it taste? For as to taste, your Piron has not a suspicion of it." "Not a suspicion of it?" "No." And there we are, embarked in a dissertation upon taste. Then the patron makes a sign with his hand for people to listen to him, for if he piques himself upon one thing more than another, it is taste. "Taste," he says, "taste is a thing. . . ." But, on my soul, I don't know what thing he said that it was, nor does he.

Then sometimes we have friend Robbé. He regales us with his equivocal stories, with the miracles of the convulsionnaires

which he has seen with his own eyes, and with some cantos of a poem on a subject that he knows thoroughly. His verses I detest, but I love to hear him recite them — he has the air of an energumen. They all cry out around him: "There is a poet worth calling a poet! . . ."

Then there comes to us also a certain noodle with a dull and stupid air, but who has the keenness of a demon, and is more mischievous than an old monkey. He is one of those figures that provoke pleasantries and sarcasms, and that God made for the chastisement of those who judge by appearances, and who ought to have learnt from the mirror that it is as easy to be a wit with the air of a fool as to hide a fool under the air of a wit. 'Tis a very common piece of cowardice to immolate a good man to the amusement of the others; people never fail to turn to this man; he is a snare that we set for the newcomers, and I have scarcely known one of them who was not caught. . . .

[I was sometimes amazed at the justice of my madman's observations on men and characters, and I showed him my surprise.] That is, he answered, because one derives good out of bad company, as one does out of libertinism. You are recompensed for the loss of your innocence by that of your prejudices; in the society of the bad, where vice shows itself without a mask, you learn to understand them. And then I have read a little.

*I* — What have you read?

*He* — I have read, and I read, and I read over and over again Theophrastus and La Bruyère and Molière.

*I* — Excellent works, all of them.

*He* — They are far better than people suppose; but who is there who knows how to read them?

*I* — Everybody does, according to the measure of his intelligence.

*He* — No; hardly anybody. Could you tell me what people look for in them?

*I* — Amusement and instruction.

*He* — But what instruction, for that is the point?

*I* — The knowledge of one's duties, the love of virtue, the hatred of vice.

*He* — For my part, I gather from them all that one ought to do, and all that one ought not to say. Thus, when I read the "Avare," I say to myself: "Be a miser if thou wilt, but

beware of talking like the miser." When I read "Tartufe," I say: "Be a hypocrite if thou wilt, but do not talk like a hypocrite. Keep the vices that are useful to thee, but avoid their tone and the appearances that would make thee laughable." To preserve thyself from such a tone and such appearances, it is necessary to know what they are. Now these authors have drawn excellent pictures of them. I am myself, and I remain what I am, but I act and I speak as becomes the character. I am not one of those who despise moralists; there is a great deal of profit to be got from them, especially with those who have applied morality to action. Vice only hurts men from time to time; the characteristics of vice hurt them from morning to night. Perhaps it would be better to be insolent than to have an insolent expression. One who is insolent in character only insults people now and again; one who is insolent in expression insults them incessantly. And do not imagine that I am the only reader of my kind. I have no other merit in this respect than having done on system, from a natural integrity of understanding, and with true and reasonable vision, what most others do by instinct. And so their readings make them no better than I am, and they remain ridiculous in spite of themselves, while I am only so when I choose, and always leave them a vast distance behind me; for the same art which teaches me how to escape ridicule on certain occasions teaches me also on certain others how to incur it happily. Then I recall to myself all that the others said, and all that I read, and I add all that issues from my own originality, which is in this kind wondrous fertile.

*I*— You have done well to reveal these mysteries to me, for otherwise I should have thought you self-contradictory.

*He*— I am not so in the least, for against a single time when one has to avoid ridicule, happily there are a hundred when one has to provoke it. There is no better part among the great people than that of fool. For a long time there was the king's fool; at no time was there ever the king's sage, officially so styled. Now I am the fool of Bertin and many others, perhaps yours at the present moment, or perhaps you are mine. A man who meant to be a sage would have no fool, so he who has a fool is no sage; if he is not a sage he is a fool, and perhaps, even were he the king himself, the fool of his fool. For the rest, remember that in a matter so variable as manners, there is nothing absolutely, essentially, and universally true

or false; if not that one must be what interest would have us be, good or bad, wise or mad, decent or ridiculous, honest or vicious. If virtue had happened to be the way to fortune, then I should either have been virtuous, or I should have pretended virtue, like other persons. As it was, they wanted me to be ridiculous, and I made myself so; as for being vicious, nature alone had taken all the trouble that was needed in that. When I use the term "vicious," it is for the sake of talking your language; for, if we came to explanations, it might happen that you called vice what I call virtue, and virtue what I call vice.

Then we have the authors of the Opéra Comique, their actors and their actresses, and oftener still their managers, all people of resource and superior merit. And I forget the whole clique of scribblers in the gazettes, the *Avant Coureur*, the *Petites Affiches*, the *Année littéraire*, the *Observateur littéraire*.

*I*— The *Année littéraire*, the *Observateur littéraire!* But they detest one another.

*He* — Quite true, but all beggars are reconciled at the porringer. That cursed *Observateur littéraire*, I wish the devil had had both him and his sheet! It was that dog of a miserly priest who caused my disaster. He appeared on our horizon for the first time; he arrived at the hour that drives us all out of our dens, the hour for dinner. When it is bad weather, lucky the man among us who has a shilling in his pocket to pay for a hackney coach! He is free to laugh at a comrade for coming besplashed up to his eyes and wet to the skin, though at night he goes to his own home in just the same plight. There was one of them some months ago who had a violent brawl with the Savoyard at the door. They had a running account; the creditor insisted on being paid, and the debtor was not in funds, and yet he could not go upstairs without passing through the hands of the other.

Dinner is served; they do the honors of the table to the abbé — they place him at the upper end. I come in and see this. "What, abbé, you preside? That is all very well for to-day, but to-morrow you will come down, if you please, by one plate; the day after by another plate, and so on from plate to plate, now to right and now to left, until from the place that I occupied one time before you, Fréron once after me, Dorat once after Fréron, Palissot once after Dorat, you become stationary beside me, poor rascal as you are — *che siedo sempre come*" — [an Italian proverb not to be decently reproduced].

The abbé, who is a good fellow, and takes everything in good part, bursts out laughing; mademoiselle, struck by my observation and by the aptness of my comparison, bursts out laughing; everybody to right and left burst out laughing, except the master of the house, who flies into a huff, and uses language that would have meant nothing if we had been by ourselves —

"Rameau, you are an impertinent."

"I know I am, and it is on that condition that I was received here."

"You are a scoundrel."

"Like anybody else."

"A beggar."

"Should I be here, if I were not?"

"I will have you turned out of doors."

"After dinner I will go of my own will."

"I recommend you to go."

We dined: I did not lose a single toothful. After eating well and drinking amply, for after all Messer Gaster is a person with whom I have never sulked, I made up my mind what to do, and I prepared to go; I had pledged my word in presence of so many people that I was bound to keep it. For a considerable time I hunted up and down the room for my hat and cane in every corner where they were not likely to be, reckoning all the time that the master of the house would break out into a new torrent of injuries, that somebody would interpose, and that we should at last make friends by sheer dint of altercation. I turned on this side and that, for I had nothing on my heart; but the master, more somber and dark-browed than Homer's Apollo as he lets his arrows fly among the Greeks, with his cap plucked farther over his head than usual, marched backwards and forwards up and down the room. Mademoiselle approaches me: "But, mademoiselle," say I, "what has happened beyond what happens every day? Have I been different from what I am on other days?"

"I insist on his leaving the house." — "I am leaving. . . . But I have given no ground of offense." — "Pardon me; we invite the abbé and . . ." It was he who was wrong to invite the abbé, while at the same time he was receiving me, and with me so many other creatures of my sort. — "Come, friend Rameau, you must beg the abbé's pardon." — "I shall not know what to do with his pardon." — "Come, come, all will be right." — They take me by the hand, and drag me towards the abbé's chair; I

look at him with a kind of admiring wonder, for who before ever asked pardon of the abbé? "All this is very absurd, abbé; confess, is it not?" And then I laugh, and the abbé laughs too. So that is my forgiveness on that side; but I had next to approach the other, and that was a very different thing. I forget exactly how it was that I framed my apology. — "Sir, here is the madman . . ." — "He has made me suffer too long; I wish to hear no more about him." — "He is sorry." — "Yes, I am very sorry." — "It shall not happen again." — "Until the first rascal . . ." — I do not know whether he was in one of those days of ill humor when mademoiselle herself dreads to go near him, or whether he misunderstood what I said, or whether I said something wrong: things were worse than before. Good heavens, does he not know me? Does he not know that I am like children, and that there are some circumstances in which I let anything and everything escape me? And then, God help me, am I not to have a moment of relief? Why, it would wear out a puppet made of steel, to keep pulling the string from night to morning, and from morning to night! I must amuse them, of course, that is the condition; but I must now and then amuse myself. In the midst of these distractions there came into my head a fatal idea, an idea that gave me confidence, that inspired me with pride and insolence: it was that they could not do without me, and that I was indispensable.

*I* — Yes, I dare say that you are very useful to them, but that they are still more useful to you. You will not find as good a house every day; but they, for one madman who falls short, will find a hundred to take his place.

*He* — A hundred madmen like me, sir philosopher; they are not so common, I can tell you! Flat fools — yes. People are harder to please in folly than in talent or virtue. I am a rarity in my own kind, a great rarity. Now that they have me no longer, what are they doing? They find time as heavy as if they were dogs. I am an inexhaustible bagful of impertinences. Every minute I had some fantastic notion that made them laugh till they cried; I was a whole Bedlam in myself.

*I* — Well, at any rate you had bed and board, coat and breeches, shoes, and a pistole a month.

*He* — That is the profit side of the account; you say not a word of the cost of it all. First, if there was a whisper of a new piece (no matter how bad the weather), one had to ransack all the garrets in Paris, until one had found the author; then

to get a reading of the play, and adroitly to insinuate that there was a part in it which would be rendered in a superior manner by a certain person of my acquaintance. — "And by whom, if you please?" — "By whom? a pretty question! There are graces, finesse, elegance." — "Ah, you mean Mademoiselle Dangeville? Perhaps you know her?" — "Yes, a little; but 'tis not she." — "Who is it, then?" — I whispered the name very low. "She?" — "Yes, she," I repeated with some shame, for sometimes I do feel a touch of shame; and at this name you should have seen how long the poet's face grew, if indeed he did not burst out laughing in my face. Still, whether he would or not, I was bound to take my man to dine; and he, being naturally afraid of pledging himself, drew back, and tried to say "No, thank you." You should have seen how I was treated, if I did not succeed in my negotiation! I was a blockhead, a fool, a rascal; I was not good for a single thing; I was not worth the glass of water which they gave me to drink. It was still worse at their performance, when I had to go intrepidly amid the cries of a public that has a good judgment of its own, whatever may be said about it, and make my solitary clap of the hand audible, draw every eye to me, and sometimes save the actress from hisses, and hear people murmur around me — "He is one of the valets in disguise belonging to the man who . . . Will that knave be quiet?" They do not know what brings a man to that; they think it is stupidity, but there is one motive that excuses anything.

*I* — Even the infraction of the civil laws.

*He* — At length, however, I became known, and people used to say: "Oh, it is Rameau!" My resource was to throw out some words of irony to save my solitary applause from ridicule, by making them interpret it in an opposite sense.

Now agree that one must have a mighty interest to make one thus brave the assembled public, and that each of these pieces of hard labor was worth more than a paltry crown. And then at home there was a pack of dogs to tend, and cats for which I was responsible. I was only too happy if Micou favored me with a stroke of his claw that tore my cuff or my wrist. Criquette is liable to colic; 'tis I who have to rub her. In old days mademoiselle used to have the vapors; to-day, it is her nerves. She is beginning to grow a little stout; you should hear the fine tales they make out of this.

*I* — You do not belong to people of this sort, at any rate?

*He* — Why not?

*I* — Because it is indecent to throw ridicule on one's benefactors.

*He* — But is it not worse still to take advantage of one's benefits to degrade the receiver of them?

*I* — But if the receiver of them were not vile in himself, nothing would give the benefactor the chance.

*He* — But if the personages were not ridiculous in themselves they would not make subjects for good tales. And then, is it my fault if they mix with rascaldom? Is it my fault if, after mixing themselves up with rascaldom, they are betrayed and made fools of? When people resolve to live with people like us, if they have common sense, there is an infinite quantity of blackness for which they must make up their minds. When they take us, do they not know us for what we are, for the most interested, vile, and perfidious of souls? Then if they know us, all is well. There is a tacit compact that they shall treat us well, and that sooner or later we shall treat them ill in return for the good that they have done us. Does not such an agreement subsist between a man and his monkey or his parrot? . . . If you take a young provincial to the menagerie at Versailles, and he takes it into his head for a freak to push his hands between the bars of the cage of the tiger or the panther, whose fault is it? It is all written in the silent compact, and so much the worse for the man who forgets or ignores it. How I could justify by this universal and sacred compact the people whom you accuse of wickedness, whereas it is in truth yourselves whom you ought to accuse of folly. . . . But while we excute the just decrees of Providence on folly, you who paint us as we are, you execute its just decrees on us. What would you think of us, if we claimed, with our shameless manners, to enjoy public consideration? That we are out of our senses. And those who look for decent behavior from people who are born vicious and with vile and bad characters — are they in their senses? Everything has its true wages in this world. There are two Public Prosecutors, one at your door, chastising offenses against society; nature is the other. Nature knows all the vices that escape the laws. Give yourself up to debauchery, and you will end with dropsy; if you are crapulous, your lungs will find you out; if you open your door to ragamuffins, and live in their company, you will be betrayed, laughed at, despised. The shortest way is to resign one's self to the

equity of these judgments, and to say to one's self: That is as it should be; to shake one's ears and turn over a new leaf, or else to remain what one is, but on the conditions aforesaid. . . .

*I* — You cannot doubt what judgment I pass on such a character as yours?

*He* — Not at all; I am in your eyes an abject and most despicable creature; and I am sometimes the same in my own eyes, though not often: I more frequently congratulate myself on my vices than blame myself for them; you are more constant in your contempt.

*I* — True; but why show me all your turpitude?

*He* — First, because you already know a good deal of it, and I saw that there was more to gain than to lose, by confessing the rest.

*I* — How so, if you please?

*He* — It is important in some lines of business to reach sublimity; it is especially so in evil. People spit upon a small rogue, but they cannot refuse a kind of consideration to a great criminal; his courage amazes you, his atrocity makes you shudder. In all things, what people prize is unity of character.

*I* — But this estimable unity of character you have not quite got: I find you from time to time vacillating in your principles; it is uncertain whether you get your wickedness from nature or study, and whether study has brought you as far as possible.

*He* — I agree with you, but I have done my best. Have I not had the modesty to recognize persons more perfect in my own line than myself? Have I not spoken to you of Bouret with the deepest admiration? Bouret is the first person in the world for me.

*I* — But after Bouret you come?

*He* — No.

*I* — Palissot, then?

*He* — Palissot, but not Palissot alone.

*I* — And who is worthy to share the second rank with him?

*He* — The Renegade of Avignon.

*I* — I never heard of the Renegade of Avignon, but he must be an astonishing man.

*He* — He is so, indeed.

*I* — The history of great personages has always interested me.

*He* — I can well believe it. This hero lived in the house

of a good and worthy descendant of Abraham, promised to be father of the faithful in number equal to the stars in the heavens.

*I* — In the house of a Jew?

*He* — In the house of a Jew. He had at first surprised pity, then good will, then entire confidence, for that is how it always happens: we count so strongly on our kindness, that we seldom hide our secrets from anybody on whom we have heaped benefits. How should there not be ingrates in the world, when we expose this man to the temptation of being ungrateful with impunity? That is a just reflection which our Jew failed to make. He confided to the renegade that he could not conscientiously eat pork. You will see the advantage that a fertile wit knew how to get from such a confession. Some months passed, during which our renegade redoubled his attentions; when he believed his Jew thoroughly touched, thoroughly captivated, thoroughly convinced that he had no better friend among all the tribes of Israel . . . now admire the circumspection of the man! He is in no hurry; he lets the pear ripen before he shakes the branch; too much haste might have ruined his design. It is because greatness of character usually results from the natural balance between several opposite qualities.

*I* — Pray leave your reflections, and go straight on with your story.

*He* — That is impossible. There are days when I cannot help reflecting; 'tis a malady that must be allowed to run its course. Where was I?

*I* — At the intimacy that had been established between the Jew and the renegade.

*He* — Then the pear was ripe. . . . But you are not listening; what are you dreaming about?

*I* — I am thinking of the curious inequality in your tone, now so high, now so low.

*He* — How can a man made of vices be one and the same? . . . He reaches his friend's house one night, with an air of violent perturbation, with broken accents, a face as pale as death, and trembling in every limb. "What is the matter with you?" — "We are ruined." — "Ruined, how?" — "Ruined, I tell you, beyond all help." — "Explain." — "One moment, until I have recovered from my fright." — "Come, then, recover yourself," says the Jew. . . . "A traitor has informed against us before the Holy Inquisition, you as a Jew, me as a renegade, an infamous renegade. . . ." Mark how the traitor does not

blush to use the most odious expressions. It needs more courage than you may suppose to call one's self by one's right name; you do not know what an effort it costs to come to that.

*I* — No, I dare say not. But "the infamous renegade ——"

*He* — He is false, but his falsity is adroit enough. The Jew takes fright, tears his beard, rolls on the ground, sees the officers at his door, sees himself clad in the *Sanbenito*, sees his *auto-da-fé* all made ready. "My friend," he cries, "my good, tender friend, my only friend, what is to be done?"

"What is to be done? Why, show ourselves, affect the greatest security, go about our business just as we usually do. The procedure of the tribunal is secret but slow; we must take advantage of its delays to sell all you have. I will hire a boat, or I will have it hired by a third person — that will be best; in it we will deposit your fortune, for it is your fortune that they are most anxious to get at; and then we will go, you and I, and seek under another sky the freedom of serving our God, and following in security the law of Abraham and our own consciences. The important point in our present dangerous situation is to do nothing imprudent."

No sooner said than done. The vessel is hired, victualed, and manned, the Jew's fortune put on board; on the morrow, at dawn, they are to sail, they are free to sup gayly and to sleep in all security; on the morrow they escape their prosecutors. In the night, the renegade gets up, despoils the Jew of his portfolio, his purse, his jewels, goes on board, and sails away. And you think that this is all? Good: you are not awake to it. Now when they told me the story, I divined at once what I have not told you, in order to try your sagacity. You were quite right to be an honest man; you would never have made more than a fifth-rate scoundrel. Up to this point the renegade is only that; he is a contemptible rascal whom nobody would consent to resemble. The sublimity of his wickedness is this, that he was himself the informer against his good friend the Israelite, of whom the Inquisition took hold when he awoke the next morning, and of whom a few days later they made a famous bonfire. And it was in this way that the renegade became the tranquil possessor of the fortune of the accursed descendant of those who crucified our Lord.

*I* — I do not know which of the two is most horrible to me — the vileness of your renegade, or the tone in which you speak of it.

*He* — And that is what I said: the atrocity of the action carries you beyond contempt, and hence my sincerity. I wished you to know to what a degree I excelled in my art, to extort from you the admission that I was at least original in my abasement, to rank me in your mind on the line of the great good for naughts, and to hail me henceforth — *Vivat Mascarillus, fourbum imperator!*

## CONFESSIONS.

By JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

[Jean Jacques Rousseau: A French author; born at Geneva, June 28, 1712; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. He was early thrown upon his own resources and acquired by his own exertions a desultory education, meanwhile earning his living in various ways, and spending not a little time in travel. He was given first place in a competition before the Academy of Dijon for a memorial upon the question "Has the Progress of Sciences and Arts contributed to corrupt or to purify Morals" (1749). This almost his first attempt at literary work won for him immediate fame, but had the effect of making him misanthropic and melancholy. Among his subsequent works are: "The Village Soothsayer" (1753), an opera which brought him a pension from the king; "Narcissus" (1753); "Letter on French Music" (1753); "On the Origins and Foundations of Inequality among Mankind" (1755); "On Political Economy" (1758); "Letters to Voltaire"; "A Project of Perpetual Peace" (1761); "The Social Contract" (1762); "Émile" (1762); "To the Archbishop of Paris" (1763); "The Departure of Silvie" (1763); "Letters from the Mountain" (1764); "Dictionary of Music" (1767); "Letters on his Exile" (1770); "Émile and Sophie" (1780); "Consolations of my Life" (1781); "Government of Poland" (1782); and "Confessions" (1782–1790).]

### Early Years.

My vocation thus determined, I was bound apprentice; not, however, to a watchmaker, but to an engraver; and I had been so completely humiliated by the contempt of the registrar that I submitted without a murmur. My master, whose name was Monsieur Ducommon, was a young man of a very violent and boorish character, who contrived in a short time to tarnish all the amiable qualities of my childhood, to stupefy a disposition naturally sprightly, and reduce my feelings, as well as my condition, to an absolute state of servitude. I forgot my Latin, history, and antiquities; I could hardly recollect whether such people as Romans ever existed. When I visited my father, he no longer beheld his idol, nor could the ladies recognize the gallant Jean Jacques; nay, I was so well convinced

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

that Monsieur and Mademoiselle Lambercier would scarce receive me as their pupil that I endeavored to avoid their company, and have never seen them since. The vilest inclinations, the basest actions, succeeded my amiable amusements, and even obliterated the very remembrance of them. I must have had, in spite of my good education, a great propensity to degenerate, else the declension could not have followed with such ease and rapidity, for never did so promising a Cæsar so quickly become a Laridon.

The trade itself did not displease me. I had a lively taste for drawing. There was nothing displeasing in the exercise of the graver; and as it required no extraordinary abilities to attain perfection as a watch-case engraver, I hoped to arrive at it. Perhaps I should have accomplished my design, if unreasonable restraint, added to the brutality of my master, had not rendered my business disgusting. I wasted his time, and employed myself in engraving medals which served me and my companions as a kind of insignia for a new-invented order of chivalry, and though this differed very little from my usual employ, I considered it as a relaxation. Unfortunately, my master caught me at this contraband labor, and a severe beating was the consequence. He reproached me at the same time with attempting to make counterfeit money, because our medals bore the arms of the Republic, though I can truly aver I had no conception of false money, and very little of the true, knowing better how to make a Roman "as" than one of our three-sous pieces.

My master's tyranny rendered insupportable that labor I should otherwise have loved, and drove me to vices I naturally despised, such as falsehood, idleness, and theft. Nothing ever gave me a clearer demonstration of the difference between filial dependence and abject slavery than the remembrance of the change produced in me at that period. Naturally shy and timid, effrontery was far from my nature; but hitherto I had enjoyed a reasonable liberty; this I suddenly lost. I was enterprising at my father's, free at Monsieur Lambercier's, discreet at my uncle's; but, with my master, I became fearful, and from that moment my mind was vitiated. Accustomed to live with my superiors on terms of perfect equality, to be witness of no pleasures I could not command, to see no dish I was not to partake of, or be sensible of a desire I might not express; to be able to bring every wish of my heart to my lips — judge

what must become of me in a house where I was scarce allowed to speak, was forced to quit the table before the meal was half ended, and the room when I had nothing particular to do there; was incessantly confined to my work; pleasures for others, privations only for me; while the liberty that my master and his journeymen enjoyed served only to increase the weight of my subjection. When disputes happened to arise, though conscious that I understood the subject better than any of them, I dared not offer my opinion; in a word, everything I saw became an object of desire, only because I was not permitted to enjoy anything. Farewell gayety, ease, those happy turns of expression which formerly even made my faults escape correction! I recollect a circumstance that happened at my father's, which even now makes me smile. Being for some fault ordered to bed without my supper, as I was passing through the kitchen, with my poor morsel of bread in my hand, I saw the meat turning on the spit; my father and the rest were round the fire; I must bow to every one as I passed. When I had gone through this ceremony, leering with a wishful eye at the roast meat, which looked so inviting and smelt so savory, I could not abstain from making that a bow likewise, adding in a pitiful tone, "Good-by, roast meat!" This unpremeditated pleasantry put them in such good humor that I was permitted to stay and partake of it. Perhaps the same thing might have produced a similar effect at my master's, but such a thought could never have occurred to me, or, if it had, I should not have had courage to express it.

Thus I learned to covet, dissemble, lie, and at length to steal —a propensity I never felt the least idea of before, though since that time I have never been able entirely to divest myself of it. Desire and inability united naturally lead to this vice, which is the reason pilfering is so common among footmen and apprentices, though the latter, as they grow up, and find themselves in a situation where everything is at their command, lose this shameful propensity. As I never experienced this advantage, I never enjoyed the benefit.

Good sentiments, ill directed, frequently lead children into vice. Notwithstanding my continual wants and temptations, it was more than a year before I could resolve to take even eatables. My first theft was occasioned by complaisance, but it was productive of others which had not so plausible an excuse.

## Manuscript of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Letter, without address, giving his reasons for not writing further in support of the French Protestants and referring to what he had already written; Motiers, 15 July, 1764.

[Vol. XII. p. 4048.]

les pas servir au delà de mes forces.

Ce reproche, Monsieur, me paroit peu reconnoissant de leur part et peu raisonné de la vôtre. Quand un homme revient d'un long combat hors d'haleine et couvert de blessures, est-il tems de l'exhorter à prendre les armes tandis qu'on se tient soi-même en repos? Eh, Messieurs! chacun son tour, je vous prie. Si vous êtes si curieux des coups, allez-en chercher vôtre part; pour moi j'en ai bien la mienne: il est tems de songer à la retraite; mes cheveux gris m'avertissent que je ne suis plus qu'un vétéran, mes maux et mes malheurs me prescrivent le repos, et je ne sors point de la lice sans y avoir payé de ma personne. Sat Patriæ Priamoque datum. Prenez mon rang, jeunes gens, je vous le cède; gardez le dans vôtre vigueur comme j'ai fait dans la mienne, et après cela ne vous tourmentez pas plus des exhortations indiscrettes et des reproches déplacés que je ne m'en tourmenterai desormais.

Ainsi, Monsieur, je confirme à loisir ce que vous m'accusez d'avoir écrit à la hâte, ce que vous jugez n'être pas digne de moi ; jugement auquel j'éviterai de répondre faute de l'entendre suffisamment.

Recevez, Monsieur, je vous supplie, les assurances de mon respect. J. J. Rousseau

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, 1764.

Brit. Mus. Add. Ms. 24,024, f. 71.

My master had a journeyman named Verrat, whose residence in the neighborhood had a garden at a considerable distance from the house, which produced excellent asparagus. This Verrat, who had no great plenty of money, took it in his head to rob his mother of the most early production of her garden, and by the sale of it procure those indulgences he could not otherwise afford himself; but, not being very nimble, he did not care to run the hazard of a surprise. After some preliminary flattery, of which I did not comprehend the meaning, he proposed this expedition to me, as an idea which had that moment struck him. At first I would not listen to the proposal; but he persisted in his solicitations, and, as I could never resist the attacks of flattery, at length prevailed. Accordingly, I every morning repaired to the garden, gathered the best of the asparagus, and took it to the Molard, where some good old women, who guessed how I came by it, wishing to diminish the price, made no secret of their suspicions. This produced the desired effect, for, being alarmed, I took whatever they offered, which being taken to Monsieur Verrat, was presently metamorphosed into a breakfast, and shared with a companion of his; for, though I had procured it, I never partook of their good cheer, being fully satisfied with an inconsiderable bribe.

I executed my roguery with the greatest fidelity, seeking only to please my employer; and several days passed before it came into my head to rob the robber, and tithe Monsieur Verrat's harvest. I never considered the hazard I ran in these expeditions, not only of a torrent of abuse, but — what I should have been still more sensible of — a hearty beating; for the miscreant who received the whole benefit would certainly have denied all knowledge of the fact, and I should only have received a double portion of punishment for daring to accuse him, since, being only an apprentice, I stood no chance of being believed in opposition to a journeyman. Thus, in every situation powerful rogues know how to save themselves at the expense of the feeble.

This practice taught me that it was not so terrible to thieve as I had imagined. I took care to make this discovery turn to some account, helping myself to everything within my reach that I conceived an inclination for. I was not absolutely ill-fed at my master's, and temperance was only painful to me by comparing it with the luxury he enjoyed. The custom of send-

ing young people from table precisely when those things are served up which seem most tempting seems well calculated to make them greedy as well as roguish. Erelong I became both, and generally came off very well — very ill when I was caught.

I recollect an attempt to procure some apples, which was attended with circumstances that make me smile and shudder even at this instant. The fruit was standing in a pantry, which, by a lattice at a considerable height, received light from the kitchen. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed upon the bread chest to see these precious apples, which, being out of my reach, made this pantry appear the Garden of the Hesperides. I fetched the spit — tried if it would reach them — it was too short — I lengthened it with a small one which was used for game, my master being very fond of hunting — darted at them several times without success, but at length was transported to find that I was bringing up an apple. I drew it gently to the lattice — was going to seize it, when (who can express my grief and astonishment?) I found it would not pass through — it was too large. I tried every expedient to accomplish my design, sought supporters to keep the spits in the same position, a knife to divide the apple, and a lath to hold it with; at length I so far succeeded as to effect the division, and made no doubt of drawing the pieces through; but it was scarcely separated — compassionate reader, sympathize with my affliction — when both pieces fell into the pantry.

Though I lost time by this experiment, I did not lose courage; but, dreading a surprise, I put off the attempt till next day, when I hoped to be more successful, and returned to my work as if nothing had happened, without once thinking of what the two indiscreet witnesses I had left in the pantry deposed against me.

The next day, a fine opportunity offering, I renew the trial. I fasten the spits together; mount up; take aim; am just going to dart at my prey — unfortunately the dragon did not sleep. The pantry door opens, my master makes his appearance, and looking up exclaims, "Bravo!" The pen drops from my hand.

A continual repetition of ill treatment rendered me callous; it seemed a kind of composition for my crimes, which authorized me to continue them, and, instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward to revenge. Being beaten like a slave

I judged I had a right to all the vices of one. I was convinced that to rob and be punished were inseparable, and constituted, if I may so express myself, a kind of traffic, in which, if I performed my part of the bargain, my master would take care not to be deficient in his. That preliminary settled, I applied myself to thieving with great tranquillity, and whenever this interrogatory occurred to my mind, "What will be the consequence?" the reply was ready, "I know the worst, I shall be beaten; no matter, I was made for it."

I love good eating; am sensuous, but not greedy; I have such a variety of inclinations to gratify, that this can never predominate; and, unless my heart be unoccupied, which very rarely happens, I pay but little attention to my appetite. For this reason I did not long confine myself to purloining eatables, but extended this propensity to everything I wished to possess, and, if I did not become a robber in form, it was only because money never tempted me greatly. My master had a closet in the workshop, which he kept locked; this I contrived to open and shut as often as I pleased, and laid his best tools, fine drawings, impressions, in a word, everything he wished to keep from me, under contribution. These thefts were so far innocent that they were always employed in his service; but I was transported at having the trifles in my possession, and imagined I stole the art with its productions. Besides what I have mentioned, his boxes contained threads of gold and silver, small jewels, valuable coins, and other money; yet, though I seldom had five sous in my pocket, I do not recollect ever having cast a wishful look at them; on the contrary, I beheld these valuables rather with terror than delight. I am convinced that this dread of taking money was, in a great measure, the effect of education. There was mingled with the idea of it the fear of infamy, a prison, punishment, and the gallows. Had I even felt the temptation, these objects would have made me tremble; whereas my failings appeared a species of waggery, and in truth they were little else; they could but occasion a good trimming, and this I was already prepared for.

But, again I say, I had no covetous longings to repress. A sheet of fine drawing paper was a greater temptation than money sufficient to have purchased a ream. This unreasonable caprice is connected with one of the singularities of my character, and has so far influenced my conduct that it requires a particular explanation.

My passions are extremely violent; while under their influence nothing can equal my impetuosity; I am an absolute stranger to discretion, respect, fear, or decorum; rude, saucy, violent, and intrepid, no shame can stop, no danger intimidate me. Beyond the object in view the whole world is not worth a thought; this is the enthusiasm of a moment; the next, perhaps, I am plunged in a state of annihilation. Take me in my moments of tranquillity, I am indolence and timidity itself; a word to speak, the least trifle to perform, appear an intolerable labor; everything alarms and terrifies me; the very buzzing of a fly will make me shudder; I am so subdued by fear and shame that I would gladly shield myself from mortal view. When obliged to exert myself, I am ignorant what to do; when forced to speak, I am at a loss for words; and if any one looks at me I am instantly out of countenance. If animated with my subject, I express my thoughts with ease, but in ordinary conversations I can say nothing — absolutely nothing; and the obligation to speak renders them insupportable.

I may add that none of my predominant inclinations center in those pleasures which are to be purchased: money empoisons my delights; I must have them unadulterated. I love those of the table, for instance, but cannot endure the restraints of good company or the intemperance of taverns; I can enjoy them only with a friend, for alone it is equally impossible; my imagination is then so occupied with other things that I find no pleasure in eating. If the warmth of my blood calls for the society of the fair sex, my heart calls still more earnestly for pure love. Women who are to be purchased have no charms for me. It is the same with all other enjoyments: if not truly disinterested, they are insipid; in a word, I am fond of those things which are only estimable to minds formed for the peculiar enjoyment of them.

I never thought money so desirable as it is usually imagined. If you would enjoy, you must transform it; and this transformation is frequently attended with inconvenience: you must bargain, purchase, pay dear, be badly served, and often duped. If I want anything, I wish to have it good of its kind; for money I am given what is bad. I ask for an egg, am assured it is new laid — I find it stale; fruit in perfection — 'tis absolutely green; a damsel — she has some defect. I love good wine, but where shall I get it? Not at my wine merchant's — he will poison me at a certainty. I wish to be well treated; how shall I com-

pass my design? I would make friends, send messages, write letters, come, go, wait, and in the end must be frequently deceived. Money is the perpetual source of uneasiness; I fear it more than I love good wine.

A thousand times, both during and since my apprenticeship, have I gone out to purchase some delicacy. I approach the pastry cook's, perceive some women at the counter, and imagine they are laughing at the little epicure. I pass a fruit shop, see some fine pears, their appearance tempts me; but then two or three young people are near, a man I am acquainted with is standing at the door, a girl is approaching — perhaps our own servant; I take all that pass for persons I have some knowledge of, and my near sight contributes to deceive me: I am everywhere intimidated, restrained by some obstacle, my desire grows with my hesitancy; and at length, with money in my pocket, I return as I went, for want of resolution to purchase what I longed for.

I should enter into the most insipid details were I to relate the trouble, shame, repugnance, and inconvenience of all kinds which I have experienced in parting with my money, whether in my own person, or by the agency of others; as I proceed the reader will get acquainted with my disposition, and perceive all this without my troubling him with the recital.

This once comprehended, one of my seeming contradictions will be easily accounted for, and the most sordid avarice reconciled with the greatest contempt of money. It is a movable which I consider of so little value that, when destitute of it, I never wish to acquire any; and when I have a sum I keep it by me, for want of knowing how to dispose of it to my satisfaction; but let an agreeable and convenient opportunity present itself, and I empty my purse in a moment. Not that I would have the reader imagine I am extravagant from a motive of ostentation — the characteristic of misers, — quite the reverse; it was ever in subservience to my pleasures, and, instead of glorying in expense, I endeavor to conceal it. I so well perceive that money is not made to answer my purposes, that I am almost ashamed to have any, and, still more, to make use of it. Had I ever possessed a moderate independence, I am convinced I should have had no propensity to become avaricious. I should have required no more, and cheerfully lived up to my income; but my precarious situation keeps me in fear. I love liberty, and I loathe constraint, dependence, subjection. As long as my

purse contains money it secures my independence, and exempts me from the trouble of seeking other money, a trouble of which I have always had a perfect horror ; and the dread of seeing the end of my independence makes me unwilling to part with my means. The money that we possess is the instrument of liberty, that which we lack and strive to obtain is the instrument of slavery. Thence it is that I hold fast to aught that I have, and yet covet nothing more.

My disinterestedness, then, is only idleness ; the pleasure of possessing is not in my estimation worth the trouble of acquiring : my dissipation is only another form of idleness ; when we have an opportunity of disbursing pleasantly, we should make the best possible use of it. I am less tempted by money than by other objects, because between the moment of possessing the money and that of using it to obtain the desired object there is always an interval, however short ; whereas to possess the thing is to enjoy it. I see a thing, and it tempts me ; but if I see only the means of acquiring it, I am not tempted. Therefore it is that I have been a pilferer, and am so even now, in the way of mere trifles to which I take a fancy, and which I find it easier to take than to ask for ; but I never in my life recollect having taken a liard from any one, except about fifteen years ago, when I stole seven livres and ten sous. The story is worth recounting, as it exhibits a marvelous concurrence of effrontery and stupidity that I should scarcely credit, did it relate to any but myself.

It was in Paris ; I was walking with Monsieur de Francueil at the Palais-Royal, at five o'clock in the afternoon ; he pulled out his watch, looked at it, and said to me, "Suppose we go to the Opera?" "With all my heart." We go ; he takes two tickets, gives me one, and enters before me with the other ; I follow, find the door crowded, and, looking in, see every one standing ; judging, therefore, that Monsieur de Francueil might suppose me concealed by the company, I go out, ask for my counterfoil, and getting the money returned, leave the house, without considering that by the time I had reached the outer door every one would be seated, and Monsieur de Francueil might readily perceive I was not there.

As nothing could be more opposite to my natural inclination than this proceeding, I note it to show that there are moments of delirium when men ought not to be judged by their actions : this was not stealing the money, it was stealing the

use for which it was destined: the less it was a robbery, the more was it an infamy.

I should never end these details were I to describe all the gradations through which I passed, during my apprenticeship, from the sublimity of a hero to the baseness of a knave. Though I entered into most of the vices of my situation, I had no relish for its pleasures: the amusements of my companions were displeasing, and when too much restraint had made my business wearisome, I had nothing to amuse me. This renewed my taste for reading, which had long been neglected. I thus committed a fresh offense: books made me neglect my work, and brought on additional punishment, while inclination, strengthened by constraint, became an unconquerable passion. La Tribu, a woman who owned a well-known lending library, furnished me with all kinds: good or bad, I perused them with avidity, and without discrimination. I read in the workshop; I read while going on errands; I read in odd corners, sometimes for hours together; my head was turned with reading, it absorbed me wholly. My master watched me, surprised me, chastised me, took away my books. How many of these were torn, burnt, flung out of the window! How many of La Tribu's volumes lost their fellows! When I had not wherewith to pay her, I brought her my linen, my suits of clothes; the three sous that I received every Sunday were duly handed to her.

It will be said, "At length, then, money became necessary." True; but this happened at a time when reading had deprived me both of resolution and activity: totally occupied by this new inclination, I only wished to read, I robbed no longer. This is another of my peculiarities; a mere nothing frequently calls me off from what I appear most attached to; I give in to the new idea; it becomes a passion, and immediately every former desire is forgotten. My heart beat with impatience to run over the new book I carried in my pocket; the first moment I was alone, I seized the opportunity to draw it out, and thought no longer of rummaging my master's closet. I cannot believe that I would have pilfered, even had my expenses been more costly. La Tribu gave me credit, and, when once I had the book in my possession, I thought no more of the trifle I was to pay for it. As money came it naturally passed to this woman; and when she chanced to be pressing, nothing was so conveniently at hand as my own effects; to steal in advance required foresight, and robbing to pay was no temptation.

The frequent reproaches and blows I received, together with my private and ill-chosen studies, rendered me reserved, unsociable, and almost deranged my reason. Though my taste had not preserved me from silly, unmeaning books, by good fortune I was a stranger to licentious or obscene ones: not that La Tribu (who was very accommodating) made any scruple of lending these; on the contrary, to enhance their worth, she spoke of them with an air of mystery which produced an effect she had not foreseen, for both shame and disgust made me constantly refuse them. Chance so well seconded my bashful disposition that I was past the age of thirty before I saw any of those dangerous compositions, to which a fine lady of fashion has no other objection than that they must be read with one hand.

In less than a year I had exhausted La Tribu's scanty library, and was unhappy for want of further amusement. My reading, though frequently ill chosen, had worn off my childish follies, and brought back my heart to nobler sentiments than my condition had inspired; meantime, disgusted with all within my reach, and hopeless of attaining aught else, my present situation appeared miserable. My passions began to acquire strength, I felt their influence, without knowing to what object they would conduct me. I was as far from guessing the truth as if I had been sexless, and, though past the age of boyhood, could not see beyond. At this time my imagination took a turn which helped to calm my increasing emotions, and, indeed, saved me from myself; it was, to contemplate those situations, in the books I had read, which produced the most striking effect on my mind — to recall, combine, and apply them to myself in such a manner as to become one of the personages my recollection presented, and be continually in those fancied circumstances which were most agreeable to my inclinations; in a word, by contriving to place myself in these fictitious situations, the idea of my real one was in a great measure obliterated. This fondness for imaginary objects, and the facility with which I could gain possession of them, completed my disgust for everything around me, and fixed that inclination for solitude which has ever since been predominant. We shall have more than once occasion to remark the odd effects of a disposition misanthropic and melancholy in appearance, but which proceed, in fact, from a heart too affectionate, too ardent, which, for want of society with similar dispositions, is constrained to content itself with

fictions. It is sufficient, at present, to have traced the origin of a propensity which has modified my passions, and, restraining them within bounds, has rendered me idle in action, though too ardent in desire.

## Imaginary "Conspiracies" of his Later Life.

It is at this period that I think I may fix the establishment of a system since adopted by those at whose disposal I am, and which has made such successful progress as will seem miraculous to persons who know not with what facility everything which favors the malignity of man gains a firm footing. I will endeavor to explain in a few words what to me appears visible in this profound and obscure system.

With a name already distinguished and known throughout all Europe, I had still preserved my primitive simplicity. My mortal aversion to all that is known as party, faction, and cabal had kept me free and independent, without any other tie than the attachments of my heart. Alone, a foreigner, without family or fortune, and unconnected with everything except my principles and duties, I followed the paths of uprightness, never flattering or favoring any person at the expense of justice and truth. Besides, having lived for two years past in solitude, without observing the course of events, unconnected with the affairs of the world, and not informed of what passed, nor desirous of being acquainted with it, I lived four leagues from Paris, as much separated from that capital by my indifference as I should have been in the island of Tinian by the sea.

Grimm, Diderot, and D'Holbach were, on the contrary, in the center of the vortex, lived in the very midst of the great world, and divided amongst them almost all its spheres. Noblemen, wits, men of letters, men of the long robe, and women, all listened to them when they chose to act in concert. The advantage that three men in this situation united must have over a fourth in mine cannot but already appear. It is true, Diderot and D'Holbach were incapable — at least I think so — of forming black conspiracies; one of them was not base enough nor the other sufficiently able; but it was for this reason that the party was more united. Grimm alone formed his plan in his own mind, and discovered no more of it than was necessary to induce his associates to concur in the execution. The as-

cendency he had gained over them made this easy, and the effect of the whole answered to the superiority of his talents.

It was with these — which were of a superior kind — that, perceiving the advantage he might acquire from our respective situations, he conceived the project of completely overturning my reputation, and, without compromising himself, of giving me one of a nature quite opposite, by raising up about me an edifice of obscurity through which it was impossible for me to discern his maneuvers and unmask them.

This enterprise was difficult, because it was necessary to palliate the iniquity in the eyes of those of whose assistance he stood in need. He had honest men to deceive, to alienate from me the good opinion of everybody, and to leave me without a friend of any kind. What say I? He had to cut off all communication with me, that no word of truth might reach my ears. Had a single man of generosity come and said to me: "You assume the appearance of virtue, yet this is the manner in which you are treated, and these the circumstances by which you are judged: what have you to say?" truth would have triumphed and Grimm have been undone. Of this he was fully convinced; but he had examined his own heart, and estimated men according to their merit. I am sorry, for the honor of humanity, that he judged with so much truth.

In these dark and crooked paths his steps, to be the more sure, were necessarily slow. He has for twelve years pursued his plan, and the most difficult part of it is still to come; this is to deceive the public entirely. There are among them eyes that have followed him more closely than he imagines. He is afraid of this public, and dares not lay his conspiracy open. But he has found the easy means of accompanying it with power, and this power has the disposal of me. Thus supported, he advances with less danger. The satellites of power piquing themselves but little on uprightness, and still less on candor, he has no longer to fear the indiscretion of any honest man. His safety is in my being enveloped in an impenetrable obscurity, and in concealing from me his conspiracy, well knowing that, with whatever art he may have formed it, it could never sustain my gaze. His great address consists in appearing to favor whilst he defames me, and in giving to his perfidy an air of generosity.

I felt the first effects of this system by the secret accusations of the Coterie Holbachique, without its being possible for

me to know, or even to conjecture, in what these accusations consisted. Deleyre informed me in his letters that heinous things were attributed to me. Diderot, more mysteriously, told me the same thing; and when I came to an explanation with both the whole was reduced to the heads of accusation of which I have already spoken. I perceived a gradual increase of coolness in the letters from Madame d'Houdetot. This I could not attribute to Saint-Lambert, who continued to write to me with the same friendship, and even came to see me after his return. It was impossible to think myself the cause of it, as we had separated well satisfied with each other, and nothing since that time had happened on my part, except my departure from the Hermitage, of which she felt the necessity. Therefore, not knowing whence this coolness — which she refused to acknowledge, although my heart was not to be deceived — could proceed, I was uneasy upon every account. I knew she greatly favored her sister-in-law and Grimm, in consequence of their connections with Saint-Lambert, and I was afraid of their machinations. This agitation reopened my wounds, and rendered my correspondence so disagreeable as quite to disgust her with it. I saw, as at a distance, a thousand cruel circumstances, without discovering anything distinctly. I was in a situation the most insupportable to a man whose imagination is easily heated. Had I been quite retired from the world, and known nothing of the matter, I should have become more calm; but my heart still clung to attachments by means of which my enemies had a thousand advantages over me; and the feeble rays which penetrated my asylum conveyed to me nothing more than a knowledge of the blackness of the mysteries which were concealed from my eyes.

I should have sunk, I have not a doubt of it, under these torments, too cruel and insupportable to my open disposition, which, by the impossibility of concealing my sentiments, makes me fear everything from those concealed from me, if, fortunately, objects sufficiently interesting to my heart to divert it from others with which, in spite of myself, my mind was filled, had not presented themselves. In the last visit that Diderot paid me at the Hermitage he had spoken of the article "Geneva," which D'Alembert had inserted in the "Encyclopédie." He had informed me that this article, concerted with the better class of citizens, had for its object the setting up of a theater at Geneva, that measures had been taken accordingly, and that

the establishment would soon take place. As Diderot seemed to think all this very proper, and did not doubt of the success of the measure, and as I had, besides, to debate with him upon too many other subjects to touch upon that article, I made him no answer; but, scandalized at these seductive preparatives to immorality in my country, I waited with impatience for the volume of the "Encyclopédie" in which the article was inserted, to see whether it would not be possible to give an answer which might ward off the blow. I received the volume soon after my establishment at Mont-Louis, and found the article to be written with much art and address, and worthy of the pen whence it proceeded. This, however, did not abate my desire to answer it; and, notwithstanding the dejection of spirits under which I then labored, my griefs and pains, the severity of the season, and the inconvenience of my new abode, in which I had not yet had time to settle commodiously, I set to work with a zeal which surmounted every obstacle.

In a severe winter in February, and in the situation I have described, I went every day, morning and evening, to pass a couple of hours in an open donjon which was at the bottom of the garden in which my habitation stood. This donjon, which terminated a terraced walk, looked upon the valley and the pond of Montmorency, and presented to me, as the closing point of a prospect, the plain but interesting Castle of Saint-Gratien, the retreat of the virtuous Catinat. It was in this place, then exposed to freezing cold, that, without being sheltered from the wind and snow, and having no other fire than that within my heart, I composed, in the space of three weeks, my letter to D'Alembert on theaters. This — for my "Julie" was not then half written — was the first of my writings that charmed me in composition. Until then virtuous indignation had been a substitute for Apollo, tenderness and a gentleness of mind now became so. The injustice I had been witness to had irritated me, that of which I became the object rendered me melancholy; and this melancholy without bitterness was but that of a heart too tender and affectionate, and which, deceived by those whom it had thought akin, was obliged to remain concentered. Full of that which had befallen me, and still affected by so many violent emotions, my heart added the sentiment of its sufferings to the ideas with which a meditation on my subject had inspired me; what I wrote bore evident marks of this mixture. Unconsciously, I described my actual

situation, gave portraits of Grimm, Madame d'Épinay, Madame d'Houdetot, Saint-Lambert, myself. What delicious tears did I shed as I wrote! Alas! in these descriptions there are proofs but too evident that love, the fatal love of which I made such efforts to cure myself, still remained in my heart. With all this there was a certain tenderness relative to myself, for I thought I was dying, and imagined I was bidding the public my last adieu. Far from fearing death, I joyfully saw it approach; but I felt some regret at leaving my fellow-creatures without their having perceived my real merit, and being convinced how much I should have deserved their esteem had they known me better. These are the secret causes of the singular tone that pervades this work, so widely opposed to that by which it was preceded.

I corrected and copied the letter, and was preparing to print it, when, after a long silence, I received one from Madame d'Houdetot which brought upon me a new affliction more painful than any I had yet suffered. She informed me in this letter that my passion for her was known to all Paris; that I had spoken of it to persons who had made it public; that this rumor, having reached the ears of her lover, had nearly cost him his life; that at length he did her justice, and peace was restored between them; but on his account, as well as on hers and for the sake of her reputation, she thought it her duty to break off all correspondence with me, at the same time assuring me that she and her friend would never cease to take an interest in my welfare, that they would defend me before the public, and that she herself would from time to time send to inquire after my health.

And thou too, Diderot! exclaimed I. Unworthy friend! I could not, however, yet resolve to condemn him. My weakness was known to others who might have spoken of it. I wished to doubt — but this was soon out of my power. Saint-Lambert shortly after performed an action worthy of himself. Knowing my manner of thinking, he judged of the state in which I must be: betrayed by one set of my friends and forsaken by the other. He came to see me. The first time he had not many moments to spare. He came again. Unfortunately, not expecting him, I was not at home. Thérèse, who happened to be there, had with him a conversation of upwards of two hours, in which they informed each other of facts of great importance to him and me. The surprise with

which I learned that nobody doubted of my having lived with Madame d'Épinay, as Grimm then did, cannot be equaled, except by that of Saint-Lambert when he was convinced that the rumor was false. He, to the great dissatisfaction of the lady, was in the same situation with myself; and the facts brought to light by this conversation removed from me all regret on account of my having broken with her forever. Relative to Madame d'Houdetot, he mentioned several circumstances with which neither Thérèse nor Madame d'Houdetot herself were acquainted, which were known to me only, and which I had never mentioned except to Diderot, under the seal of friendship; and it was Saint-Lambert himself to whom he had chosen to communicate them. This last step was sufficient to determine me. I resolved to break with Diderot forever, and this without further deliberation, except on the manner of doing it; for I had perceived that secret ruptures turned to my prejudice, because they left the mask of friendship in possession of my most cruel enemies.

The rules of good breeding established in the world on this head seem to have been dictated by a spirit of treachery and falsehood. To appear the friend of a man, when in reality we are no longer so, is to reserve to ourselves the means of doing him an injury by betraying honest men into an error. I recollected that when the gifted Montesquieu broke with Père de Tournemine he immediately declared it openly, and said to everybody: "Listen neither to Père de Tournemine nor myself, when we speak of each other, for we are no longer friends." This open and generous proceeding was universally applauded. I resolved to follow the example with Diderot, but what method was I to take to publish the rupture authentically from my retreat, and yet without scandal? I concluded on inserting in the form of a note, in my work, a passage from the book of Ecclesiasticus, which declared the rupture, and even the subject of it, in terms sufficiently clear to such as were acquainted with the matter, but could signify nothing to the rest of the world. I determined also not to speak in my work of the friend whom I had renounced except with the honor always due to friendship even when extinct. The whole may be seen in the work itself.

There is nothing in this world but good fortune and ill fortune, and every act of courage seems to be a crime in adversity. For that which had been admired in Montesquieu I recei[illegible]

only blame and reproach. As soon as my work was printed, and I had copies of it, I sent one to Saint-Lambert, who, the evening before, had written to me in his own name and that of Madame d'Houdetot a note expressive of the most tender friendship. The following is the letter he wrote to me when he returned the copy that I had sent him : —

EAUBONNE, 10*th October*, 1758.

Indeed, monsieur, I cannot accept the present you have just made me. At that part of your preface where, relative to Diderot, you quote a passage from Ecclesiastes [he mistakes; it is from Ecclesiasticus] the book dropped from my hand. In the conversations we had together last summer, you seemed to be persuaded that Diderot was not guilty of the pretended indiscretions you had imputed to him. You may, for aught I know to the contrary, have cause to complain of him, but surely this does not give you a right to insult him publicly. You are not unacquainted with the nature of the persecutions he suffers, and you join the voice of an old friend to that of envy. I cannot refrain from telling you, monsieur, how much this heinous act of yours has shocked me. I am not acquainted with Diderot, but I honor him, and I have a lively sense of the pain you give to a man whom, at least not in my hearing, you have never reproached with anything more than a trifling weakness. You and I, monsieur, differ too much in our principles ever to be agreeable to each other. Forget that I exist; this you may easily do. I have never done to men either good or evil of a nature to be long remembered. I promise, monsieur, to forget your person, and to remember nothing but your talents.

This letter filled me with indignation and affliction ; and in the excess of my pangs, feeling my pride wounded, I answered him by the following note : —

MONTMORENCY, 11*th October*, 1758.

MONSIEUR, — While reading your letter, I did you the honor to be surprised at it, and had the weakness to suffer it to affect me; but I find it unworthy of an answer.

I will no longer continue the copies for Madame d'Houdetot. If it be not agreeable to her to keep what she has, she may send it me back and I will return her money. If she keeps it, she must still send for the rest of her paper and the money; and at the same time I beg she will return me the prospectus which she has in her possession. Adieu, monsieur.

Courage under misfortune irritates the hearts of cowards, but it is pleasing to generous minds. This note seemed to

make Saint-Lambert reflect with himself and to regret his having been so violent; but too haughty in his turn to make open advances, he seized, and perhaps prepared, the opportunity of softening the effect of the blow that he had struck. A fortnight afterwards I received from Monsieur d'Épinay the following letter: —

*Thursday, 26th.*

Monsieur, — I have received the book you had the goodness to send me, and am reading it with much pleasure. I have always experienced the same sentiment in reading all the works which have come from your pen. Receive my thanks for the whole. I should have returned you these in person had my affairs permitted me to remain in your neighborhood; but this year I did not stay long at La Chevrette. Monsieur and Madame Dupin ask me to dine there next Sunday. I expect Monsieur de Saint-Lambert, Monsieur de Francueil, and Madame d'Houdetot will be of the party; you will do me much pleasure by making one also. All the persons who are to dine with me desire it, and will as well as myself be delighted to pass with you a part of the day. I have the honor to be, with the most perfect consideration, etc.

This letter made my heart beat violently; after having for a year past been the talk of Paris, the idea of presenting myself as a spectacle before Madame d'Houdetot made me tremble, and I had much difficulty in finding sufficient courage to support that trial. Yet, as she and Saint-Lambert were desirous of it, and D'Épinay spoke in the name of all the guests without naming one whom I should not be glad to see, I did not think, after all, that I should compromise myself by accepting a dinner to which I was in some degree invited by all who would be present. I therefore promised to go; on Sunday the weather was bad, Monsieur d'Épinay sent me his carriage, and I went.

My arrival caused a sensation; I never met a better reception; an observer would have thought the whole company felt how much I stood in need of encouragement. None but French hearts are susceptible of this kind of delicacy. However, I found more people than I had expected to see; amongst others the Comte d'Houdetot, whom I did not know, and his sister Madame de Blainville, whose absence would have pleased me as well. She had the year before come several times to Eaubonne, and her sister-in-law had left her in our solitary walks, to wait until she thought proper to suffer her to join us. She had harbored a resentment against me, which during this dinner

she gratified at her ease ; for one may guess that the presence of the Comte d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert did not give me the laugh on my side, and that a man embarrassed in the most common conversations was not brilliant in this one. I never suffered so much, appeared so awkward, or received more unexpected mortifications. As soon as we had risen from table, I withdrew from that horrid woman ; I had the pleasure of seeing Saint-Lambert and Madame d'Houdetot approach me, and we conversed together a part of the afternoon, upon things very indifferent, it is true, but with the same familiarity as before my involuntary error. This attention was not lost upon my heart ; and, could Saint-Lambert have read what passed there, he certainly would have been satisfied with it. I can safely assert that, although on my arrival the presence of Madame d'Houdetot gave me violent palpitations, on returning from the house I scarcely thought of her ; my mind was entirely taken up with Saint-Lambert.

Notwithstanding the pointed sarcasms of Madame de Blainville, this dinner was of great service to me, and I congratulated myself upon not having refused the invitation. I not only discovered that the intrigues of Grimm and the Holbachians had not deprived me of my old acquaintance, but — what flattered me still more — that the sentiments of Madame d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert were less changed than I had imagined ; and I at length understood that his keeping her at a distance from me proceeded more from jealousy than disesteem. This was a consolation to me, and calmed my mind. Certain of not being an object of contempt in the eyes of persons whom I esteemed, I wrought in reliance upon my own heart with greater courage and success. If I did not quite extinguish in it a guilty and unhappy passion, I at least so well regulated the remains of it that they have never since that moment led me into the most trifling error. The copying for Madame d'Houdetot, which she prevailed upon me to take up again, and my works, which I continued to send her as soon as they appeared, produced me from her now and then a few notes and messages, indifferent but obliging. She did still more, as will hereafter appear ; and the reciprocal conduct of all three, after our intercourse had ceased, may serve as an example of the manner in which persons of honor separate when association is no longer agreeable.

Another advantage that this dinner procured me was its being spoken of in Paris, where it served as a complete refuta-

tion of the rumor spread by my enemies that I had quarreled with every person who partook of it, and especially with Monsieur d'Épinay. When I left the Hermitage I had written him a very polite letter of thanks, to which he answered not less politely, and mutual civilities had continued, as well between us as with Monsieur de Lalive, his brother-in-law, who even came to see me at Montmorency, and sent me some of his engravings. Excepting the two sisters-in-law of Madame d'Houdetot, I have never been on bad terms with any person of the family.

My letter to D'Alembert had great success. All my works had been very well received, but this was more favorable to me. It taught the public to distrust the insinuations of the Coterie Holbachique. When I went to the Hermitage, this Coterie predicted, with its usual self-sufficiency, that I should not remain there three months. When it was found that I had stayed there twenty months, and, though obliged to leave it, still fixed my residence in the country, the Coterie insisted that this was pure obstinacy, and that I was weary to death of my retirement, but that, eaten up with pride, I chose rather to become a victim to my stubbornness than to acknowledge it and return to Paris. The letter to D'Alembert breathed a gentleness of mind which every one perceived not to be affected. Had I been dissatisfied with my retreat, my style and manner would have shown it. This latter tone reigned in all the works I had written at Paris; but in the first I wrote in the country no appearance of it was to be found. To persons who knew how to distinguish, this mark was decisive: they perceived that I was again in my element.

Yet this same work, notwithstanding all the mildness it breathed, made me, by a mistake of my own and my usual ill luck, another enemy amongst men of letters. I had become acquainted with Marmontel at the house of Monsieur de la Poplinière, and this acquaintance had been continued at that of the Baron. Marmontel at that time composed *Le Mercure de France*. As I had too much pride to send my works to the authors of periodical publications, and wishing to send him this without his imagining it was in consequence of that title or that I was desirous he should speak of it in *Le Mercure*, I wrote upon the book that it was not for the author of *Le Mercure*, but for Monsieur Marmontel. I thought I was paying him a fine compliment; he mistook it for a cruel offense, and became my

irreconcilable enemy. He wrote against this letter with politeness, but with a bitterness easily perceptible, and since that time has never lost an opportunity of injuring me in society, and of indirectly ill-treating me in his works. Such difficulty is there in managing the irritable self-love of men of letters, and so careful ought every person to be not to leave anything even slightly equivocal in the compliments they pay them.

## THE VARIOUS DELIGHTS AND PLEASURES OF THE BODILY SENSES, USEFUL FOR MENTAL RECREATION.

By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

[Emanuel Swedenborg: The Swedish philosopher; born in Stockholm, January 29, 1688; died in London, March 29, 1772. His father was the Bishop of Skara in West Gothland, and the son was reared in an atmosphere of piety. He was graduated with the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Upsala in 1709, and after traveling in Europe he was appointed by Charles II. extraordinary assessor in the college of mines, and was subsequently elevated to the equestrian order of the House of Nobles. Among his many published works are: "Opera Philosophica et Mineralia" (1734), "Prodromus de Infinito" (1734), "Economy of the Animal Kingdom" (1740), "The Animal Kingdom" (1745), "Arcana Cœlestia" (12 vols., 1749–1756), "Heaven and Hell" (1758), "The Intermediate World" (1758), "Divine Love and Wisdom" (1763), "The Four Doctrines" (1763), "The Divine Providence" (1764), "The Apocalypse Revealed" (1766), "Conjugal Love and its Chaste Delights" (1768), "The Doctrines of the New Church" (1769), "The Intercourse between the Soul and the Body" (1766), and "The True Christian Religion" (1771).]

Such diversions are, social intercourse, with conversations upon various public, private, and household affairs; and walks, with the sight of houses and palaces, and trees and flowers, in gardens, woods, and fields, — delightful for their various beauty and magnificence, — and of men and birds and flocks; and also spectacles of various kinds, representative of the moral virtues, and of events from which something of the Divine Providence appears. These, and similar things, are for the sense of sight. Then there are various musical harmonies and songs, which affect the mind according to their correspondences with affections; and in addition to these, there are decorous jestings, which exhilarate the mind. These, for the sense of hearing. And there are likewise social meals, feasts, and entertainments, and various accompanying pleasan-

tries. And games too, at home, played with dice, balls, and cards; and dances also, at weddings, and at festive gatherings. These and such things are useful diversions, for the recreation of the mind. And in addition to these there are various labors of the hands, which give motion to the body, and divert the mind from the works of its calling; and the reading also of interesting books, on historical and doctrinal subjects, which give delight, and of the news in newspapers.

These are diversions for every one who is in office or employment. They may therefore be called the diversions of offices or employments. But really they are diversions of the affections from which one engages in his employment. There is an affection in every employment, and it gives the spirit energy, and keeps the mind intent upon its work or study. This, if it be not relaxed, becomes dull, and its earnestness flags, — as salt that has lost its savor, so that it has no pungency or relish; or as a bended bow, which, unless it be unbent, loses the power that it derives from its elasticity. Just so the mind, kept from day to day in the same ideas, without variety. So the eyes, when they look only at one object, or continually upon one color. For, to look continually at a thing which is black, or continually at red or at white, destroys the sight. Thus, if one looks continually at the snow the sight is destroyed; but it is enlivened if he looks in succession or at the same time upon many colors. Every form delights by its varieties — as a garland of roses of different colors arranged in beautiful order. Hence it is that the rainbow is more charming than the light itself.

When the mind has been continually upon the stretch, at its work, it aspires to rest; and when it rests it descends into the body, and seeks there its pleasures, correspondent to its mental operations, — which the mind chooses, according to its interior state in the viscera of the body. The interior things of the body derive their pleasures chiefly from the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch, — delights which are in fact drawn from outward things, but yet insinuate themselves into the single parts of the body, which are called members and viscera. From hence and from no other source have they their delights and pleasures. The single fibers, and single tissues of fibers, the single capillary vessels, and thence the common vessels, and so all the viscera in common, derive their own delights; which a man then perceives,

not singly but universally, as one common sensation. But just as is the mind within them, from the head, such are the delights, — pure or impure, spiritual or natural, heavenly or infernal. For within, in every sensation of the body, is the love of his will, with its affections; and the understanding makes him to perceive their delights. For the love of the will, with its affections, constitutes the life of every sensation; and the perception thence of the understanding produces the sensation. Hence come all delights and pleasures. For the body is a concatenated work, and one form. Sensation communicates itself, like a force applied to a chain with its single links, and as a form which has flown together from uninterrupted series.

But as the ministries, functions, offices, and labors of every one keep the mind upon the stretch, and this is what is to be relaxed, revived, and restored by diversions, it may be seen that diversions vary according to the interior affection within them; and that they are one thing if the affection of charity is in them, another if there is in them an affection for honor, another if there is an affection only for gain, another if they perform their duties only for the sake of support, and the necessaries of life, another if only for a name, that they may be celebrated, or if only for the sake of emoluments, that they may grow rich, or that they may live generously, and so on.

If the affection of charity is in them, then all the above-mentioned diversions are for its recreation, — spectacles and plays, musical harmonies and songs, and all the beauties of fields and gardens, and social intercourse in general. The affection for use remains interiorly within them, which, while it is thus resting, is gradually renewed. A longing for one's work breaks or ends them; for the Lord flows into them from heaven and renews; and He also gives an interior sense of pleasure in them, which they who are not in the affection of charity know nothing of. He breathes into them as it were a fragrance or sweetness perceptible only to oneself. A fragrance, by which is meant a spiritual pleasantness; and sweetness, by which is meant spiritual delight. Pleasantness is predicated of wisdom, and of the perception of the understanding therefrom; and delight is predicated of love, and of the affection therefrom, of the will. They have not these who are not in the affection of charity, because the spiritual mind is closed; and in the degree that they depart from charity the spiritual mind, as to its voluntary part, is as if stuffed with a glutinous substance.

To those who have only an affection for honor, that is, who do the works of their calling merely for the sake of reputation, that they may be praised, and promoted, these diversions are similar, outwardly. They work, are vigilant in their occupation, and perform uses in abundance; not however from a love of use, but from the love of self; thus not from love to the neighbor, but from the love of glory. They may also feel a delight in the work of their calling; but it is an infernal delight. To their eyes it may counterfeit heavenly delight; for they are both alike outwardly. But their delight is full of what is undelightful; for they have no rest and peace of mind, except when they are thinking of fame and honor, and when they are being honored and adored. When they are not thinking of these things they rush into voluptuous pleasures, — into drunkenness, luxury, fornication, — into hatred, vindictiveness, and slander of the neighbor, if he does not do them honor. And if from time to time they are not raised to higher honors, they come to loathe their employments, and give themselves up to leisure and become idlers; and after their departure from the world they become demons.

To those who have only an affection for gain these are also diversions; but they are carnal, inspired within only by the delight of opulence. Such men are careful, prudent, industrious, — especially if they are merchants, or workmen. If in official position, they are vigilant in the duties which pertain to their offices, — and sell uses; if judges, they sell justice; if priests, they sell salvation. To them lucre is the neighbor. For the sake of office they love lucre, and they love the lucre derived from their office. They that are high in office may sell their country, and even betray their army and their fellow-citizens to the enemy. Whence it is evident what their love is in the diversions above mentioned. These are full of rapine; and in so far as they are not in fear of the civil laws, or public punishments, and, for the sake of gain, the loss of reputation, they rob and steal. Outwardly they are sincere; but inwardly insincere. They look upon men as a tiger or wolf upon sheep and lambs, which they devour if they can. They do not know that the good of use has any reality. There is an infernal delight and pleasure in their diversions. They are like asses, that see nothing pleasant in meadows and fields but what they eat, be it wheat or barley in the ear. But these things are said of the avaricious.

JOHN WESLEY PREACHING TO THE INDIANS

But to those who perform the duties of their calling only for the sake of support and the necessaries of life; and those who perform them only for a name, that they may be celebrated; and those who perform them only for the sake of the emoluments, to the end that they may grow rich or may live generously, the above-mentioned diversions are the only uses. They are corporeal and sensual men. Their spirits are unclean, — lusts and appetites. They do the works of their calling for the sake of the diversions. They are human beasts, — dead; and their duties are burdens to them. They seek substitutes to do the work of their office, while they retain the name and the salary. When not engaged in the above-named diversions, they are idlers and sloths; they lie in bed, thinking of nothing but how they may find companions to talk, eat, and drink with. They are a public burden. All such after death are shut up in workhouses, where they are under a judge administrator, who daily appoints them the work they are to do; and if they do not do it, no food, or clothing, or bed is given them; and this is continued until they are driven to do something useful.

## A LETTER TO A FRIEND CONCERNING TEA.

By JOHN WESLEY.

[John Wesley: The founder of Methodism; born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, June 17, 1703 (O.S.); died March 2, 1791. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, was ordained a deacon in 1725; became a Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, and was ordained a priest in 1728. In 1729 he became leader of the Holy Club at Oxford. In 1735 he joined General Oglethorpe's expedition to Georgia and remained there until 1738, associating much with the Moravians. After his return he devoted his life to evangelical work, preaching, it is said, more than 40,500 sermons. He published the following volumes: "Primitive Physic" (1747), "Explanatory Notes on the New Testament" (1755), "Doctrine of Original Sin" (1757), "Survey of the Wisdom of God in Creation" (1763), "Notes on the Old and New Testaments" (1764), "Preservative against Unsettled Notions in Religion" (1770), and "A Calm Address to Our American Colonies" (1775).]

Newington, *Dec.* 10, 1748.

Dear Sir, — I have read your letter with attention, and much approve of the spirit with which it is wrote. You speak in love. I desire to do so too, and then no harm can be done on either side. You appear not to be wedded to your own opinion, but open to farther conviction. I would willingly be of the same temper, not obstinately attached to either side of the question. I am clearly satisfied of the necessity of this, a

willingness to see what as yet I see not: for I know an unwillingness to be convinced would utterly blind either you or me; and that if we are *resolved* to retain our present opinion, reason and argument signify nothing — I shall not therefore, it is time or pains misemployed, but proceed to give the whole cause a second hearing; to recite the occasion of every step I have taken, and the motives inducing me so to do; and then to consider whatsoever either you or others have urged on the contrary side of the question.

Twenty-nine years since, when I spent a few months at Oxford, having, as I apprehended, an exceeding good constitution, and being otherwise in health, I was a little surprised at some symptoms of a paralytic disorder. I could not imagine what should occasion the shaking of my hand, till I observed it was always worst after breakfast, and that if I intermitted drinking tea for two or three days, it did not shake at all. Upon inquiry, I found tea had the same effect upon others also of my acquaintance; and therefore saw that this was one of its natural effects (as several physicians have often remarked), especially when it is largely and frequently drank; and most of all on persons of weak nerves. Upon this I lessened the quantity, drank it weaker, and added more milk and sugar: but still for above six and twenty years I was more or less subject to the same disorder. July was two years, I began to observe that abundance of the people in London with whom I conversed labored under the same, and many other paralytic disorders, and that in a much higher degree; insomuch that some of their nerves were quite unstrung, their bodily strength quite decayed, and they could not go through their daily labor. I inquired, "Are you not a hard drinker?" And was answered by one, and another, and another, "No, indeed, sir, not I; I drink scarce anything but a little tea, morning and night." I immediately remembered my own case; and after weighing the matter thoroughly, easily gathered from many concurring circumstances that it was the same case with them.

I considered, "What an advantage would it be to these poor enfeebled people if they would leave off what so manifestly impairs their health, and thereby hurts their business also! Is there nothing equally cheap which they could use? Yes, surely, and cheaper too. If they used English herbs in its stead (which would cost either nothing, or what is next to nothing), with the same bread, butter, and milk, they would save just the price of

the tea. And hereby they might not only lessen their pain, but in some degree their poverty too: for they would be able to work (as well as to save) considerably more than they can do now. And by this means, if they are in debt, they might be more just, paying away what they earned or saved. If they are not in debt, they might be more merciful, giving it away to them that want."

I considered farther, "What an advantage might this be, particularly in such a body of men as those are who are united together in these societies; who are both so numerous and so poor; how much might be saved in so numerous a body, even this single article of expense; and how greatly is all that can possibly be saved, in every article, wanted daily by those who have not even food convenient for them."

I soon perceived that this latter consideration was of a more general nature than the former; and that it affected many of those whom the other did not so immediately concern; seeing it was as needful for *all* to save needless expenses as for some to regain the health they had impaired: especially, considered as members of a society, the wants of which they could not be unapprised of. They knew, of those to whom they were so peculiarly united, some had not food to sustain nature; some were destitute of even necessary clothing; some had not where to lay their head. They knew, or might know, that the little contributions made weekly did in no wise suffice to remove these wants, being barely sufficient to relieve the sick; and even that in so scanty a manner that I know not if some of them have not with their allowance pined away, and at length died for want. If you and I have not saved all we could to relieve these, how shall we face them at the throne of God? I reflected, "If one only would save all that he could, in this single instance, he might surely feed or clothe one of his brethren, and perhaps save one life. What then might be done if ten thousand, or one thousand, or only five hundred, would do it?" Yea, if half that number should say, "I will compute this day what I have expended in tea, weekly or yearly: I will immediately enter on cheaper food; and whatever is saved hereby, I will put into the poorbox weekly, to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked;" I am mistaken if any among us need want either food or raiment from that hour.

I thought farther, "It is said, nay, many tell me to my face, I can persuade this people to anything: I will make a fair trial:

if I cannot persuade them, there may be some good effect. All who do not willfully shut their eyes will see that I have no such influence as they supposed. If I can persuade any number, many who are now weak or sick will be restored to health or strength; many will pay those debts which others, perhaps equally poor, can but ill afford to lose; many will be less straitened in their own families; many, by helping their neighbor, will lay up for themselves treasures in heaven."

Immediately it struck into my mind, "But example must go before precept; therefore I must not plead an exemption for myself, from a daily practice of twenty-seven years: I must begin." I did so. I left it off in August, 1746. And I have now had sufficient time to try the effects, which have fully answered my expectation: my paralytic complaints are all gone; my hand is steady as it was at fifteen, although I must expect that or other weaknesses soon, as I decline into the vale of years: and so considerable a difference do I find in my expense, that I can make it appear, from the accounts now in being, in only those four families at London, Bristol, Kingswood, and Newcastle, I save upwards of fifty pounds a year.

The first to whom I explained these things at large, and whom I advised to set the same example to their brethren, were a few of those who rejoice to assist my brother and me, as our sons in the gospel. A week after, I proposed it to about forty of those whom I believed to be strong in faith; and the next morning to about sixty more, entreating them all to speak their minds freely. They did so; and in the end saw the good which might ensue; yielded to the force of Scripture and reason; and resolved all (but two or three) by the grace of God to make the trial without delay. In a short time I proposed it, but with all tenderness I could, first to the body of those who are supposed to have living faith, and after staying a few days, that I might judge the better how to speak to the whole society, it soon appeared (as I doubted not but it would) how far these were from *calling me rabbi;* from implicitly submitting to my judgment, or implicitly following my example. Objections rose in abundance from all sides. These I now proceed to consider; whether they are advanced by you or by others, and whether pointed at the premises, or directly at the conclusion.

Some objected, "Tea is not unwholesome at all; nor in any kind prejudicial to health."

To these I reply, first, you should not be sure of this.

Even that casual circumstance related in Dr. Short's history of it might incline you to doubt, viz. that "While the Chinese dry the leaves, and turn it with their hands upon the tin plates, the moisture of them is so exceedingly corrosive that it eats into the flesh, if not wiped off immediately." It is not probable, then, that what remains in the leaves is quite friendly to the human body.

Secondly, many eminent physicians have declared their judgment that it is prejudicial in several respects; that it gives rise to numberless disorders, particularly those of the nervous kind: and that, if frequently used by those of weak nerves, it is no other than a slow poison.

Thirdly, if all physicians were silent in the case, yet plain fact is against you; and this speaks loud enough. It *was* prejudicial to *my* health; it *is* so to many, to many at this day. "But it is not to *me*," says the objector; "why then should I leave it off?"

I answer, first, to give an example to those to whom it is undeniably prejudicial. Secondly, that you may have the more wherewith to give bread to the hungry, and raiment to the naked.

"But I cannot leave it off; for it helps my health; nothing else will agree with me." I answer, first, will *nothing* else agree with *you?* I know not how to believe that. I suppose your body is much of the same kind with that of your great-grandmother. And do you think nothing else agreed with her? Or with any of her progenitors? What poor, puling, sickly things must all the English, then, have been, till within these hundred years! But you know they were not so. Other things agreed with them, and why not with you? Secondly, if in fact nothing else will, if tea has already weakened your stomach, and impaired your digestion to such a degree, it has hurt *you* more than you are aware; it has prejudiced *your* health extremely. *You* have need to abhor it as deadly poison, and to renounce it from this very hour. So says a drinker of drams, "Nothing else will agree with me; nothing else will raise my spirits; I can digest nothing without." Indeed! is it so? Then touch no more if you love your life. Thirdly, suppose nothing else agrees with you at first; yea, in a while many things will. When I first left off tea, I was half asleep all day long; my head ached from morning to night. I could not remember a question asked, even till I could return an

answer; but in a week's time all these inconveniences were gone, and have never returned since Fourthly, I have not found one single exception yet; not one person in all England, with whom, after sufficient trial made, *nothing else* would agree.

It is therefore worth while for *you* to try again, if you have any true regard for your own health, or any compassion for those who are perishing all around you, for want of the common necessaries of life. If you are sincere in this plea, if you do not *talk* of your health, while the real objection is your inclination, make a fair trial thus: take half a pint of milk every morning, with a little bread, not boiled, but warmed only (a man in tolerable health might double the quantity); if this is too heavy, add as much water, and boil it together with a spoonful of oatmeal: if this agrees not, try half a pint, or a little more of water gruel, neither thick nor thin, not sweetened (for that may be apt to make him sick), but with a very little butter, salt, and bread. If this disagrees, try sage, green balm, mint, or pennyroyal tea, infusing only so much of the herb as just to change the color of the water. Try two or three of these mixed, in various proportions; try ten or twelve other English herbs; try *foltorn*, a mixture of herbs to be had at many grocers', far healthier as well as cheaper than tea; try cocoa. If after having tried each of these for a week or ten days, you find none of these agree with your constitution, then use (weak green) tea again; but at the same time know that your having used it so long has brought you near the chambers of death.

"I do not know," says another, "but tea may hurt me, but there is nothing saved by leaving it off; for I am sure other things cost full as much." I pray what other things? sack and sugar costs more, and so do ragouts, or pheasants, or ortolans; but what is this to the point? We do not say *all* things are cheaper, but any of the things above mentioned are; at least if prudently managed. Therefore, if you really desire to save what you can, you will drink tea no more.

"Well, I do not design to buy any more myself; but where others drink it, there is nothing saved by my abstaining." I answer, first, yes, something is saved, though but little; especially if you tell them before, "I shall not drink tea;" and many a little, you know, put together, will make a great sum. Secondly, if the whole saved were ever so little, if it were but two mites, when you save this for God and your brethren's

sake, it is much. Thirdly, your example in saving a little now may occasion the saving of more by and by. Fourthly, it is not a little advantage which you may reap even now to your own soul, by habituating yourself not to be ashamed of being singular in a good thing; by taking up your cross and denying yourself, even in so small an instance, and by accustoming yourself to act on rational grounds, whether in a little matter or a great.

"But what is saved will be no better employed;" do you say this with regard to yourself or others? If with regard to yourself, it will be *your* fault, if you do not employ it better. I do not say you *will*, but I am sure you *may;* and if you *do* not, it is your own sin and your own shame. If with regard to others, how do you know that it will not be employed better? I trust it will. It cannot be denied that it often has, and that it always *may* be; and it is highly probable all who save anything from the best motive will lay it out to the best purpose: as to example, you say, "I have lately been without hopes of doing any good by it," I suppose you mean, because so few will follow either your example or mine; I am sorry for it.

This only gives me a fresh objection to this unwholesome, expensive food, viz. That it has too much hold on the hearts of them that use it; that (to use a scriptural phrase) they are *under the power* of this trifle. If it be so, were there no other reason than this, they ought to throw it away at once; else they no more regard St. Paul than they do you or me: for his rule is home to the point. *All things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.* Away with it, then, however lawful (that is, though it were wholesome as well as cheap), if you are already brought *under the power of* it; and the fewer they are who follow this rule, the greater reason there is that you should add one example more to those few; though blessed be God they are not so few as you suppose. I have met with very many in London who use less of it than they had done for many years; and above an hundred who have plucked out the right eye, and cast it from them, who wholly abstain from it.

You add, but I am "equally, yea abundantly more concerned to set an example in all Christian behavior;" I grant it. this therefore *ought you to have done*, and *not to leave the other undone*. But "one day (you add) I saw your brother drink tea, which he said was for fear of giving offense." I answer, first, learn from hence to follow neither his nor my practice

implicitly; but weigh the reason of each, and then follow reason wheresoever it stands. But, secondly, examine your heart; and beware inclination does not put on the shape of reason. Thirdly, you see with your own eyes I do not drink it all, and yet I seldom give offense thereby. It is not then the bare obtaining, but the manner of doing it which usually gives the offense. Fourthly, there is therefore a *manner* wherein you may do it too, and yet give no more offense than I; for instance, if any ask you, simply reply, "I do not drink tea, I never use it." If they say, "Why, you *did* drink it?" answer, "I did so; but I have left it off a considerable time." Those who have either good nature or good manners will say no more; but if any should impertinently add, "O, but why did you leave it off?" answer mildly, "Because I thought water gruel (suppose) was wholesomer, as well as cheaper." If they (with still greater ill manners and impertinences) go on, "What! you do it because Mr. Wesley bids you?" reply calmly, "True; I do it because Mr. Wesley on good reasons advises me so to do." If they add the trite and cant phrase, "What, you *follow man!*" reply, without any emotion, "Yes; I follow any man, you, or him, or any other, who gives me good reasons for so doing." If they persist in caviling, close the whole matter with, "I never drink it, nor dispute about it." If you proceed in this manner with mildness and love, exceeding few will be offended.

"But you ought, say some, to give up an indifferent thing, rather than give an offense to any:" so St. Paul, *I will eat no flesh whilst the world stand, lest I make my brother to offend.* I reply, this is not an indifferent thing if it affects the health either of myself or my brethren; therefore that rule relating to things wholly indifferent is not applicable to this case. Would St. Paul have said, I will drink drams while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend? "But tea is not so hurtful as drams;" I do not believe it is; but it is hurtful, and that is enough; the question does not turn on the *degree* of hurtfulness.

"However, it is but a *small* thing." Nay, nothing is small if it touches conscience; much less is it a small thing to preserve my own or my brother's health, or to be a faithful steward even of the mammon of unrighteousness. O, think it not a small thing whether only one for whom Christ died be fed or hungry, clothed or naked.

To conclude the head of offense, you must at least allow

that all this is no plea at all for your drinking tea at home: "yes, it is; for my husband or parents are offended if I do not drink it." I answer, first, perhaps this, in some rare cases, may be a sufficient reason why a wife or a child should use this food, that is, with them, but nowhere else. But, secondly, try, and not once or twice only, if you can't overcome that offense by reason, softness, love, patience, long-suffering, joined with constant and fervent prayer.

Your next objection is, "I can't bear to give trouble; therefore I drink whatever others drink where I come, else there is so much hurry about insignificant me." I answer, first, this is no plea at all for your drinking tea at home; therefore touch it not there whatever you do abroad. Secondly, where is the trouble given even when you are abroad, if they drink tea, and you fill your cup with milk and water? Thirdly, whatever trouble is taken is not for "insignificant *me*," but for that poor man who is half starved with cold and hunger: for that miserable woman who, while she is poisoning herself, wipes her mouth, and says she does no evil, but will not believe the poison will hurt her, because it does not (sensibly at least) hurt you. O, throw it away! let her have one plea less for destroying her body (if not her soul) before the time!

You object farther, "It is my desire to be unknown for any particularity, unless a peculiar love to the souls of those who are present," and I hope to the souls of the absent too; yea, and to their bodies also in a due proportion, that they may be healthy and fed and clothed and warm, and may praise God for the consolation. You subjoin, "When I had left it off for some months, I was continually puzzled with, why, what, etc., and I have seen no good effects, but impertinent questions and answers, and unedifying conversation about eating and drinking."

I answer, first, those who were so uneasy about it plainly showed that you touched the apple of their eye: consequently these, of all others, ought to leave it off; for they are evidently *brought under the power of it.* Secondly, those impertinent questions might have been cut short by a very little steadiness and common sense. You need only have taken the method mentioned above, and they would have dropped in the midst. Thirdly, it is not strange you saw no good effects of leaving it off, where it was not left off at all; but you saw very bad effects of not leaving it off, viz. the adding sin to sin; the

joining much unedifying conversation to wasteful, unhealthy self-indulgence. Fourthly, you need not go far to see many good effects of leaving it off; you may see them in me. I have recovered thereby that healthy state of the whole nervous system which I had in a great degree lost, for considerably more than twenty years. I have been enabled hereby to assist, in one year, above fifty poor with food or raiment, whom I must otherwise have left (for I had before begged for them all I could) as hungry and as naked as I found them. You may see the good effects in above thirty people just now before you, who have been restored to health, through the medicine bought by that money, which a single person has saved in this article; and a thousand more good effects you will not fail to see, when her example is more generally followed.

Neither is there any need that conversation should be unedifying, even when it turns upon eating and drinking; nay, from such a conversation, if duly improved, numberless good effects may flow: for how few understand, *whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God?* And how glad ought you to be of a fair occasion to observe that though the kingdom of God does not consist in meats and drinks, yet, without an exact temperance in these, we cannot have either *righteousness, or peace, or joy*, in the Holy Ghost! it may therefore have a very happy effect if, whenever people introduce the subject, you directly close in, and push it home, that they may understand a little more of this important truth.

But "I find at present very little desire to change either my thoughts or practice." Shall I speak plain? I fear, by not standing your ground, by easiness, cowardice, and false shame, you have grieved the spirit of God, and thereby lost your conviction and desire at once. Yet you add, "I advise every one to leave off tea, if it hurts their health, or is inconsistent with frugality, as I advise every one to avoid dainties in meat, and vanity in dress, from the same principle." Enough, enough! let this only be well pursued, and it will secure all that I contend for. I advise no persons living to leave it off, if it does not hurt the health either of them or their brethren: and if it is not inconsistent with Christian frugality, of cutting off *every* needless expense.

But "to be subject to the consequences of leaving it off again, this I cannot bear!" I answer, first, it may be so, you cannot easily bear it; for, by your giving up the point once,

## Manuscript of Rev. John Wesley.

Letter to Samuel [Bradburn], expressing his strong opinion that the Methodists ought not to leave the Church of England, etc. Birmingham, 25 March, 1783.

Other letters of Wesley addressed to Bradburn, the Methodist preacher, in similarly familiar terms, are printed in T. W. Blanshard's "Life of Samuel Bradburn," 1871. Samuel Wesley, elder brother of John and Charles, died in 1739.

Birmingham,
March 25, 1783.

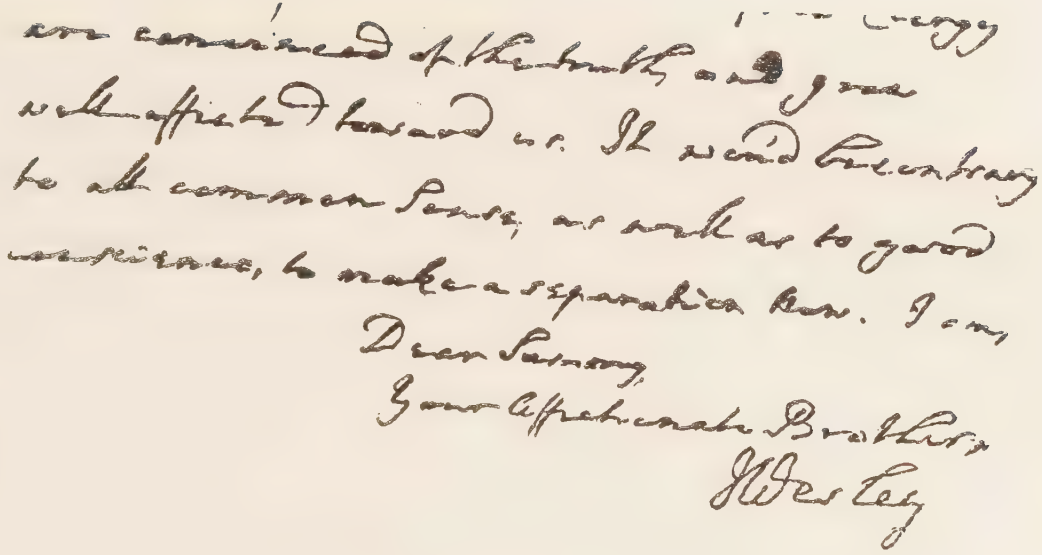
Dear Samuel,—You send me good news concerning the progress of the work of God in Cone Circuit. I should think brothers Jackson and Sagar might suit the heads of the people at (Bacupnight ?) Brother Jackson should advise brother (Riddal ?) not to please the Devil by preaching himself to death. I still think when the Methodists leave the Church of England, God will leave Them. Every year more and more of the Clergy are convinced of the truth and are well affected towards us. It would be contrary to all common sense, as well as to good convenience to make a separation now. I am,

Dear Samuel,
Your affectionate Brother,
J. WESLEY.

Birmingham
March 25. 1763

Dear Sammy,

You send me good News, concerning the progress of the Work of God in the Circuit I should think Bro: Jackson or Sagar might steal the heads of the people at Bacup right Bro: Jackson should advise Bro: Rhodes Not to prevent the Devil by preaching himself to death. While Work, when the Methodists leave the Church of England, God will leave them Every yeare more and more dark. PP



REV. JOHN WESLEY, 1783.

BRIT. MUS. ADD. MS. 27,457, f. 6.

you have made it much harder to stand your ground now than it was at first. Yet still it is worth all your courage and labor; since the reasons for it are as strong as at the beginning. Secondly, as to the consequences you fear, they are shadowy all; they are a mere lion in the street. "Much trouble to others;" absolutely none at all, if you take the teakettle and fill your cup with water. "Much foolish discourse;" take the preceding advice, and it will be just the reverse.

"Nothing helpful toward the renewal of my soul in the image of Jesus Christ." What a deep mistake is this! Is it not helpful to speak closely of the nature of his inward kingdom? To encourage one another in casting off every weight, in removing every hindrance of it; to inure ourselves to conduct even our minutest actions by the greatest rules of reason and religion; is it "not of any importance" to do this? I think it is of vast importance: however, "it is a very small circumstance in self-denial." It is well if you find it so, I am sure I did not; and I believe the case is the same with many others at this day.

But you say, "I have so many other assaults of self-indulgence, that this is nothing." "It is nothing," said one to a young woman, "to fast once or twice a week, to deny yourself a little food. Why do not you deny yourself as to anger and fretfulness, as to peevishness and discontent?" She replied, "That I want; so I deny myself in little things first, till I am able to do it in greater." Neither you nor I can mend her reply; go thou and do likewise.

I have done what I proposed, and indeed in many more words than I at first intended: I have told you the occasions of every step I have taken, and the motives inducing me thereto; and have considered what either you or others have urged on the contrary side of the question; and now the advice I would give you upon the whole is this: first, pray earnestly to God for clear light, for a full, piercing, and steady conviction that this is a more excellent way. Pray for a spirit of universal self-denial, of cheerful temperance, of wise frugality, for bowels of mercies, for a kind compassionate spirit, tenderly sensible of the various wants of your brethren; and for firmness of mind, even courage, without fear, anger, or shame: then you will once more, with all readiness of heart, make this little (or great) sacrifice to God; and withal, present your soul and body a living sacrifice acceptable unto God through Jesus Christ.

# ACCOUNT OF ALL THAT PASSED ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 27, 1757.[1]

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(From "The Master of Ballantrae.")

[Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson, cosmopolitan novelist, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. Intended for an engineer, and then studying law and called to the bar, he became a traveler and story-teller, settling in Samoa in 1889 and dying there December 3, 1894. He was warmly interested in, and greatly beloved by, the Samoan natives, and "A Footnote to History" is an account of an episode in the foreign handling of their politics. His novels, stories, travel sketches, and poems all contribute to a high literary fame, as instance "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," "The New Arabian Nights," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "A Child's Garden of Verse," "Prince Otto," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Catriona" (the same as "David Balfour"), and the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston," besides the "Life of Fleeming Jenkin," and others.]

On the evening of February 26, the master went abroad; he was abroad a great deal of the next day also, that fatal 27th; but where he went or what he did, we never concerned ourselves to ask until next day. If we had done so, and by any chance found out, it might have changed all. But as all we did was done in ignorance, and should be so judged, I shall so narrate these passages as they appeared to us in the moment of their birth, and reserve all that I since discovered for the time of its discovery. For I have now come to one of the dark parts of my narrative, and must engage the reader's indulgence for my patron.

All the 27th, that rigorous weather endured: a stifling cold; the folk passing about like smoking chimneys; the wide hearth in the hall piled high with fuel; some of the spring birds that had already blundered north into our neighborhood besieging the windows of the house or trotting on the frozen turf like things distracted. About noon there came a blink of sunshine, showing a very pretty, wintery, frosty landscape of white hills and woods, with Crail's lugger waiting for a wind under the Craig Head, and the smoke mounting straight into the air from every farm and cottage. With the coming of night the haze closed in overhead; it fell dark and still and starless and exceeding cold: a night the most unseasonable, fit for strange events.

Mrs. Henry withdrew, as was now her custom, very early. We had set ourselves of late to pass the evening with a game

[1] By permission of the Executors and Cassell & Co., Ltd. (Popular edition, price 3s. 6d.)

of cards, — another mark that our visitor was wearying mightily of the life at Durrisdeer; and we had not been long at this, when my old lord slipped from his place beside the fire, and was off without a word to seek the warmth of bed. The three thus left together had neither love nor courtesy to share; not one of us would have sat up one instant to oblige another; yet from the influence of custom and as the cards had just been dealt, we continued the form of playing out the round. I should say we were late sitters; and though my lord had departed earlier than was his custom, twelve was already gone some time upon the clock, and the servants long ago in bed. Another thing I should say, that although I never saw the master any way affected with liquor, he had been drinking freely and was perhaps (although he showed it not) a trifle heated.

Anyway, he now practiced one of his transitions; and so soon as the door closed behind my lord, and without the smallest change of voice, shifted from ordinary civil talk into a stream of insult.

"My dear Henry, it is yours to play," he had been saying, and now continued: "It is a very strange thing how, even in so small a matter as a game of cards, you display your rusticity. You play, Jacob, like a bonnet laird, or a sailor in a tavern. The same dullness, the same petty greed, *cette lenteur d'hébété qui me fait rager;* it is strange I should have such a brother. Even Squaretoes has a certain vivacity when his stake is imperiled; but the dreariness of a game with you, I positively lack language to depict."

Mr. Henry continued to look at his cards, as though very maturely considering some play; but his mind was elsewhere.

"Dear God, will this never be done?" cries the master. "*Quel lourdeau!* But why do I trouble you with French expressions, which are lost on such an ignoramus? A *lourdeau*, my dear brother, is as we might say a bumpkin, a clown, a clodpole: a fellow without grace, lightness, quickness, any gift of pleasing, any natural brilliancy: such a one as you shall see, when you desire, by looking in the mirror. I tell you these things for your good, I assure you; and besides, Squaretoes" (looking at me and stifling a yawn), "it is one of my diversions in this very dreary spot, to toast you and your master at the fire like chestnuts. I have great pleasure in your case, for I observe the nickname (rustic as it is) has always the power to

make you writhe. But sometimes I have more trouble with this dear fellow here, who seems to have gone to sleep upon his cards. Do you not see the applicability of the epithet I have just explained, dear Henry? Let me show you. For instance, with all those solid qualities which I delight to recognize in you, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me — nor, I think," he continued, with the most silken deliberation, "I think — who did not continue to prefer me."

Mr. Henry laid down his cards. He rose to his feet very softly, and seemed all the while like a person in deep thought. "You coward!" he said gently, as if to himself. And then, with neither hurry nor any particular violence, he struck the master in the mouth.

The master sprung to his feet like one transfigured. I had never seen the man so beautiful. "A blow!" he cried. "I would not take a blow from God Almighty."

"Lower your voice," said Mr. Henry. "Do you wish my father to interfere for you again?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," I cried, and sought to come between them.

The master caught me by the shoulder, held me at arm's length, and still addressing his brother: "Do you know what this means?" said he.

"It was the most deliberate act of my life," says Mr. Henry.

"I must have blood, I must have blood for this," says the master.

"Please God it shall be yours," said Mr. Henry; and he went to the wall and took down a pair of swords that hung there with others, naked. These he presented to the master by the points. "Mackellar shall see us play fair," said Mr. Henry. "I think it very needful."

"You need insult me no more," said the master, taking one of the swords at random. "I have hated you all my life."

"My father is but newly gone to bed," said Mr. Henry. "We must go somewhere forth of the house."

"There is an excellent place in the long shrubbery," said the master.

"Gentlemen," said I, "shame upon you both! Sons of the same mother, would you turn against the life she gave you?"

"Even so, Mackellar," said Mr. Henry, with the same perfect quietude of manner he had shown throughout.

"It is what I will prevent," said I.

And now here is a blot upon my life. At these words of mine the master turned his blade against my bosom; I saw the light run along the steel; and I threw up my arms and fell to my knees before him on the floor. "No, no," I cried, like a baby.

"We shall have no more trouble with him," said the master. "It is a good thing to have a coward in the house."

"We must have light," said Mr. Henry, as though there had been no interruption.

"This trembler can bring a pair of candles," said the master.

To my shame be it said, I was so blinded with the flashing of that bare sword that I volunteered to bring a lantern.

"We do not need a l-l-lantern," said the master, mocking me. "There is no breath of air. Come, get to your feet, take a pair of lights, and go before. I am close behind with this ——" making the blade glitter as he spoke.

I took up the candlesticks and went before them, steps that I would give my hand to recall; but a coward is a slave at the best; and even as I went, my teeth smote each other in my mouth. It was as he had said, there was no breath stirring: a windless stricture of frost had bound the air; and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was like a roof over our heads. Never a word was said, there was never a sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water; I shook as I went with more than terror; but my companions, bareheaded like myself, and fresh from the warm hall, appeared not even conscious of the change.

"Here is the place," said the master. "Set down the candles."

I did as he bade me, and presently the flames went up as steady as in a chamber in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places.

"The light is something in my eyes," said the master.

"I will give you every advantage," replied Mr. Henry, shifting his ground, "for I think you are about to die." He spoke rather sadly than otherwise, yet there was a ring in his voice.

"Henry Durie," said the master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil; you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword! And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my situation! If you fall,

I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. If I fall, where are you? My father, your wife who is in love with me — as you very well know — your child even who prefers me to yourself: how will these avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?" He looked at his brother with a smile; then made a fencing-room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but saluted too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play, but my head besides was gone with cold and fear and horror; but it seems that Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and glowing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man, till, of a sudden, the master leaped back with a little sobbing oath; and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the master beyond doubt with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it, my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practice not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move, the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran in; but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

"Look at his left hand," said Mr. Henry.

"It is all bloody," said I.

"On the inside?" said he.

"It is cut on the inside," said I.

"I thought so," said he, and turned his back.

I opened the man's clothes; the heart was quite still, it gave not a flutter.

"God forgive us, Mr. Henry!" said I. "He is dead."

"Dead?" he repeated, a little stupidly; and then with a rising tone, "Dead? dead?" says he, and suddenly cast his bloody sword upon the ground.

"What must we do?" said I. "Be yourself, sir. It is too late now: you must be yourself."

He turned and stared at me. "Oh, Mackellar!" says he, and put his face in his hands.

I plucked him by the coat. "For God's sake, for all our sakes, be more courageous!" said I. "What must we do?"

He showed me his face with the same stupid stare. "Do?" says he. And with that his eye fell on the body, and "oh!" he cries out, with his hand to his brow, as if he had never remembered; and turning from me, made off toward the house of Durrisdeer at a strange stumbling run.

I stood a moment mused; then it seemed to me my duty lay most plain on the side of the living; and I ran after him, leaving the candles on the frosty ground and the body lying in their light under the trees. But run as I pleased, he had the start of me, and was got into the house, and up to the hall, where I found him standing before the fire with his face once more in his hands, and as he so stood, he visibly shuddered.

"Mr. Henry, Mr. Henry," I said, "this will be the ruin of us all."

"What is this that I have done?" cries he; and then, looking upon me with a countenance that I shall never forget, "Who is to tell the old man?" he said.

The word knocked at my heart; but it was no time for weakness. I went and poured him out a glass of brandy. "Drink that," said I, "drink it down." I forced him to swallow it like a child; and, being still perished with the cold of the night, I followed his example.

"It has to be told, Mackellar," said he. "It must be told." And he fell suddenly in a seat — my old lord's seat by the chimney side — and was shaken with dry sobs.

Dismay came upon my soul; it was plain there was no help in Mr. Henry. "Well," said I, "sit there, and leave all to me." And taking a candle in my hand, I set forth out of the room in the dark house. There was no movement; I must suppose that all had gone unobserved; and I was now to consider how to smuggle through the rest with the like secrecy. It was no hour for scruples; and I opened my lady's door without so much as a knock, and passed boldly in.

"There is some calamity happened," she cried, sitting up in bed.

"Madame," said I, "I will go forth again into the passage; and do you get as quickly as you can into your clothes. There is much to be done."

She troubled me with no questions, nor did she keep me waiting. Ere I had time to prepare a word of that which I must say to her, she was on the threshold signing me to enter.

"Madame," said I, "if you cannot be very brave, I must go elsewhere; for if no one helps me to-night, there is an end of the house of Durrisdeer."

"I am very courageous," said she; and she looked at me with a sort of smile, very painful to see, but very brave too.

"It has come to a duel," said I.

"A duel?" she repeated. "A duel! Henry and ——"

"And the master," said I. "Things have been borne so long, things of which you know nothing, which you would not believe if I should tell. But to-night it went too far, and when he insulted you ——"

"Stop," said she. "He? Who?"

"Oh, madame!" cried I, my bitterness breaking forth, "do you ask me such a question? Indeed, then, I may go elsewhere for help; there is none here!"

"I do not know in what I have offended you," said she. "Forgive me; put me out of this suspense."

But I dared not tell her yet; I felt not sure of her; and at the doubt and under the sense of impotence it brought with it, I turned on the poor woman with something near to anger.

"Madame," said I, "we are speaking of two men; one of them insulted you, and you ask me which. I will help you to the answer. With one of these men you have spent all your hours; has the other reproached you? To one, you have been always kind; to the other, as God sees me and judges between us two, I think not always; has his love ever failed you? To-night one of these two men told the other, in my hearing, — the hearing of a hired stranger, — that you were in love with him. Before I say one word, you shall answer your own question: Which was it? Nay, madame, you shall answer me another: If it has come to this dreadful end, whose fault is it?"

She stared at me like one dazzled. "Good God!" she said once, in a kind of bursting exclamation; and then a second time, in a whisper to herself, "Great God! In the name of mercy, Mackellar, what is wrong?" she cried. "I am made up; I can hear all."

"You are not fit to hear," said I. "Whatever it was, you shall say first it was your fault."

"Oh!" she cried, with a gesture of wringing her hands,

"this man will drive me mad! Can you not put *me* out of your thoughts?"

"I think not once of you," I cried. "I think of none but my dear unhappy master."

"Ah!" she cried, with her hand to her heart, "is Henry dead?"

"Lower your voice," said I. "The other."

I saw her sway like something stricken by the wind, and, I know not whether in cowardice or misery, turned aside and looked upon the floor. "These are dreadful tidings," said I, at length, when her silence began to put me in some fear; "and you and I behoove to be the more bold if the house is to be saved." Still she answered nothing. "There is Miss Katharine besides," I added; "unless we bring this matter through, her inheritance is like to be of shame."

I do not know if it was the thought of her child or the naked word "shame" that gave her deliverance; at least I had no sooner spoken than a sound passed her lips, the like of it I never heard; it was as though she had lain buried under a hill and sought to move that burden. And the next moment she had found a sort of voice.

"It was a fight," she whispered. "It was not ——" and she paused upon the word.

"It was a fair fight on my dear master's part," said I. "As for the other, he was slain in the very act of a foul stroke."

"Not now!" she cried.

"Madame," said I, "hatred of that man glows in my bosom like a burning fire; ay, even now he is dead. God knows, I would have stopped the fighting, had I dared. It is my shame I did not. But when I saw him fall, if I could have spared one thought from pitying of my master, it had been to exult in that deliverance."

I do not know if she marked; but her next words were: "My lord?"

"That shall be my part," said I.

"You will not speak to him as you have to me?" she asked.

"Madame," said I, "have you not some one else to think of? Leave my lord to me."

"Some one else?" she repeated.

"Your husband," said I. She looked at me with a countenance illegible. "Are you going to turn your back on him?" I asked.

Still she looked at me; then her hand went to her heart again. "No," said she.

"God bless you for that word!" I said. "Go to him now where he sits in the hall; speak to him — it matters not what you say; give him your hand; say, 'I know all;' if God gives you grace enough, say, 'Forgive me.'"

"God strengthen you, and make you merciful," said she. "I will go to my husband."

"Let me light you there," said I, taking up the candle.

"I will find my way in the dark," she said, with a shudder, and I think the shudder was at me.

So we separated, she downstairs to where a little light glimmered in the hall door, I along the passage to my lord's room. It seems hard to say why, but I could not burst in on the old man as I could on the young woman; with whatever reluctance, I must knock. But his old slumbers were light, or perhaps he slept not; and at the first summons I was bidden enter.

He too sat up in bed; very aged and bloodless he looked; and whereas he had a certain largeness of appearance when dressed for daylight, he now seemed frail and little, and his face (the wig being laid aside) not bigger than a child's. This daunted me; nor less, the haggard surmise of misfortune in his eye. Yet his voice was even peaceful as he inquired my errand. I set my candle down upon a chair, leaned on the bed foot, and looked at him.

"Lord Durrisdeer," said I, "it is very well known to you that I am a partisan in your family."

"I hope we are none of us partisans," said he. "That you love my son sincerely, I have always been glad to recognize."

"Oh, my lord, we are past the hour of these civilities," I replied. "If we are to save anything out of the fire, we must look the fact in its bare countenance. A partisan I am; partisans we have all been; it is as a partisan that I am here in the middle of the night to plead before you. Hear me; before I go, I will tell you why."

"I would always hear you, Mr. Mackellar," said he, "and that at any hour, whether of the day or night, for I would be always sure you had a reason. You spoke once before to very proper purpose; I have not forgotten that."

"I am here to plead the cause of my master," I said. "I need not tell you how he acts. You know how he is placed.

You know with what generosity he has always met your other — met your wishes," I corrected myself, stumbling at that name of son. "You know — you must know — what he has suffered — what he has suffered about his wife."

"Mr. Mackellar!" cried my lord, rising in bed like a bearded lion.

"You said you would hear me," I continued. "What you do not know, what you should know, one of the things I am here to speak of — is the persecution he must bear in private. Your back is not turned, before one whom I dare not name to you falls upon him with the most unfeeling taunts; twits him — pardon me, my lord! — twits him with your partiality, calls him Jacob, calls him clown, pursues him with ungenerous raillery, not to be borne by man. And let but one of you appear, instantly he changes; and my master must smile and courtesy to the man who has been feeding him with insults; I know — for I have shared in some of it, and I tell you the life is insupportable. All these months it has endured; it began with the man's landing; it was by the name of Jacob that my master was greeted the first night."

My lord made a movement as if to throw aside the clothes and rise. "If there be any truth in this ——" said he.

"Do I look like a man lying?" I interrupted, checking him with my hand.

"You should have told me at first," he said.

"Ah, my lord, indeed I should, and you may well hate the face of this unfaithful servant!" I cried.

"I will take order," said he, "at once." And again made the movement to rise.

Again I checked him. "I have not done," said I. "Would God I had! All this my dear, unfortunate patron has endured without help or countenance. Your own best word, my lord, was only gratitude. Oh, but he was your son, too! He had no other father. He was hated in the country, God knows how unjustly. He had a loveless marriage. He stood on all hands without affection or support, dear, generous, ill-fated, noble heart."

"Your tears do you much honor and me much shame," says my lord, with a palsied trembling. "But you do me some injustice. Henry has been ever dear to me, very dear. James (I do not deny it, Mr. Mackellar), James is perhaps dearer; you have not seen my James in quite a favorable

light; he has suffered under his misfortunes; and we can only remember how great and how unmerited these were. And even now his is the more affectionate nature. But I will not speak of him. All that you say of Henry is most true; I do not wonder, I know him to be very magnanimous; you will say I trade upon the knowledge? It is possible; there are dangerous virtues; virtues that tempt the encroacher. Mr. Mackellar, I will make it up to him; I will take order with all this. I have been weak; and what is worse, I have been dull."

"I must not hear you blame yourself, my lord, with that which I have yet to tell upon my conscience," I replied. "You have not been weak; you have been abused by a devilish dissembler. You saw yourself how he had deceived you in the matter of his danger; he has deceived you throughout in every step of his career. I wish to pluck him from your heart; I wish to force your eyes upon your other son; ah, you have a son there!"

"No, no," said he, "two sons — I have two sons."

I made some gesture of despair that struck him; he looked at me with a changed face. "There is much worse behind?" he asked, his voice dying as it rose upon the question.

"Much worse," I answered. "This night he said these words to Mr. Henry: 'I have never known a woman who did not prefer me to you, and I think who did not continue to prefer me.'"

"I will hear nothing against my daughter!" he cried; and from his readiness to stop me in this direction, I conclude his eyes were not so dull as I had fancied, and he had looked on not without anxiety upon the siege of Mrs. Henry.

"I think not of blaming her," cried I. "It is not that. These words were said in my hearing to Mr. Henry; and if you find them not yet plain enough, these others but a little after: 'Your wife who is in love with me.'"

"They have quarreled?" he said.

I nodded.

"I must fly to them," he said, beginning once again to leave his bed.

"No, no!" I cried, holding forth my hands.

"You do not know," said he. "These are dangerous words."

"Will nothing make you understand, my lord?" said I.

His eyes besought me for the truth.

I flung myself on my knees by the bedside. "Oh, my

lord," cried I, "think on him you have left, think of this poor sinner whom you begot, whom your wife bore to you, whom we have none of us strengthened as we could; think of him, not of yourself; he is the other sufferer — think of him! That is the door for sorrow, Christ's door, God's door; oh, it stands open! Think of him, even as he thought of you. *Who is to tell the old man?* these were his words. It was for that I came; that is why I am here pleading at your feet."

"Let me get up," he cried, thrusting me aside, and was on his feet before myself. His voice shook like a sail in the wind, yet he spoke with a good loudness; his face was like the snow, but his eyes were steady and dry. "Here is too much speech!" said he. "Where was it?"

"In the shrubbery," said I.

"And Mr. Henry?" he asked. And when I had told him, he knotted his old face in thought.

"And Mr. James?" says he.

"I have left him lying," said I, "beside the candles."

"Candles?" he cried. And with that he ran to the window, opened it, and looked abroad. "It might be spied from the road."

"Where none goes by at such an hour," I objected.

"It makes no matter," he said. "One might. Hark!" cries he. "What is that?"

It was the sound of men very guardedly rowing in the bay; and I told him so.

"The free traders," said my lord. "Run at once, Mackellar: put these candles out. I will dress in the mean while; and when you return we can debate on what is wisest."

I groped my way downstairs, and out at the door. From quite a far way off a sheen was visible, making points of brightness in the shrubbery; in so black a night it might have been remarked for miles; and I blamed myself bitterly for my incaution. How much more sharply when I reached the place! One of the candlesticks was overthrown, and that taper quenched. The other burned steadily by itself, and made a broad space of light upon the frosted ground. All within that circle seemed, by the force of contrast and the overhanging blackness, brighter than by day. And there was the blood stain in the midst; and a little further off Mr. Henry's sword, the pommel of which was of silver; but of the body, not a trace. My heart thumped upon my ribs, the hair stirred upon my

scalp, as I stood there staring; so strange was the sight, so dire the fears it wakened. I looked right and left; the ground was so hard it told no story. I stood and listened till my ears ached, but the night was hollow about me like an empty church; not even a ripple stirred upon the shore; it seemed you might have heard a pin drop in the county.

I put the candle out, and the blackness fell about me groping dark; it was like a crowd surrounding me; and I went back to the house of Durrisdeer, with my chin upon my shoulder, startling, as I went, with craven suppositions. In the door a figure moved to meet me, and I had near screamed with terror ere I recognized Mrs. Henry.

"Have you told him?" says she.

"It was he who sent me," said I. "It is gone. But why are you here?"

"It is gone!" she repeated. "What is gone?"

"The body," said I. "Why are you not with your husband?"

"Gone?" said she. "You cannot have looked. Come back."

"There is no light now," said I. "I dare not."

"I can see in the dark. I have been standing here so long — so long," said she. "Come; give me your hand."

We returned to the shrubbery hand in hand, and to the fatal place.

"Take care of the blood," said I.

"Blood?" she cried, and started violently back.

"I suppose it will be," said I. "I am like a blind man."

"No," said she, "nothing! Have you not dreamed?"

"Ah, would to God we had!" cried I.

She spied the sword, picked it up, and, seeing the blood, let it fall again with her hands thrown wide. "Ah!" she cried. And then, with an instant courage, handled it the second time and thrust it to the hilt into the frozen ground. "I will take it back and clean it properly," says she, and again looked about her on all sides. "It cannot be that he was dead?" she added.

"There was no flutter of his heart," said I, and then remembering: "Why are you not with your husband?"

"It is no use," said she, "he will not speak to me."

"Not speak to you?" I repeated. "Oh, you have not tried!"

"You have a right to doubt me," she replied, with a gentle dignity.

At this, for the first time, I was seized with sorrow for her. "God knows, madame," I cried, "God knows I am not so hard as I appear; on this dreadful night, who can veneer his words? But I am a friend to all who are not Henry Durie's enemies!"

"It is hard, then, you should hesitate about his wife," said she.

I saw all at once, like the rending of a veil, how nobly she had borne this unnatural calamity, and how generously my reproaches.

"We must go back and tell this to my lord," said I.

"Him I cannot face," she cried.

"You will find him the least moved of all of us," said I.

"And yet I cannot face him," said she.

"Well," said I, "you can return to Mr. Henry; I will see my lord."

As we walked back, I bearing the candlesticks, she the sword — a strange burden for that woman — she had another thought. "Should we tell Henry?" she asked.

"Let my lord decide," said I.

My lord was nearly dressed when I came to his chamber. He heard me with a frown. "The free traders," said he. "But whether dead or alive?"

"I thought him ——" said I, and paused, ashamed of the word.

"I know; but you may very well have been in error. Why should they remove him if not living?" he asked. "Oh, here is a great door of hope. It must be given out that he departed — as he came — without any note of preparation. We must save all scandal."

I saw he had fallen, like the rest of us, to think mainly of the house. Now that all the living members of the family were plunged in irremediable sorrow, it was strange how we turned to that conjoint abstraction of the family itself, and sought to bolster up the airy nothing of its reputation: not the Duries only, but the hired steward himself.

"Are we to tell Mr. Henry?" I asked him.

"I will see," said he. "I am going first to visit him, then I go forth with you to view the shrubbery and consider."

We went downstairs into the hall. Mr. Henry sat by the

table with his head upon his hand, like a man of stone. His wife stood a little back from him, her hand at her mouth; it was plain she could not move him. My old lord walked very steadily to where his son was sitting; he had a steady countenance, too, but methought a little cold; when he was come quite up, he held out both his hands and said: "My son!"

With a broken, strangled cry, Mr. Henry leaped up and fell on his father's neck, crying and weeping, the most pitiful sight that ever a man witnessed. "Oh, father," he cried, "you know I loved him; you know I loved him in the beginning; I could have died for him — you know that! I would have given my life for him and you. Oh, say you know that! Oh, say you can forgive me! Oh, father, father, what have I done, what have I done? and we used to be bairns together!" and wept and sobbed, and fondled the old man, and clutched him about the neck, with the passion of a child in terror.

And then he caught sight of his wife, you would have thought for the first time, where she stood weeping to hear him; and in a moment had fallen at her knees. "And oh, my lass," he cried, "you must forgive me, too! Not your husband — I have only been the ruin of your life. But you knew me when I was a lad; there was no harm in Henry Durie then; he meant aye to be a friend to you. It's him — it's the old bairn that played with you — oh, can ye never, never forgive him?"

Throughout all this my lord was like a cold kind spectator with his wits about him. At the first cry, which was indeed enough to call the house about us, he had said to me over his shoulder, "Close the door." And now he nodded to himself.

"We may leave him to his wife now," says he. "Bring a light, Mr. Mackellar."

Upon my going forth again with my lord, I was aware of a strange phenomenon; for though it was quite dark, and the night not yet old, methought I smelled the morning. At the same time there went a tossing through the branches of the evergreens, so that they sounded like a quiet sea; and the air puffed at times against our faces, and the flame of the candle shook. We made the more speed, I believe, being surrounded by this bustle; visited the scene of the duel, where my lord looked upon the blood with stoicism; and passing further on toward the landing place, came at last upon some evidences of the truth. For first of all, where there was a pool across the

path, the ice had been trodden in, plainly by more than one man's weight; next, and but a little further, a young tree was broken; and down by the landing place, where the traders' boats were usually beached, another stain of blood marked where the body must have been infallibly set down to rest the bearers.

This stain we set ourselves to wash away with the sea water, carrying it in my lord's hat; and as we were thus engaged, there came up a sudden, moaning gust and left us instantly benighted.

"It will come to snow," says my lord; "and the best thing that we could hope. Let us go back now; we can do nothing in the dark."

As we went houseward, the wind being again subsided, we were aware of a strong pattering noise about us in the night; and when we issued from the shelter of the trees, we found it raining smartly.

Throughout the whole of this, my lord's clearness of mind, no less than his activity of body, had not ceased to minister to my amazement. He set the crown upon it in the council we held on our return. The free traders had certainly secured the master, though whether dead or alive we were still left to our conjectures; the rain would, long before day, wipe out all marks of the transaction; by this we must profit: the master had unexpectedly come after the fall of night, it must now be given out he had as suddenly departed before the break of day; and to make all this plausible, it now only remained for me to mount into the man's chamber, and pack and conceal his baggage. True, we still lay at the discretion of the traders; but that was the incurable weakness of our guilt.

I heard him, as I said, with wonder, and hastened to obey. Mr. and Mrs. Henry were gone from the hall; my lord, for warmth's sake, hurried to his bed; there was still no sign of stir among the servants, and as I went up the tower stair, and entered the dead man's room, a horror of solitude weighed upon my mind. To my extreme surprise, it was all in the disorder of departure. Of his three portmanteaus, two were ready locked, the third lay open and near full. At once there flashed upon me some suspicion of the truth. The man had been going after all; he had but waited upon Crail, as Crail waited upon the wind; early in the night, the seamen had perceived the weather changing; the boat had come to give notice of the

change and call the passenger aboard, and the boat's crew had stumbled on him lying in his blood. Nay, and there was more behind. This prearranged departure shed some light upon his inconceivable insult of the night before: it was a parting shot, hatred being no longer checked by policy. And for another thing, the nature of that insult, and the conduct of Mrs. Henry, pointed to one conclusion: which I have never verified, and can now never verify until the great assize: the conclusion that he had at last forgotten himself, had gone too far in his advances, and had been rebuffed. It can never be verified, as I say; but as I thought of it that morning among his baggage, the thought was sweet to me like honey.

Into the open portmanteau I dipped a little ere I closed it. The most beautiful lace and linen, many suits of those fine plain clothes in which he loved to appear; a book or two, and those of the best, Cæsar's "Commentaries," a volume of Mr. Hobbes, the "Henriade" of M. de Voltaire, a book upon the Indies, one on the mathematics, far beyond where I have studied: these were what I observed with very mingled feelings. But in the open portmanteau, no papers of any description. This set me musing. It was possible the man was dead; but, since the traders had carried him away, not likely. It was possible he might still die of his wound; but it was also possible he might not. And in this latter case I was determined to have the means of some defense.

One after another I carried his portmanteaus to a loft in the top of the house which we kept locked; went to my own room for my keys, and, returning to the loft, had the gratification to find two that fitted pretty well. In one of the portmanteaus there was a shagreen letter case, which I cut open with my knife; and thenceforth (so far as any credit went) the man was at my mercy. Here was a vast deal of gallant correspondence, chiefly of his Paris days; and what was more to the purpose, here were the copies of his own reports to the English secretary, and the originals of the secretary's answers: a most damning series: such as to publish would be to wreck the master's honor and to set a price upon his life. I chuckled to myself as I ran through the documents; I rubbed my hands, I sung aloud in my glee. Day found me at the pleasing task; nor did I then remit my diligence, except in so far as I went to the window — looked out for a moment, to see the frost quite gone, the world turned black again, and the rain and the

FREDERICK THE GREAT

wind driving in the bay — and to assure myself that the lugger was gone from its anchorage, and the master (whether dead or alive) now tumbling on the Irish Sea.

It is proper I should add in this place the very little I have subsequently angled out upon the doings of that night. It took me a long while to gather it; for we dared not openly ask, and the free traders regarded me with enmity, if not with scorn. It was near six months before we even knew for certain that the man survived; and it was years before I learned from one of Crail's men, turned publican on his ill-gotten gain, some particulars which smack to me of truth. It seems the traders found the master struggled on one elbow, and now staring round him, and now gazing at the candle or at his hand which was all bloodied, like a man stupid. Upon their coming, he would seem to have found his mind, bade them carry him aboard and hold their tongues; and on the captain asking how he had come in such a pickle, replied with a burst of passionate swearing, and incontinently fainted. They held some debate, but they were momently looking for a wind, they were highly paid to smuggle him to France, and did not care to delay. Besides which, he was well enough liked by these abominable wretches: they supposed him under capital sentence, knew not in what mischief he might have got his wound, and judged it a piece of good nature to remove him out of the way of danger. So he was taken aboard, recovered on the passage over, and was set ashore a convalescent at the Havre de Grace. What is truly notable: he said not a word to any one of the duel, and not a trader knows to this day in what quarrel, or by the hand of what adversary, he fell. With any other man I should have set this down to natural decency; with him, to pride. He could not bear to avow, perhaps even to himself, that he had been vanquished by one whom he had so much insulted and whom he so cruelly despised.

## FROM "FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT."

By LOUISE MÜHLBACH.

[Klara Müller Mundt, German novelist, was born in 1814, and died in 1873. Her novels were mostly written under the pseudonym of Louise Mühl-

bach; the best known of them are the historical ones, including the one here cited, "Joseph II. and his Court," "Marie Antoinette and her Son," "Queen Hortense," "Goethe and Schiller," and "Napoleon and Blücher."]

## The Masquerade.

The halls of the palace were radiantly illuminated, and through them moved a procession of fabulous, fantastic figures. Representatives of all nations were there to greet the young hero and king. Greek and Turk and Russian, peasant maidens, Spaniards, odalisques, fairies, witches, monks and nuns, German girls of the mediæval city, knights in silver mail, and gypsies —a many-colored, charming scene.

In the farthest hall there was a group without masks. Both the queens, glittering in gold and jewels, sat there, for Sophia Dorothea needed no longer conceal her diamonds, and Elizabeth Christine, knowing that the king desired the Queen of Prussia to appear in magnificence befitting her dignity, wore her tiara of emeralds and diamonds, which Bielfeld had pronounced a wonder of beauty and richness.

With the queens and the Princesses Amalie and Ulrica stood the king, who had retained his gorgeous costume, and back of the royal family stood the ladies and gentlemen of the retinue, all unmasked, but mask in hand, for no one might enter masked the room in which the queens and the royal family were.

The king and the queen mother were about to keep the promises which they had reciprocally made. Sophia Dorothea was about to permit the presentation of Count Néal, while the king bade the newly married Countess Rhedern welcome.

Pöllnitz' loud, ironical voice proclaimed the arrival of Count and Countess Rhedern and of Count Néal, and the personages thus solemnly announced entered the hall, that sanctuary which opens only to the privileged, to those near the royal family by birth, favor, or service.

Leaning upon the arm of her noble spouse, the newly created Countess Rhedern, *née* Orguelin, entered the sacred precinct. Her face was perfectly calm, cold, and grave; an expression of firm determination manifested itself in her features, which no longer possessed the charm of youth or beauty, yet were not wanting in interest. Extreme kindliness seemed to speak from her somewhat large but well-formed mouth. And out of the large dark eyes, which were not modestly cast down, but calmly directed toward the royal family, so much spirit, passion, and

boldness spoke that the beholder saw at once here was no ordinary woman, but a strong, fiery, determined nature, with courage to challenge her destiny, and, if it must be, bend it to her will.

But the proud and imperious Sophia Dorothea was unpleasantly impressed by the countess' serious and direct observation of herself. If the countess had approached her with downcast eyes, trembling, overwhelmed by the unheard-of royal condescension, the queen mother might have been inclined to pardon her the blemish of her nameless origin. But this calm, unembarrassed demeanor enraged her. Moreover, the countess' brilliant and costly costume offended her. The silver-embroidered train, which, fastened with diamond agrafes at the shoulders, fell in rich folds to the floor, was of costlier stuff than the queen's robe. The necklace, bracelets, and diadem bore comparison with the queen's own, and the huge fan, which the countess carried half open, was of real Chinese workmanship, with such incomparable ivory carving and delicately painted decoration that the queen felt a sort of envy at sight of the rare work of art to which she possessed no mate.

She therefore responded with curt nods to the threefold reverential courtesy of the countess, executed according to all the rules of etiquette; while Queen Elizabeth Christine, who sat next to the queen mother, greeted the countess with a gracious smile. The king, observing the cloud upon his mother's brow, and well knowing its source, found keen amusement in the scene. It pleased him to see her, who had so energetically worked for the reception of Countess Rhedern, receiving her so brusquely, and he wished to tease his royal mother a little with her quickly evaporated enthusiasm for the nameless countess who had no other claim upon the privilege of appearing at court than the debts of the count, her husband, and her own millions. He therefore greeted the new countess with gracious and kindly words, and, turning to his mother, said, half inaudibly, "Indeed, your Majesty, you did well to invite Countess Rhedern to our court; she will be a real ornament to it."

"Yes, a real ornament," said Sophia Dorothea, who now regarded the countess' dignified and unembarrassed bearing as impudent and wanting in respect to royalty, and had determined to punish this obtrusive woman. Casting proud and scornful looks upon her, she said: —

"What a strange train you wear, Countess!"

"It is an Indian product," replied the latter, undisturbed. "My father has connections with certain Dutch importing houses, and one of them procured us this rare stuff which has the honor to attract your Majesty's attention."

Sophia Dorothea blushed with shame and rage. This countess, scarcely emerged from the lowly estate of the tradesman, had the audacity not to blush for her past, not to conceal it under an impenetrable veil, but to speak in the presence of two queens of the business connections of her father; while royalty had meant to be so gracious as to bury this blemish in eternal oblivion.

"You are wearing an article in which your father deals. That is, indeed, a very ingenious method of recommending it, and, in future, when we behold the toilet of the Countess Rhedern, the whole court will at once know which is the newest article for sale by Orguelin, the silk factor, the countess' father."

A scarcely suppressed laugh of the cavaliers and ladies who had heard the queen's words rewarded this cruel jest. All eyes were contemptuously directed toward the countess, whose husband, trembling and deathly pale, stood by her side, not having courage to raise his eyes from the floor. The young Countess Rhedern alone remained perfectly quiet and unconstrained.

"Pardon, your Majesty," she said, in a full, clear voice, "if I venture to contradict you. My father's business is too well known for me to assume that any one is ignorant of the kind of goods in which he deals."

"Well," asked the queen, angrily, "in what does he deal, then?"

The countess bowed reverently. "Your Majesty," she said, "my father deals with understanding, dignity, generosity, and modesty."

The queen's eyes flashed lightning. A tradesman's daughter dared to snub the queen, and to defy her anger. Sophia Dorothea arose in the full majesty of her royal dignity. She was about to crush this arrogant "newborn" countess, and her lips parted for a sarcastic remark, the more annihilating from royal lips because no retort is possible. But the king saw the rising storm and wished to ward it off. His generous nature resented seeing a poor defenseless woman thus tortured, and he was too high-minded and free from prejudice to be

displeased at the calm and dignified bearing of the poor countess. That which had irritated the queen mother had won the king's approval, and he forgave the countess her nameless birth in favor of her spirit and intelligence.

He laid his hand gently upon his mother's shoulder, and said, with a kind smile: "Does not your Majesty think that Countess Rhedern does credit to her birth? Her father's dealings are carried on with understanding, dignity, generosity, and modesty. The countess seems to me to continue her father's business as an efficient heiress, worthy of all respect. My dear countess, I shall ever be a faithful patron of your house, provided you promise not to forget as Countess Rhedern what you say characterizes your father."

"I promise, your Majesty," said the countess, bowing low, an expression of pure delight illumining her face and making it almost beautiful. "I hope your Majesty may be so gracious," she replied, taking her husband's hand, "as some day to convince yourself that the house of Rhedern & Co. does honor to the king and is able to meet his demands."

The queen mother could hardly suppress a cry of anger and indignation. Countess Rhedern dared to give the king an invitation. This was an offense against the etiquette of the court such as great ignorance or insolence alone could commit, and for which the king would doubtless punish the presumptuous woman with his proudest contempt. But Sophia Dorothea was mistaken. The king bowed, and, with an inimitable expression of kindliness, said, "Madame, I shall come very soon to see whether your establishment does credit to my patronage."

Sophia Dorothea almost fainted; she could endure this scene no longer, and, giving way to her stormy nature, was guilty of the same breach of etiquette which Countess Rhedern had committed in ignorance; she did that which her king or the reigning queen should, according to court etiquette, have done. She broke up the formal presentation. Rising with unwonted celerity from her fauteuil, she said impatiently, "I think it is time to go and look at the dance in the large dancing room. Listen, your Majesty, the music is most enticing. Let us go."

But the king laid his hand upon the queen's arm.

"Madame," he said, "you forget that there is a happy man waiting to be irradiated by the light of your countenance.

You forget that you have consented to Count Néal's presentation."

"This, too," she murmured, sinking back into her fauteuil. She scarcely heard the solemn presentation of Count Néal, responded with a curt, silent nod to the poor count's reverent greeting, not seeing how he beamed with joy at having carried his point and being received by the queen mother.

The king was in the mood for playing peacemaker, and came to the assistance of his mother's angry silence.

"Madame," he said, "Count Néal is a man to be envied. He has seen what we shall probably never see, the sun of India. And in Surinam he was governor for a time."

"Pardon, your Majesty, I was not governor only, I bore the title of viceregent," said the count, with a proud smile.

"Wherein consist the honors of the viceregent?" asked the king, negligently.

"I was esteemed there as your Majesty is here," replied the count.

"Indeed," said the king, with a smile, "you stood upon an equality with the King of Prussia?" and, turning to Pöllnitz, who stood near, he continued: "You have been guilty of a grave breach of etiquette, you have forgotten to place a fauteuil for my half-brother, the viceregent of Surinam. You must make allowance this one day, my dear stepbrother. At the next masquerade we shall not forget that you are viceregent of Surinam, and woe to the baron if he forgets to give you a fauteuil then."

So speaking, he offered his arm to the queen mother, and beckoned to Prince Augustus William to follow with the reigning queen into the dancing room.

"If it is agreeable to you, madame," said the king, releasing his mother's arm, "we will dispense with ceremony for a half-hour and mix at ease with the dancers."

And without awaiting her reply, the king bowed and hastened through the room, accompanied by Pöllnitz, into the adjoining cabinet, where a domino and mask awaited him.

The whole court followed the king's example; the prince and princesses, even the reigning queen, availed themselves of the permission to forget etiquette for a half-hour.

The queen mother suddenly found herself alone in the middle of the great hall, deserted by all her court. Only the marshal, Count Rhedern, his wife, and the train-bearing pages

## Manuscript of Frederick the Great, of Prussia.

Reflections, in French, on the military talents of Charles XII., King of Sweden, given by Frederick to Andrew Mitchell, English Envoy, when at Leitmeritz, in Bohemia, in the beginning of July, 1757.

The page reproduced is the last of four.

The wholé essay, in an expanded form, is included in the "Œuvres de Frederic le Grand," Berlin, 1847, Vol. VII., p. 69.

[Vol. XII. p. 4104.]

vie l'entier detachement de ses affaires que de chercher un Asile chez les Turcs, son Roy [illegible] mépris[illegible]
les Dangers mais, il doit avoir et Craindre d'être fait prisonnier non pour Son personel mais [illegible] les Consequ[illegible]
quences qui en résultent pour son Royaume., un Auteur françois peint le souvenir du préjudice que la prison
de françois 1 apporta a sa Nation la France en ressens encore les effets et se rapelle cette époque par l'abus de
rendre les charges Vénales [illegible] que la Nécessité introduisit alors.
Charles fugitif et dans une Situation qui auroit accablé tout autre que luy parut encore admirable d'Imagini
des ressources dans son Malheur, il méditoit pendant sa Marche d'armer la porte contre la Russie, et il s'efforcoit [illegible]
de trouver au sein meme de son infortune le Moyen de la reparer. je m'afflige de voir ce Heros en Turquie
J'abaisser a faires la Courtisanne du Grand Seigneur et Mendier ces miles bassesse ; quels [illegible] de s'opiniatrer
a rester sur les Terres d'un Souverain qui ne l'y vouloit plus souffrir, je voudrois qu'on nous épargn
de son Histoire l'avanture Romanesque de Bender ; que de tems perdu dans le fond de la Bessarabie a se repaitre
d'esperances chimeriques, tandis que les Cris de la Suede, et son Devoir le rapelloit a la Defence de ses Etats
que ses Ennemis profitoient de son Inaction entamoient de tous Cotés. Les projets qu'on luy a tribues de mettre son
retour en pomeranie, dont d'autres chargent Génie me paroissent, si Vastes, si extraordinaires qu'ils me sont
a sa Situation et a l'equipement de son Royaume qui on me permettra pour l'amour de sa Gloire de les
passer sous Silence.
Cette guerre qui produisit de si grand Evenements ne fut point romanesque pour notre Heros, il fut mis dans le Cas
d'une Defence Legitime : Ses Ennemis qui ne le Craignoient pas l'attaquerent parce qu'ils prepriserent sa jeunesse, des qu'il parut
Heureux et redoutable L'Europe ligué L'accusa parce qu'elle L'envioit. Si Charles auroit eu autant de Moderation que
De Valeur Si il avoit Sçu poser des bornes a ses Triomphes il auroit fait sa paix avec la Czar lorsque L'occasion s'en presentoit
parler il chassoit [illegible] la mauvaise Volonté de ses sujets qui des qu'ils Sauca de leur [illegible] un objet de Terreur voulurent
partager ses Dépouilles, mais il croioit que de faire la Guerre avec Roie ou les Détroner c'étoit la meme Chose :
Je trouve dans tout les livres qui parlent de ce prince des Eloges Magnifiques de sa Grandeur d'ét de sa Continence.
Mais veins Courtisans francais, nulle Concubines dans sa suite, et Dames Etrangeres de Condition dans son Armée n'auroient
jamais porté la Corruption et de Volupté. Les ofres faites pour des intentions si Vives sur son Esprit, que les derniers outrages n'effacerent
De la Gloire qui le Dominoit. [illegible]
traces que les premiers y avoit gravés ; Les passions qui agitoient cette ame [illegible]
Marche de Ses Campagnes, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

remained. Sophia Dorothea sighed deeply, felt that she was no longer the queen, but only a poor widow, descended from the throne to the second rank. Luckily Countess Rhedern was there, and upon her the royal anger could be vented.

"Madame," said the queen, "your train is too long. You should have brought some boys from your father's shop to serve as trainbearers. Your father's ware could have been more minutely examined."

The countess bowed. "Your Majesty will kindly pardon me that I cannot obey your behest this time; I have no right to appropriate the boys in my father's store for my personal service. But if your Majesty seriously thinks that I need trainbearers, I would suggest that my father's principal debtors would gladly serve as such if my father would grant them a respite. Your Majesty may rest assured that, should you accept my proposition, I could at once select two of the most distinguished cavaliers of your Majesty's court, and should no longer put your court to shame."

The queen did not reply — she darted a hateful glance at this unconquerable woman standing beside her with undisturbed composure, and then stepped rapidly toward the throne erected for the royal family.

## The Fancy Ball.

The king meanwhile had completed his toilet with Pöllnitz' help, and was now such a figure as were wandering by hundreds through the room.

"You do not think I shall be recognized?" asked the king, donning his mask.

"Sire, it is impossible! But you must graciously push the mask a little farther over your eyes, so as to shade them, otherwise your Majesty will surely be known, for no other human eye is like your own."

"I think these eyes will see some things presently that have been seen by few human eyes," said the king, with a smile. "Have you ever seen a battlefield covered with the fleeing enemy, or stood a victor among corpses?"

"Heaven defend me from it, sire! The enemies I have seen have never fled, but always put me to flight; and it is a miracle that I have always succeeded in escaping them!"

"Who are these victorious foes?"

"My creditors, sire; and your Majesty may well believe me when I say that they are for me a more fearful spectacle than a field full of corpses, for they are unfortunately not dead, but alive to torture me."

The king laughed. "Perhaps you may yet succeed in slaying them," he said. "When I have seen my battlefield as I describe it to you, when I return victorious, we must give our attention to slaying your foes as well. Until then, keep up a brave defense! But come, let us go into the dancing hall; I have but one little half-hour left for pleasure!"

The king mingled with merry jests among the dancers, while Pöllnitz stood near the cabinet door watching for some one in the throng. At last a contemptuous smile played over his face, and he murmured softly: "There they are, all three! This nun, in whom no mortal could recognize the Morien. There is the card king, the quinze-vingt Manteuffel, who does not dream that he has already lost the game, playing his trump in vain. And the gypsy there, telling fortunes from the maskers' palms, is the Brandt. How one small piece of paper can unmask three human minds!"

"Now, Baron Pöllnitz," whispered the nun, "will you fulfill your promise?"

"Dearest Madame Morien," replied the baron, with a shrug, "the king has most strictly forbidden me to betray him. His Majesty desires to remain unknown."

"Pöllnitz," whispered the nun, with a trembling voice, "have pity upon me; tell me the king's mask and win my undying gratitude! I know you love diamonds; see the costly brooch that I have brought you in exchange for this far costlier information."

"It is impossible to withstand you," cried the baron, reaching out his hand for the pin. "Listen. The king wears a sky-blue domino embroidered with narrow silver bars. In his hat is a white feather with a ruby pin, and his shoe buckles are diamonds."

"I thank you," whispered the nun, hastily giving him the brooch and vanishing again into the throng.

Pöllnitz was still busily fastening the needle in his lace when the card king laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Now, Baron, you see I keep our rendezvous. Answer the question I asked you yesterday, and I'll give you for it news that assure you a rich and happy future!"

FREDERICK THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme.

"Accepted, Count. You wished to know from me what route the king proposes to follow and the strength of his troops. Here is a detailed schedule of the troops, and here a map of the route. I have both from an influential friend who is the king's most trusted servant. But I had to pay this friend a thousand crowns for the two papers, as I told you in advance."

"Here is a check for four thousand thalers," said the count, handing him a paper. "You see I have not forgotten the price."

"And the important secret?"

"Listen! In Nuremberg lives a family of friends of mine with an only daughter. The daughter is heiress to a million. The family is of civil rank, but longs to marry the daughter to a Prussian nobleman! I proposed you to them, and you are accepted. You have but to journey thither, give up this letter of introduction, and make your offer. You will be accepted, and at the wedding come into a million!"

"Hum, a million is not so much!" said Pöllnitz, with a shrug. "If I must marry a civilian to get my million, I know a girl that has as much and is in love with me, besides being young and pretty — which may not be the case with the Nuremberger."

"Take my letter, none the less," said the count, laughing, "and consider my proposition. You must at least admit that my secret is worth its price. Au revoir!"

And the count was about to depart when he turned about. "One thing more, my dear Baron! I forgot one little condition which goes with marrying the pretty Nuremberger. The family is strictly Protestant, and demands a Protestant husband for the daughter. If you should wish to marry her, you would therefore have the kindness to get yourself baptized, for, if I am not in error, you are at present of the Catholic faith."

"Yes, for the moment. But that would present no difficulty. I used to be a Protestant, and felt just as well as at present."

The count laughed and slipped away into the throng, while Pöllnitz looked reflectively into the paper which the count had given him.

"I think Anna Pricker must possess at least half a million thalers," he said softly; "and half a million thalers are worth

nearly as much as a million of those light Nuremberg gulden! Old Pricker is fatally ill with grief for the sudden death of his wife. If he dies, Anna will be a rich heiress as well as the Nuremberger. And if our plan succeeds she will really be a great singer, according to Quantz' opinion, so gaining influence over the king and making people forget that she is a tailor's daughter. I think I prefer Anna Pricker to the Nuremberger, whom I should have to take like a cat in a bag. But we will keep her in reserve in case Anna's fortune should be smaller than I think. Then I'll turn Protestant again and marry the Nuremberger."

At this point the gypsy stood before Pöllnitz, eying him with a roguish glance. At once he was the smiling cavalier again, answering the saucy gypsy with pert jests. But Madame Brandt, in the impatience of her feminine curiosity, was soon weary of the tourney of words.

"You promised me news of the letter which I lost at the court banquet," she said.

"Ah! the portentous letter which might well have compromised a gentleman and two ladies beyond measure. The owner must be most desirous of recovering that letter; even at some sacrifice."

"Oh, yes, even at heavy sacrifice," she cried impatiently. "You demanded a hundred louis d'or for the letter; I have brought them. Have you the letter?"

"I have it."

"Then take these rolls of gold pieces quickly and give it to me."

The baron hid the rolls in his bosom.

"Now the letter, give me the letter quickly!" urged Madame Brandt.

Pöllnitz searched his breast pocket. "Heavens!" he said, "that letter seems to have wings and to vanish whenever it is most needed. Perhaps I have lost it in the dancing room just as you did yourself. Let me hasten to seek it."

Pöllnitz wished to retreat at once, but Madame Brandt detained him.

"Be so good as to give me my money until you have found the letter," she said, trembling with rage.

"Your money?" said Pöllnitz, with an appearance of surprise. "Your money? I do not remember your ever giving me money to take care of. Let me hasten to seek the letter."

He tore himself away hastily, while Madame Brandt, speechless with anger, leaned against the wall to keep from falling. But Pöllnitz grinned as he counted his gains. "This evening has brought me a thousand crowns, two hundred louis d'or, the prospect of a rich bride, and possession of a diamond brooch. I think I may be content, and can live for a few months longer. Moreover, I stand well with the king despite all these intrigues, and who knows whether he may not give me a house after all, though Eckert's is unfortunately no longer vacant? Ah! there he is among the maskers."

Suddenly Pöllnitz heard his name whispered, and, turning, met a lady in a black domino, her capuchin drawn low over her brow, her face concealed by an impenetrable mask of lace.

"Herr von Pöllnitz, one word, if I may ask it," said the lady, beckoning with her hand and passing through the crowd in advance of him. Pöllnitz followed her, studying her costume to find some mark by which to recognize the wearer. But in vain. They reached a vacant window niche, and the lady entered it, beckoning Pöllnitz to follow.

"Baron von Pöllnitz," she said, in a low, timid voice, "they call you the noblest and most skillful of all the cavaliers. You will not refuse a favor to a lady?"

"Command me," said Pöllnitz, with his unfailing smile. "What lies in my power I will do."

"You know the king's disguise, doubtless. Tell me which it is."

Pöllnitz started backward, indignant. "That you call a favor, my beautiful domino? I am to betray the king's disguise to you? His Majesty has most strenuously forbidden me to betray his disguise to any one, and if I should describe it to you that would be, not, as you call it, a favor, but an offense against his Majesty. You will not require such a crime of me?"

"Yet I beseech you, grant my request," she cried. "Believe me, it is no mere curiosity, it is the ardent and justifiable wish to speak a word with the king before his departure for the war, from which he may never return."

The lady, carried away by her eager desire, had spoken in her own voice, which seemed to Pöllnitz familiar. A vague suspicion awoke in his mind. But before speaking, he must be certain. He approached the lady more closely, and, watching her narrowly, said: —

"Who vouches for it that you are not some Austrian enemy trying to tempt the king into God knows what dangers?"

"The word of a woman who has never uttered a falsehood," cried the lady. "Nay, Baron von Pöllnitz; God, who hears us and protects the dear life of our king, knows that in my heart there dwells no thought of wishing the king harm."

"Will you swear to this?"

"I swear it as truly as there is a God in heaven!" cried the lady, raising her arm to heaven. Pöllnitz followed the movement with eager eyes. He saw, as the long, broad sleeve of the domino glided back to the elbow, the wondrous bracelet of diamonds and emeralds clasped about the lady's arm. There was but one such bracelet at the court, and it belonged to Queen Elizabeth Christine. Pöllnitz, however, was too crafty a courtier to betray his surprise. He bowed calmly before the lady, who, terrified at her own thoughtlessness, had dropped the sleeve hastily over the traitorous ornament.

"Madame," he said, "you have taken a solemn vow which fully satisfies me. I am ready to accede to your wish. Meanwhile I must keep my word, not *telling* any one the king's disguise. I must content myself with showing you the king. Be so good as to follow me. I am about to look for the king and shall speak with no one save himself. The domino whom I shall first address and before whom I shall bow is the king."

"I thank you," whispered the lady, wrapping herself more closely in her domino. "I shall remember this hour, and if it is ever in my power to render you a service, I shall do so. You may rely upon me!"

"A fortunate evening, indeed," thought Pöllnitz, "for now I have won the favor of the queen, who has hitherto been disinclined toward me!"

He approached Frederick, who, recognizing him, greeted him instantly. Pöllnitz bowed, the lady stood behind him.

"You have kept me waiting a long time," said the king, in a low tone.

"I had to wait for our three masqueraders."

"Did all three come?"

"All three, your Majesty! Morien, Manteuffel, and Madame Brandt. Count Manteuffel is true to his rôle; he

always the harmless quinze-vingt, whom no one need fear, and to signify that, he appears to-day in the costume of a card king!"

"And Madame von Morien?"

"Here as a nun, consumed with longing to speak with your Majesty. She begged so long to know your costume that I betrayed it to her, and if you care to go into the dark room which the gardener has transformed into a grotto, the repentant nun will doubtless willingly follow you thither, sire!"

"It is well. What costume is Madame Brandt wearing?"

"She is a gypsy, sire! A yellow skirt with hieroglyphics, a red, gold-embroidered waist, a tiny cap studded with diamonds upon her curls, and a huge mouche upon the left temple near the mask. She wanted the famous letter, and I sold it to her for a hundred louis d'or."

"Which you could not earn, because you had not the letter."

"Pardon, your Majesty, I deserved them, for I got them first and then declared I had lost the letter."

The king laughed.

"Pöllnitz, Pöllnitz," he said, "it is truly good luck that you are not married. Your sons would all be good for the gallows! Did you give Manteuffel the plan and schedule of troops?"

"I did so, sire! and the worthy count was so rejoiced thereat that he made me a present of four thousand thalers. I took the sum, and your Majesty will prescribe what I shall do therewith."

"Keep your booty. You've talent as a highway robber, and I prefer your exercising it upon the Austrians. There is no harm in the noble count giving four thousand thalers for his false news. For false plans it is enough. For true ones it were a ridiculous trifle! Go now, my Baron, but take care that I find my uniform in the cabinet yonder!"

## Reward and Punishment.

The king had forgotten for the moment that he had any other business than that of amusing himself. But now he was reminded of it, for at his elbow stood the card king, his once loved Count Manteuffel.

"I was looking for you," he said in a low voice, laying his hand upon the count's shoulder. "You were wanting to my game, but now that I have you in my hand I shall win."

The count's ear was too well trained to mistake the voice, despite the disguise, but he was too skillful a diplomatist to betray his recognition.

"What game would you play with me, domino?" he inquired, rapidly following the king through the hall to a small deserted room.

"A wholly new game, the play of war, my card king," answered the king, roughly.

"War?" repeated the count. "I am not acquainted with the game."

The king was pacing rapidly up and down.

"Count," he said, pausing before Manteuffel, "I am your friend and give you a piece of good advice. Leave Berlin tonight, never to return."

"Why do you give me this advice, domino?" asked the count, apparently unconstrained.

"Because, otherwise, you run the risk of imprisonment as a traitor and hanging as a spy! Do not reply, do not defend yourself. I am your friend, but I am the king's friend too. The king does not know that you are an Austrian spy in the service of Seckendorf and the empress. May he never know it, for his wrath would be the more terrible because he once loved you. The poor young prince was credulous and inexperienced enough to believe in your love and take you into his heart. It was a tender heart in those days, and is not yet hardened enough to bear with calmness the blows the king's traitorous friends inflict on it. A day will come when the work will be complete, when King Frederick will wear about his heart a coat of mail impenetrable, perhaps, even for true love. Then he would see in you, not his former friend, but a traitor and a spy only. Therefore flee before vengeance descends upon you, beyond the punishment of your own guilty conscience."

"But what if I should stay? should try to justify myself to the king?" asked the count, timidly.

"Do not attempt it; it would be vain. The moment you tried that, the king would be informed of all your intrigues, bribery, and treachery; he would know that you correspond with his cook, that Madame Brandt's diary is written for you

to send to the Austrian court, and why you paid Madame Brandt considerable sums of money."

"Do you advise me to go before applying to his Majesty for dismissal?" asked the count, stupefied.

"I do not counsel you, I command you!" exclaimed the king, forgetting his disguise. "I command you to leave this palace without one word, one greeting, silent, as befits a detected criminal. Go!"

The count obeyed. Silently he bowed before the king, and, with tottering steps and bowed head, broken and humiliated, he quitted the dancing hall.

The king watched him as he vanished into the throng. "For such men must we lose our trust in man," he murmured. "Is it true, as the wise men of old said, that we princes are condemned to solitude? But there is the coquettish gypsy, the worthy friend of our good Manteuffel. We will reverse matters, and I'll forecast her future."

The king hastened to overtake the gypsy. "Pöllnitz has found the letter," he whispered in her ear, "and is hurrying to give it to you."

"Where is he?" cried the gypsy, eagerly.

"Follow me!" answered the king, retiring to a window niche, whither Madame Brandt followed in impatient haste.

"Here we are alone and can chat unobserved," he said.

Madame Brandt laughed. "To chat requires two. You enticed me here by mentioning a letter which Pöllnitz was to give me, but I see neither Pöllnitz nor the letter."

"Pöllnitz charged me to give you the letter. But first give me your hand, I will tell your fortune."

Madame Brandt gave her hand in speechless terror. She had recognized the voice. The king looked at the hand without touching it. "There are wonderful things to be read in this hand. According to them you are a dangerous intrigante, a treacherous subject, a cruel coquette."

"Do you believe this?" asked the gypsy, with a forced smile.

"I do not believe it, I know it. Fate never deceives, and fate has written upon your hand and your brow — see, you may read it — that you received for traitorous services a large sum of money from a foreign country. Here I see diamonds, there a promise of twenty thousand thalers for the maintenance of a certain marriage. How you tremble! hold your hand

still, that I may read your future. Here I see a dangerous letter that got into wrong hands through your imprudence. Should the king read it, your ruin is inevitable. He will punish you for treason, banish you from court, shut you up in a fortress according to the custom when, in war times, a subject conspires with the enemy. So rejoice, for if you are wise and prudent the king shall know nothing, and you are saved!"

"How can I avoid this misfortune?" asked Madame Brandt, breathlessly.

"By banishing yourself from court and leaving Berlin upon some pretext. Retire to your husband's estate and reflect there upon your offense, in solitude. Leave Berlin to-morrow, and do not venture to return until the king summons you."

He left the window niche, where Madame Brandt stayed, weeping with rage and humiliation, and went to the dark grotto. He saw the nun stealthily following him into the shrubbery. He tore away his mask and, turning to the nun, said roughly, "What do you want of me?"

"Your love!" she answered, sinking on her knees; "that love without which I shall perish, without which I suffer the tortures of the damned in the fires of hell."

"Then go and be d——d," answered the king, pushing away the arm she stretched to him and retreating a step farther from her. "Go and suffer in the flames. God will not redeem you, and neither will I."

"To hear this and live!" she murmured through her tears. "Oh! my king, have mercy! Remember what intoxicating poison your looks and words and kisses poured into my veins, and do not punish me because that sweet poison has made me ill unto madness, unto death. See what it has made of me, how poor Leontine has changed since she no longer basks in the sunshine of your love!" With trembling fingers she drew aside the white veil which had covered her face. The king looked at her with stern, calm eyes.

"You have aged, madame," he said, "enough to enter without encountering remonstrance the path you have so wisely selected; enough to become a heroine of virtue after being so long a devotee of love. Accept the Order of Virtue which the Empress of Austria promised you, for the king will not divorce his wife, and, this being wholly due to you, I think the empress cannot refuse you the promised decoration."

"He knows all and despises me," moaned Madame Morien, sobbing aloud, her hands before her face.

"Yes, he despises you!" repeated the king. "He despises you and has no pity upon you. Farewell."

Without a glance at the kneeling, weeping figure, he strode away. Suddenly he felt a hand lightly touching his shoulder.

"One word, King Frederick," whispered the disguised woman.

"Speak! what do you want of me?" he asked kindly.

"Nothing," replied a gentle, trembling voice, "except to see your face once more before you go forth to battle and danger. Only to beg you to spare yourself a little. Remember, my king, that your life is an immeasurable treasure, for which you are responsible, not to God only, but to your people. Oh! my king and master, do not rush into danger; preserve yourself for your family, your people, your country, to all of whom you are indispensable."

The king shook his head with a smile.

"No one can say that he is indispensable," he said. "Man is like a stone thrown into the water. For a moment there is a ripple, then all is as before. But I shall not vanish away without a trace. Should I perish in the war to which I march this night, my death shall be a glorious one, my grave wreathed with laurel, though no one will come to pay tribute of love and tears; for a king is never loved, and when he dies is never wept for, all the world being too busily engaged in greeting his successor."

"But you are loved," cried the disguised woman, carried away by her emotion. "I know a poor woman who lives only by your glance, your words, the sight of you. A woman who would die of joy if loved by you, as she would certainly die of grief if death should seize her hero, her god, her ideal. For the sake of this woman, who has laid her love at your feet, and day by day sacrificed her own heart, thanking God that she may at least lie at your feet — for her sake have mercy and spare yourself, not plunging willfully into danger."

The king laid his hand lightly upon the folded hands of the supplicant, whom he knew but too well.

"Do you know the queen so well that you know what transpires in her inmost soul?"

"Yes, I know the queen," she whispered, "and I may read her heart, for she has but one confidant in her misfortune,

and I am she. I alone know how she suffers, and how she loves!"

"If this be so, pray go to her and carry my farewell. Tell her that the king reveres no woman more than herself; that he esteems her so highly as to place her side by side with the women of antiquity; that he is convinced she will say to the king, departing for the field of battle, as the Roman matrons said to their fathers, husbands, and sons, when giving them their shields, 'With it or upon it.' Elizabeth Christine feels and thinks as the Roman matrons did, knows that the King of Prussia can return home only as a victor or a corpse, from the struggle upon which he now enters with his hereditary enemy, the House of Austria. His life is worth little, his honor everything, and this he must maintain though he pay for it with his blood. Say this to Queen Elizabeth Christine, and tell her that her brother and friend will think of her on the day of battle, not to spare himself, but to remember that in that hour a noble soul is praying for him. And with these words, farewell! I must go to my troops. Go to the queen!"

He bowed low before the poor, sobbing woman, and hastened into the dancing room, where the music was just striking up a waltz.

While the queen retired to her apartment to weep and pray, and the king was hastily donning his uniform, the officers were assembling according to orders in the square below, and Prince Augustus William lingered in the dancing room; but he was not dancing, and no one suspected that he was there. For he had been seen in costume, unmasked, and had left the dancing hall to make, as he said, the last preparations for his departure. He had, however, returned in an inconspicuous domino with a mask. No one except Laura knew this, and with her he now stood in a window niche, concealed by heavy damask curtains from the company.

The moment of parting had come. The officers were taking up their positions in the square, the trumpet blast sounded from the adjacent streets, calling the troops together.

"I must go, dearest," whispered the prince, clasping his weeping sweetheart in his arms.

"Never to return," sighed Laura.

"I shall return, Laura," he said, with a faint smile. "I am not born to die a hero on the field of battle. I know it, I feel it; and still it were, perhaps, much sorrow spared, for that is

the quickest, least expected death, much to be preferred to our daily death in life. Yet nothing shall part us," he cried passionately. "My honor demands to-day's departure, but this shall be the last. When I return, I shall remind thee of thy holy vows."

Laura shook her head sadly. "I have no cheerful confidence in the future, nor yet the courage to bear the thought of separation from thee," she whispered. "Sometimes, when I have been praying, it seems to me that God will give me strength to bow in obedience to the commands of the queen mother and marry Count Voss. But when I try to speak the decisive word my lips are closed as if with seals and I can open them only to utter a cry of despair."

The prince clasped her passionately in his arms. "Swear to me that thou wilt never be so faithless and cowardly as to submit to my mother's threats," he said almost savagely. "Swear to me that thou wilt be true to thy oath which thou hast taken as my bride."

"I swear it," she said, looking, with eyes full of love and tenderness, into his excited face.

"They will make the most of my absence to torture you," he continued. "My mother will storm you with threats and pleas, but if you love me you will find strength to resist them. My mother does not yet know that it is I whom you bless with your love. She thinks it is, if not the king, then one of the margraves or the young Prince of Brunswick who holds your heart in his possession. But any accident may betray our love, and then her rage will be frightful. She will do anything, everything, to separate us, will scorn no intrigue to attain her end. Believe no report, no letter, no message — believe me only, my spoken word. I shall not write, for my letters might be found. I shall send no messenger, for he might betray me. If I should fall in battle I shall, if God is merciful to me, find strength to give some pitying friend a greeting for you, for then our love need no longer fear the eye of the world, the wrath of the king, the cunning of my mother. I shall not write, but my thoughts will be with you constantly."

"And if you should fall, God will be merciful to me and deliver me out of this world, which is but a grave for me," she whispered, clinging to him.

The prince kissed her brow reverently, and, drawing a ring from his finger, fastened it upon hers.

"This is our betrothal ring," he said. "Now you are mine, for you wear my ring. It is the first link in the chain which shall bind you now to me for all our lives. But listen! Do you hear the trumpets, the officers' hurrahs? The king is in the square and must be looking for me in amazement. I must go to the king. Farewell, beloved, farewell!"

He did not look at her again. He emerged carefully from behind the curtains, attracting no attention, passed the procession of masqueraders, who, obedient to the king's express command, continued their merriment undisturbed by the military preparations below. In the cabinet he threw off the domino which had concealed his uniform, and, seizing his helmet, hastened through the halls and down the stairs to the square. There stood the king, surrounded by his generals and officers. All eyes were fastened upon him. Every eye, every will, every trifling wish, was subordinated. He alone ruled.

Tall and brave, he stood in their midst, his handsome face beaming enthusiasm, his eyes gleaming, a smile playing upon his lips. Behind him stood the princes and generals, Prince Anhalt-Dessau, old Zoethen von Winterfeldt, and the adjutants, and above them all, illuminated by countless multitudes of torches, waved the flags, whose new gold-embroidered inscription, "Pro gloria et patria," shone like a star in the dark background.

Frederick raised his sword, greeted the fluttering flags, and opened his speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am about to enter upon a war in which I have no allies beyond your bravery and good will. My cause is just and I seek the support of fortune. Remember the glory which your ancestors won upon the battlefields of Warsaw, Fehrbellin, and in the invasion of Prussia. Your fate is in your own hands. Honor and distinction await you. But I need not awaken your ambition. It inspires you sufficiently. We shall attack troops which, under Prince Eugene, enjoyed the greatest reputation. True, that prince is no more, but our fame as victors will be the greater because we have to measure our prowess with such a foe. Adieu. Depart. I shall follow you without delay to the field of glory."

# ADVENTURES OF TOM JONES.

By HENRY FIELDING.

[For biographical sketch, see page 3971.]

## Ensign Northerton's Little Joke of Slandering Sophia.

The tenderness of lovers can ill brook the least jesting with the names of their mistresses. However, Jones, though he had enough of the lover, and of the hero too, in his disposition, did not resent these slanders as hastily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To say the truth, having seen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily understand it, and for a long time imagined Mr. Northerton had really mistaken his charmer for some other. But now, turning to the ensign with a stern aspect, he said, "Pray, sir, choose some other subject for your wit; for I promise you I will bear no jesting with this lady's character." "Jesting!" cries the other, "d——n me if ever I was more in earnest in my life. Tom French, of our regiment, had both her and her aunt at Bath." "Then I must tell you in earnest," cries Jones, "that you are one of the most impudent rascals upon earth."

He had no sooner spoken these words than the ensign, together with a volley of curses, discharged a bottle full at the head of Jones, which, hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him instantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to lie motionless before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honor was to be gotten; but the lieutenant interposed by stepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty, urging the ill consequences of his stay, asking him what he could have done less? "Zounds!" says he, "I was but in jest with the fellow. I never heard any harm of Miss Western in my life." "Have you not?" said the lieutenant; "then you richly deserve to be hanged, as well for making such jests, as for using such a weapon: you are my prisoner, sir; nor shall you stir from hence till a proper guard comes to secure you."

Such an ascendant had our lieutenant over this ensign that all that fervency of courage which had leveled our poor hero

with the floor would scarce have animated the said ensign to have drawn his sword against the lieutenant, had he then had one dangling at his side; but all the swords being hung up in the room, were, at the very beginning of the fray, secured by the French officer. So that Mr. Northerton was obliged to attend the final issue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr. Adderly, at the desire of their commanding officer, had raised up the body of Jones; but as they could perceive but little (if any) sign of life in him, they again let him fall, Adderly damning him for having blooded his waistcoat, and the Frenchman declaring, "Begar, me no tush the Engliseman de mort: me have heard de Englise ley, law, what you call, hang up de man dat tush him last."

When the good lieutenant applied himself to the door, he applied himself likewise to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he dispatched him for a file of musketeers and a surgeon. These commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himself seen, not only produced the soldiers, but presently drew up the landlord of the house, his wife, and servants, and, indeed, every one else who happened at that time to be in the inn.

To describe every particular, and to relate the whole conversation of the ensuing scene, is not within my power, unless I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them all together, as the company now spoke. The reader must, therefore, content himself with the most remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuse the rest.

The first thing done was securing the body of Northerton, who, being delivered into the custody of six men with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To say the truth, so whimsical are the desires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honor, he would have been well contented to have retired to some corner of the world where the fame of it should never have reached his ears.

It surprises us, and so, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, should have applied his chief care rather to secure the offender than to preserve the life of the wounded person. We mention this observation not with any view of pretending to account for so odd a behavior, but lest some critic should hereafter plume himself on discovering

it. We would have these gentlemen know we can see what is odd in characters as well as themselves, but it is our business to relate facts as they are; which, when we have done, it is the part of the learned and sagacious reader to consult that original book of nature whence every passage in our work is transcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different disposition. They suspended their curiosity concerning the person of the ensign, till they should see him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At present, their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, soon began to discover some symptoms of life and motion. These were no sooner perceived by the company (for Jones was at first generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to prescribing for him (for as none of the physical order was present, every one there took that office upon him).

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room; but unluckily there was no operator at hand; every one then cried, "Call the barber;" but none stirred a step. Several cordials were likewise prescribed in the same ineffective manner, till the landlord ordered up a tankard of strong beer, with a toast, which he said was the best cordial in England.

The person principally assistant on this occasion, indeed the only one who did any service, or seemed likely to do any, was the landlady: she cut off some of her hair, and applied it to the wound to stop the blood; she fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having expressed great contempt for her husband's prescription of beer, she dispatched one of her maids to her own closet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as soon as it was brought, she prevailed on Jones, who was just returned to his senses, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the surgeon, who, having viewed the wound, having shaken his head, and blamed everything which was done, ordered his patient instantly to bed; in which place we think proper to leave him some time to his repose, and shall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

## Containing the Great Address of the Landlady, the Great Learning of a Surgeon, and the Solid Skill in Casuistry of the Worthy Lieutenant.

When the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the house began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occasioned, the landlady thus addressed the commanding officer: "I am afraid, sir," said she, "this young man did not behave himself as well as he should do to your honors; and if he had been killed, I suppose he had put his desarts: to be sure, when gentlemen admit inferior parsons into their company, they oft to keep their distance; but, as my first husband used to say, few of 'em know how to do it. For my own part, I am sure I should not have suffered any fellows to *include* themselves into gentlemen's company; but I thoft he had been an officer himself, till the sergeant told me he was but a recruit."

"Landlady," answered the lieutenant, "you mistake the whole matter. The young man behaved himself extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better gentleman than the ensign who abused him. If the young fellow dies, the man who struck him will have most reason to be sorry for it; for the regiment will get rid of a very troublesome fellow, who is a scandal to the army; and if he escapes from the hands of justice, blame me, madam, that's all."

"Ay! ay! good lackaday!" said the landlady; "who could have thoft it? Ay, ay, ay, I am satisfied your honor will see justice done; and to be sure it oft to be to every one. Gentlemen oft not to kill poor folks without answering for it. A poor man hath a soul to be saved, as well as his betters."

"Indeed, madam," said the lieutenant, "you do the volunteer wrong: I dare swear he is more of a gentleman than the officer."

"Ay!" cries the landlady; "why, look you there, now: well, my first husband was a wise man; he used to say you can't always know the inside by the outside. Nay, that might have been well enough too; for I never *saw'd* him till he was all over blood. Who would have thoft it? mayhap, some young gentleman crossed in love. Good lackaday, if he should die, what a concern it will be to his parents! why, sure the devil must possess the wicked wretch to do such an act. To be

sure, he is a scandal to the army, as your honor says; for most of the gentlemen of the army that ever I saw are quite different sort of people, and look as if they would scorn to spill any Christian blood as much as any men: I mean, that is, in a civil way, as my first husband used to say. To be sure, when they come into the wars, there must be bloodshed; but that they are not to be blamed for. The more of our enemies they kill there, the better; and I wish, with all my heart, they could kill every mother's son of them."

"O fie, madam!" said the lieutenant, smiling; "*all* is rather too bloody-minded a wish."

"Not at all, sir," answered she; "I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our enemies; and there is no harm in that. To be sure, it is natural for us to wish our enemies dead that the wars may be at an end, and our taxes be lowered; for it is a dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why, now, there is above forty shillings for window lights, and yet we have stopped up all we could: we have almost blinded the house, I am sure. Says I to the exciseman, says I, I think you oft to favor us; I am sure we are very good friends to the government; and so we are for sartain, for we pay a mint of money to 'um. And yet I often think to myself the government doth not imagine itself more obliged to us than to those that don't pay 'um a farthing. Ay, ay, it is the way of the world."

She was proceeding in this manner, when the surgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately asked how his patient did. But he resolved him only by saying, "Better, I believe, than he would have been by this time if I had not been called; and even as it is, perhaps it would have been lucky if I could have been called sooner." "I hope, sir," said the lieutenant, "the skull is not fractured." "Hum," cries the surgeon, "fractures are not always the most dangerous symptoms. Contusions and lacerations are often attended with worse phenomena, and with more fatal consequences, than fractures. People who know nothing of the matter conclude if the skull is not fractured all is well; whereas, I had rather see a man's skull broke all to pieces than some contusions I have met with." "I hope," says the lieutenant, "there are no such symptoms here." "Symptoms," answered the surgeon, "are not always regular nor constant. I have known very unfavorable symptoms in the morning change to favorable ones at noon, and return to unfavorable again at night. Of

wounds, indeed, it is rightly and truly said, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. I was once, I remember, called to a patient who had received a violent contusion in his tibia, by which the exterior cutis was lacerated, so that there was a profuse sanguinary discharge; and the interior membranes were so divellicated that the os or bone very plainly appeared through the aperture of the vulnus or wound. Some febrile symptoms intervening at the same time (for the pulse was exuberant and indicated much phlebotomy), I apprehended an immediate mortification. To prevent which, I presently made a large orifice in the vein of the left arm, whence I drew twenty ounces of blood; which I expected to have found extremely sizy and glutinous, or indeed coagulated, as it is in pleuretic complaints; but, to my surprise, it appeared rosy and florid and its consistency differed little from the blood of those in perfect health. I then applied a fomentation to the part, which highly answered the intention; and after three or four times dressing the wound began to discharge a thick pus or matter, by which means the cohesion — But perhaps I do not make myself perfectly well understood?" "No, really," answered the lieutenant, "I cannot say I understand a syllable." "Well, sir," said the surgeon, "then I shall not tire your patience; in short, within six weeks my patient was able to walk upon his legs as perfectly as he could have done before he received the contusion." "I wish, sir," said the lieutenant, "you would be so kind only to inform me whether the wound this young gentleman hath had the misfortune to receive is likely to prove mortal." "Sir," answered the surgeon, "to say whether a wound will prove mortal or not at first dressing would be very weak and foolish presumption: we are all mortal, and symptoms often occur in a cure which the greatest of our profession could never foresee." "But do you think him in danger?" says the other. "In danger! ay, surely," cries the doctor; "who is there among us who, in the most perfect health, can be said not to be in danger? Can a man, therefore, with so bad a wound as this be said to be out of danger? All I can say at present is that it is well I was called as I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I had been called sooner. I will see him again early in the morning; and in the mean time let him be kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of water gruel." "Won't you allow him sack whey?" said the landlady." "Ay, ay, sack whey," cries the doctor, "if you will,

provided it be very small." "And a little chicken broth too?" added she. "Yes, yes, chicken broth," said the doctor, "is very good." "Mayn't I make him some jellies too?" said the landlady. "Ay, ay," answered the doctor, "jellies are very good for wounds, for they promote cohesion." And indeed it was lucky she had not named soup or high sauces, for the doctor would have complied rather than have lost the custom of the house.

The doctor was no sooner gone than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their short acquaintance, conceived quite so favorable an opinion of his physical abilities as the good woman, and all the neighborhood, entertained (and perhaps very rightly); for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheless very much of a surgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned discourse of the surgeon that Mr. Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very strict guard, designing in the morning to attend him to a justice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Gloucester to the French lieutenant, who, though he could neither read, write, nor speak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening, our commander sent a message to Mr. Jones that if a visit would not be troublesome, he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones assured his friend that if he had not received express orders to the contrary from the surgeon, he should have got up long ago, for he appeared to himself to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme soreness on that side of his head.

"I should be very glad," quoth the lieutenant, "if you were as well as you fancy yourself, for then you would be able to do yourself justice immediately; for when a matter can't be made up, as in case of a blow, the sooner you take him out the better; but I am afraid you think yourself better than you are, and he would have too much advantage over you."

"I'll try, however," answered Jones, "if you please, and will be so kind as to lend me a sword, for I have none here of my own."

"My sword is heartily at your service, my dear boy," cries

the lieutenant, kissing him; "you are a brave lad, and I love your spirit; but I fear your strength; for such a blow, and so much loss of blood, must have very much weakened you; and though you feel no want of strength in your bed, yet you most probably would after a thrust or two. I can't consent to your taking him out to-night; but I hope you will be able to come up with us before we get many days' march advance; and I give you my honor you shall have satisfaction, or the man who hath injured you shan't stay in our regiment."

"I wish," said Jones, "it were possible to decide this matter to-night: now you have mentioned it to me I shall not be able to rest."

"Oh, never think of it," returned the other; "a few days will make no difference. The wounds of honor are not like those in your body: they suffer nothing by the delay of cure. It will be altogether as well for you to receive satisfaction a week hence as now."

"But suppose," says Jones, "I should grow worse, and die of the consequences of my present wound?"

"Then your honor," answered the lieutenant, "will require no reparation at all. I myself will do justice to your character, and testify to the world your intention to have acted properly if you had recovered."

"Still," replied Jones, "I am concerned at the delay. I am almost afraid to mention it to you who are a soldier; but though I have been a very wild young fellow, still in my most serious moments, and at the bottom, I am really a Christian."

"So am I too, I assure you," said the officer; "and so zealous a one that I was pleased with you at dinner for taking up the cause of your religion; and I am a little offended with you now, young gentleman, that you should express a fear of declaring your faith before any one."

"But how terrible must it be," cried Jones, "to any one who is really a Christian, to cherish malice in his breast in opposition to the command of Him who hath expressly forbid it? How can I bear to do this on a sick bed? Or how shall I make up my account, with such an article as this in my bosom against me?"

"Why, I believe there is such a command," cries the lieutenant; "but a man of honor can't keep it. And you must be a man of honor if you will be in the army. I remember I once put the case to our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and

he confessed there was much difficulty in it; but he said he hoped there might be a latitude granted to soldiers in this one instance; and to be sure it is our duty to hope so; for who would bear to live without his honor? No, no, my dear boy, be a good Christian as long as you live; but be a man of honor too, and never put up an affront; not all the books, nor all the parsons in the world, shall ever persuade me to that. I love my religion very well, but I love my honor more. There must be some mistake in the wording the text, or in the translation, or in the understanding it, or somewhere or other. But however that be, a man must run the risk, for he must preserve his honor. So compose yourself to-night, and I promise you you shall have an opportunity of doing yourself justice." Here he gave Jones a hearty buss, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But though the lieutenant's reasoning was very satisfactory to himself, it was not entirely so to his friend. Jones, therefore, having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at last came to a resolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

## A Most Dreadful Chapter indeed; and which Few Readers ought to venture upon in an Evening, especially when alone.

Jones swallowed a large mess of chicken, or rather cock, broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himself no deficiency of either health or spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his enemy.

But first he sent for the sergeant, who was his first acquaintance among these military gentlemen. Unluckily that worthy officer having, in a literal sense, taken his fill of liquor, had been some time retired to his bolster, where he was snoring so loud that it was not easy to convey a noise in at his ears capable of drowning that which issued from his nostrils.

However, as Jones persisted in his desire of seeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to disturb his slumbers, and to acquaint him with the message. Of which the sergeant was no sooner made sensible than he arose from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the sergeant with his design;

though he might have done it with great safety, for the halberdier was himself a man of honor, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this secret, or indeed any other which no reward was published for discovering. But as Jones knew not those virtues in so short an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began, therefore, by acquainting the sergeant that as he was now entered into the army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary implement of a soldier, namely, a sword, adding that he should be infinitely obliged to him if he could procure one. "For which," says he, "I will give you any reasonable price; nor do I insist upon its being silver-hilted; only a good blade, and such as may become a soldier's thigh."

The sergeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from such a message, at such a time of night, and from a man in such a situation, that he was light-headed. Now as he had his wit (to use that word in its common signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his advantage of this humor in the sick man. "Sir," says he, "I believe I can fit you. I have a most excellent piece of stuff by me. It is not indeed silver-hilted, which, as you say, doth not become a soldier; but the handle is decent enough, and the blade one of the best in Europe. It is a blade that — a blade that — in short, I will fetch it you this instant, and you shall see it and handle it. I am glad to see your honor so well with all my heart."

Being instantly returned with the sword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it, and then told the sergeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The sergeant now began to harangue in praise of his goods. He said (nay, he swore very heartily) "that the blade was taken from a French officer, of very high rank, at the battle of Dettingen. I took it myself," says he, "from his side, after I had knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden one. That I sold to one of our fine gentlemen; for there are some of them, an't please your honor, who value the hilt of a sword more than the blade."

Here the other stopped him, and begged him to name a price. The sergeant, who thought Jones absolutely out of his senses, and very near his end, was afraid lest he should injure his

family by asking too little. However, after a moment's hesitation, he contented himself with naming twenty guineas, and swore he would not sell it for less to his own brother.

"Twenty guineas!" says Jones, in the utmost surprise; "sure you think I am mad, or that I never saw a sword in my life. Twenty guineas, indeed! I did not imagine you would endeavor to impose upon me. Here, take the sword — no, now I think on't, I will keep it myself, and show it your officer in the morning, acquainting him, at the same time, what a price you asked me for it."

The sergeant, as we have said, had always his wit *(in sensu prædicto)* about him, and now plainly saw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great surprise as the other had shown, and said, "I am certain, sir, I have not asked you so much out of the way. Besides, you are to consider it is the only sword I have, and I must run the risk of my officer's displeasure by going without one myself. And truly, putting all this together, I don't think twenty shillings was so much out of the way."

"Twenty shillings!" cries Jones; "why, you just now asked me twenty guineas." "How!" cries the sergeant; "sure your honor must have mistaken me, or else I mistook myself — and indeed I am but half awake. Twenty guineas, indeed! no wonder your honor flew into such a passion. I say twenty guineas too. No, no, I mean twenty shillings, I assure you. And when your honor comes to consider everything, I hope you will not think that so extravagant a price. It is indeed true you may buy a weapon which looks as well for less money. But ——"

Here Jones interrupted him, saying, "I will be so far from making any words with you that I will give you a shilling more than your demand." He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wished him a good march, adding he hoped to overtake them before the division reached Worcester.

The sergeant very civilly took his leave, fully satisfied with his merchandise, and not a little pleased with his dexterous recovery from that false step into which his opinion of the sick man's light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the sergeant was departed, Jones rose from his bed, and dressed himself entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its color was white, showed very visibly the streams of blood which had flowed down it; and now, having grasped his

new-purchased sword in his hand, he was going to issue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might possibly deprive a human being of life, or might lose his own. "Very well," said he, "and in what cause do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honor. And who is this human being? A rascal who hath injured and insulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by heaven? Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but shall I obey the world in opposition to the express commands of heaven? Shall I incur the Divine displeasure rather than be called — ha — coward — scoundrel? — I'll think no more; I am resolved, and must fight him."

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds, except the sentinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-colored coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a churchyard nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

When the sentinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

Jones seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he

had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary situation, he found — an empty quart pot standing on the table, on which some beer being spilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at present it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to some other apartment; but upon searching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the sentinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call Northerton several times by his name, but no one answered; nor did this serve to any other purpose than to confirm the sentinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghost was come in search of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wish, with all my heart, some of those actors who are hereafter to represent a man frighted out of his wits had seen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, instead of performing several antic tricks and gestures for the entertainment and applause of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole house, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently stole back again to his chamber, and to his bed, whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered had any other person been on the same staircase, save only one gentleman, who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber the hall where the sentinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, all very earnestly inquiring of each other what was the matter.

The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just now left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead; but they presently saw their mistake, for he not only struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into nothing but ghosts and specters.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles were brought, and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the matter, he answered, "I am a

dead man, that's all, I am a dead man, I can't recover it, I have seen him." "What hast thou seen, Jack?" says one of the soldiers. "Why, I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday." He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where Ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women present believed it firmly, and prayed heaven to defend them from murder. Amongst the men, too, many had faith in the story; but others turned it into derision and ridicule; and a sergeant who was present answered very coolly, "Young man, you will hear more of this for going to sleep and dreaming on your post."

The soldier replied, "You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the devil carry me away, as he hath the ensign, if I did not see the dead man, as I tell you, with eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaux."

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the house, were now both arrived; for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the sentinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to rise immediately, though he had no great apprehensions of any mischief; whereas the apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her spoons and tankards should be upon the march, without having received any such orders from her.

Our poor sentinel, to whom the sight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful story, and with many additions of blood and fire; but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the last-mentioned persons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; besides, having so lately left Jones in the condition we have seen, he had no suspicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not overreligious, she had no kind of aversion to the doctrine of spirits; but there was a circumstance in the tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the reader presently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone, it was now certain that his body was no longer in custody. Upon this occa-

sion, the lieutenant formed a conclusion not very different from what the sergeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the sentinel to be taken prisoner. So that, by a strange reverse of fortune (though not very uncommon in a military life), the guard became the guarded.

### The Conclusion of the Foregoing Adventure.

Besides the suspicion of sleep, the lieutenant harbored another and worse doubt against the poor sentinel, and this was that of treachery; for as he believed not one syllable of the apparition, so he imagined the whole to be an invention formed only to impose upon him, and that the fellow had in reality been bribed by Northerton to let him escape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in several actions, having received several wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himself always like a good and valiant soldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the least ill opinion of such a person, we shall not delay a moment in rescuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton then, as we have before observed, was fully satisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had perhaps seen, or heard, or guessed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here insinuate that he was heathenishly inclined to believe in or to worship the goddess Nemesis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, besides, of an active disposition, and had a great antipathy to those close quarters in the castle of Gloucester, for which a justice of peace might possibly give him a billet. Nor was he, moreover, free from some uneasy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honor than to be ashamed of this building, as it is, or at least might be made, of more benefit to society than almost any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reasons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was desirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the quomodo, which appeared to be a matter of some difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though somewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly straight in his person, which was ex-

tremely strong and well made. His face, too, was accounted handsome by the generality of women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail of making an impression on my landlady, who had no little relish for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compassion for the young man; and hearing from the surgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign aspect with the ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a visit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which she considerably heightened by telling him there were scarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, she proceeded to throw forth some hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right understanding; and it was at length agreed that the ensign should, at a certain signal, ascend the chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himself down, for which she would give him an opportunity by keeping the coast clear.

But lest our readers, of a different complexion, should take this occasion of too hastily condemning all compassion as a folly, and pernicious to society, we think proper to mention another particular which might possibly have some little share in this action. The ensign happened to be at this time possessed of the sum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company; for the captain, having quarreled with his lieutenant, had intrusted the payment of his company to the ensign. This money, however, he thought proper to deposit in my landlady's hand, possibly by way of bail or security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the charge against him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is that she had the money and the ensign his liberty.

The reader may perhaps expect from the compassionate temper of this good woman that when she saw the poor sentinel taken prisoner for a fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her compassion in the above-mentioned instance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from those of the ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but, far from being an advocate for the present prisoner, she urged his guilt to his officer, declaring, with uplifted eyes and hands, that she would not have any concern in the escape of a murderer for all the world.

Everything was now once more quiet, and most of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her disposition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propensity to sleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to spend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and bustle that had passed, of which he had now some curiosity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rang at least twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in such high mirth with her company that no clapper could be heard there but her own; and the drawer and chambermaid, who were sitting together in the kitchen (for neither durst he sit up nor she lie in bed alone), the more they heard the bell ring the more they were frightened, and, as it were, nailed down in their places.

At last, at a lucky interval of chat, the sound reached the ears of our good landlady, who presently sent forth her summons, which both her servants instantly obeyed. "Joo," says the mistress, "don't you hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why don't you go up?" "It is not my business," answered the drawer, "to wait upon the chambers — it is Betty Chambermaid's." "If you come to that," answered the maid, "it is not my business to wait upon gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, sometimes; but the devil fetch me if ever I do it again, since you make your preambles about it." The bell still ringing violently, their mistress fell into a passion, and swore if the drawer did not go up immediately she would turn him away that very morning. "If you do, madam," says he, "I can't help it. I won't do another servant's business." She then applied herself to the maid, and endeavored to prevail by gentle means; but all in vain: Betty was as inflexible as Joo. Both insisted it was not their business, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a laughing, and said, "Come, I will put an end to this contention;" and then turning to the servants, commended them for their resolution in not giving up the point, but added, he was sure if one would consent to go the other would. To which proposal they both agreed in an instant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and close together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeased the wrath of the landlady by satisfying her why they were both so unwilling to go alone.

They returned soon after, and acquainted their mistress that the sick gentleman was so far from being dead that he spoke as heartily as if he were well; and that he gave his service to the captain, and should be very glad of the favor of seeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his desires, and sitting down by his bedside, acquainted him with the scene which had happened below, concluding with his intentions to make an example of the sentinel.

Upon this Jones related to him the whole truth, and earnestly begged him not to punish the poor soldier, "who, I am confident," says he, "is as innocent of the ensign's escape as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavoring to impose on you."

The lieutenant hesitated a few moments, and then answered: "Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, so it will be impossible to prove the other, because he was not the only sentinel. But I have a good mind to punish the rascal for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect the terror of such an apprehension may have? and, to say the truth, he hath always behaved well against an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to see any sign of religion in these fellows; so I promise you he shall be set at liberty when we march. But hark, the general beats. My dear boy, give me another buss. Don't discompose nor hurry yourself; but remember the Christian doctrine of patience, and I warrant you will soon be able to do yourself justice, and to take an honorable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you." The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavored to compose himself to rest.

## MARLOW TAKES MR. HARDCASTLE'S HOUSE FOR AN INN.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(From "She Stoops to Conquer.")

[Oliver Goldsmith: An Irish poet, novelist, dramatist, and essayist; born in County Longford, November 10, 1728. He took his B.A. at Dublin (1749), studied medicine at Edinburgh, and for a number of years led a roving life in England and on the Continent. After several unsuccessful attempts to find an occupation, he settled in London and began to write for the *Critical Review*, the *British Magazine*, and other periodicals. He would have been in comfortable

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

*From a painting by P. Krämer. By permission of F. Bruckmann, Munich*

circumstances but for extravagance and gambling. He died in London, April 4, 1774, mourned by many distinguished friends, including Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds. Among his works are: "The Traveler," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village"; and the comedies, "A Good-natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer."]

*Present:* HASTINGS *and* MISS NEVILLE. *Enter* MARLOW.

*Marlow* — The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife, on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gantlet through all the rest of the family. — What have we got here?

*Hastings* — My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you! — The most fortunate accident! — Who do you think is just alighted?

*Marlow* — Cannot guess.

*Hastings* — Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighborhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stept into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

*Marlow* [*aside*] — I have been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

*Hastings* — Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

*Marlow* — Oh! yes. Very fortunate — a most joyful encounter. — But our dresses, George, you know are in disorder. What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow? — To-morrow at her own house. It will be every bit as convenient — and rather more respectful, To-morrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*

*Miss Neville* — By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardor of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

*Marlow* — O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

*Hastings* — Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

*Marlow* — And, of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

*Enter* MISS HARDCASTLE, *as returned from walking, a bonnet, etc.*

*Hastings* [*introducing them*] — Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

*Miss Hardcastle* [*aside*] — Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. [*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted*] I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir. I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

*Marlow* — Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry — madam — or rather glad of any accidents — that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

*Hastings* [*to him*] — You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

*Miss Hardcastle* — I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

*Marlow* [*gathering courage*] — I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

*Miss Neville* — But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

*Hastings* [*to him*] — Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance forever.

*Marlow* [*to him*] — Hem! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two, to set me up again.

*Miss Hardcastle* — An observer, like you, upon life were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

*Marlow* — Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

*Hastings* [*to him*] — Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

*Marlow* — Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. [*To him*] Zounds! George, sure you won't go? how can you leave us?

*Hastings* — Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. [*To him*] You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own.

[*Exeunt.*

*Miss Hardcastle* [*after a pause*] — But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir: the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

*Marlow* [*relapsing into timidity*] — Pardon me, madam, I — I — I — as yet have studied — only — to — deserve them.

*Miss Hardcastle* — And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

*Marlow* — Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex. But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

*Miss Hardcastle* — Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it forever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

*Marlow* — It's — a disease — of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish — for — um — a — um.

*Miss Hardcastle* — I understand you, sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

*Marlow* — My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing — a ——

*Miss Hardcastle* [*aside*] — Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions? [*To him*] You were going to observe, sir ——

*Marlow* — I was observing, madam — I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

*Miss Hardcastle* [*aside*] — I vow and so do I. [*To him*] You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy — something about hypocrisy, sir.

*Marlow* — Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not — a — a — a ——

*Miss Hardcastle* — I understand you perfectly, sir.

*Marlow* [*aside*] — Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

*Miss Hardcastle* — You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practice in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

*Marlow* — True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

*Miss Hardcastle* — Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force — pray, sir, go on.

*Marlow* — Yes, madam. I was saying — that there are some occasions when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the — and puts us — upon a — a — a ——

*Miss Hardcastle* — I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

*Marlow* — Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam — But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

*Miss Hardcastle* — I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

*Marlow* — Yes, madam, I was — But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honor to attend you?

*Miss Hardcastle* — Well, then, I'll follow.

*Marlow* [*aside*] — This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

*Miss Hardcastle* [*alone*] — Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody? — That, faith, is a question I can scarce answer.

*Enter* MARLOW.

*Marlow* — What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story: if I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muses.*

*Miss Hardcastle* — Did you call, sir? Did your honor call?

*Marlow* [*musing*] — As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

*Miss Hardcastle* — Did your honor call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*

*Marlow* — No, child. [*Musing*] Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

*Miss Hardcastle* — I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

*Marlow* — No, no. [*Musing*] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning. [*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*

*Miss Hardcastle* — Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

*Marlow* — I tell you, no.

*Miss Hardcastle* — I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants!

*Marlow* — No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face.*] Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted — I wanted — I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

*Miss Hardcastle* — O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

*Marlow* — Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your — a — what d'ye call it in the house?

*Miss Hardcastle* — No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

*Marlow* — One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of a trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

*Miss Hardcastle* — Nectar! nectar! That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We sell no French wines here, sir.

*Marlow* — Of true English growth, I assure you.

*Miss Hardcastle* — Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

*Marlow* — Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

*Miss Hardcastle* — O! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

*Marlow* — To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty [*approaching*]. Yet, nearer, I don't think so much [*approaching*]. By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed — [*attempting to kiss her*].

*Miss Hardcastle* — Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age, as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

*Marlow* — I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted?

*Miss Hardcastle* — And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here awhile ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

*Marlow* [*aside*] — Egad, she has hit it, sure enough! [*To her*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward squinting thing; no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

*Miss Hardcastle* — O! then, sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies?

*Marlow* — Yes, my dear, a great favorite. And yet hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons; Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

[*Offering to salute her.*

*Miss Hardcastle* — Hold, sir; you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there, you say?

*Marlow* — Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old

Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

*Miss Hardcastle* — Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

*Marlow* — Yes, as merry as cards, supper, wine, and old women can make us.

*Miss Hardcastle* — And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

*Marlow* [*aside*] — Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child?

*Miss Hardcastle* — I can't but laugh, to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

*Marlow* [*aside*] — All's well; she don't laugh at me. [*To her*] Do you ever work, child?

*Miss Hardcastle* — Ay, sure. There's not a screen or quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

*Marlow* — Odso! then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. [*Seizing her hand.*

*Miss Hardcastle* — Ay, but the colors do not look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

*Marlow* — And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance. — Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames ace three times following. [*Exit Miss Hardcastle.*

*Enter* HARDCASTLE.

*Hardcastle* — I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [*To him*] Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*

*Marlow* — Sir, your humble servant. [*Aside*] What's to be the wonder now?

*Hardcastle* — I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

*Marlow* — I do from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

*Hardcastle* — I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

*Marlow* — I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. [*To the side scene*] Here, let one of my servants come up. [*To him*] My positive directions were that, as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

*Hardcastle* — Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

*Marlow* — They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

*Enter* Servant, *drunk.*

*Marlow* — You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

*Hardcastle* [*aside*] — I begin to lose my patience.

*Jeremy* — Please your honor, liberty and Fleet Street forever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon — hiccup — on my conscience, sir.

*Marlow* — You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer barrel.

*Hardcastle* — Zounds! he'll drive me distracted, if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow — sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

*Marlow* — Leave your house! — Sure you jest, my good friend! What? when I'm doing what I can to please you.

*Hardcastle* — I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

*Marlow* — Sure you cannot be serious! At this time o' night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

*Hardcastle* — I tell you, sir, I'm serious! and now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

*Marlow* — Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [*In a serious tone*] This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I

FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON IN THE DRESS WORN BY HIM IN HIS JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES

choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me; never in my whole life before.

*Hardcastle* — Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, sir." By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir [*bantering*], as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

*Marlow* — Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

*Hardcastle* — There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the "Rake's Progress," for your own apartment?

*Marlow* — Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

*Hardcastle* — Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your own face in.

*Marlow* — My bill, I say.

*Hardcastle* — I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

*Marlow* — Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

*Hardcastle* — Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it.

## ESSAYS OF DR. JOHNSON.

[Samuel Johnson, English lexicographer, essayist, and poet, was born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709, and attended Pembroke College, Oxford, until his father's death left him without means to continue his studies at the university. After a brief and unsatisfactory experience in teaching, he went to London in 1737, accompanied by his pupil Garrick, and thenceforth devoted himself to literature as a profession. He became a regular contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine;* published his "London," "Life of Richard Savage," and "Vanity of Human Wishes"; and in 1755 completed his famous diction-

ary, on which he had been engaged nine years. He wrote the greater part of *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, and in one week finished "Rasselas" (1759). After the accession of George III. he received a pension of £300, and about this time instituted the Literary Club, which included among its members Burke, Goldsmith, and Reynolds. During his last years he devoted himself almost exclusively to society and conversation, and his sayings and doings were carefully reported by Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale). Johnson died at London, December 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

(From *The Adventurer*.)

It is observed by Bacon, that "reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man."

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever attained by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practiced it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated amongst us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expense of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavoring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if

so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance, unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Perseus has justly observed that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honor or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning is next to consider how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as Pope expresses

it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present, but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *opacum* and *pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *opacum* was, as one might say, *opake*, and that *pellucidum* signified *pellucid*. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries; and expect that short hints and obscure allusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestable truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who, having fenced with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in

POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

*From a photo by F. G. O. Stuart, Southampton*

unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies; his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practiced to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frighted by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail in his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force: thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others; and seldom recall to a close examination that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against

the fallacies which it practices on others: in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportions is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable to have *perfection* in our eye, that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

(From *The Rambler.*)

Locke, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favorer of idleness or libertinism, has advanced that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigor must allow some of it to pass in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to spend a whole life in profound study and intense meditation, and the most rigorous exacters of industry and seriousness have appointed hours for relaxation and amusement.

It is certain that, with or without our consent, many of the few moments allotted us will slide imperceptibly away, and that the mind will break, from confinement to its stated task, into sudden excursions. Severe and connected attention is preserved but for a short time; and when a man shuts himself up in his closet, and bends his thoughts to the discussion of any abstruse question, he will find his faculties continually stealing away to more pleasing entertainments. He often perceives himself transported, he knows not how, to distant tracts of thought, and returns to his first object as from a dream, without knowing when he forsook it, or how long he has been abstracted from it.

It has been observed that the most studious are not always the most learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in discovering that this difference of proficiency may arise from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the

convenience of information. But I believe it likewise frequently happens that the most recluse are not the most vigorous prosecutors of study. Many impose upon the world, and many upon themselves, by an appearance of severe and exemplary diligence, when they, in reality, give themselves up to the luxury of fancy, please their minds with regulating the past, or planning out the future; place themselves at will in varied situations of happiness, and slumber away their days in voluntary visions. In the journey of life some are left behind, because they are naturally feeble and slow; some because they miss the way, and many because they leave it by choice, and, instead of pressing onward with a steady pace, delight themselves with momentary deviations, turn aside to pluck every flower and repose in every shade.

There is nothing more fatal to a man whose business is to think, than to have learned the art of regaling his mind with those airy gratifications. Other vices or follies are restrained by fear, reformed by admonition, or rejected by the conviction which the comparison of our conduct with that of others may in time produce. But this invisible riot of the mind, this secret prodigality of being, is secure from detection and fearless of reproach. The dreamer retires to his apartments, shuts out the cares and interruptions of mankind, and abandons himself to his own fancy; new worlds rise up before him, one image is followed by another, and a long succession of delights dances round him. He is at last called back to life by nature, or by custom, and enters peevish into society, because he cannot model it to his own will. He returns from his idle excursions with the asperity, though not with the knowledge, of a student, and hastens again to the same felicity with the eagerness of a man bent upon the advancement of some favorite science. The infatuation strengthens by degrees, and, like the poison of opiates, weakens his powers, without any external symptom of malignity.

It happens, indeed, that these hypocrites of learning are in time detected, and convinced by disgrace and disappointment of the difference between the labor of thought, and the sport of musing. But this discovery is often not made till it is too late to recover the time that has been fooled away. A thousand accidents may, indeed, awaken drones to a more early sense of their danger and their shame. But they who are convinced of the necessity of breaking from this habitual drowsiness too

often relapse in spite of their resolution; for these ideal seducers are always near, and neither any particularity of time nor place is necessary to their influence; they invade the soul without warning, and have often charmed down resistance before their approach is perceived or suspected.

This captivity, however, it is necessary for every man to break, who has any desire to be wise or useful, to pass his life with the esteem of others, or to look back with satisfaction from his old age upon his earlier years. In order to regain liberty, he must find the means of flying from himself; he must, in opposition to the Stoic precept, teach his desires to fix upon external things; he must adopt the joys and the pains of others, and excite in his mind the want of social pleasures and amicable communication.

It is, perhaps, not impossible to promote the cure of this mental malady by close application to some new study, which may pour in fresh ideas, and keep curiosity in perpetual motion. But study requires solitude, and solitude is a state dangerous to those who are too much accustomed to sink into themselves. Active employment or public pleasure is generally a necessary part of this intellectual regimen, without which, though some remission may be obtained, a complete cure will scarcely be effected.

This is a formidable and obstinate disease of the intellect, of which, when it has once become radicated by time, the remedy is one of the hardest tasks of reason and of virtue. Its slightest attacks, therefore, should be watchfully opposed; and he that finds the frigid and narcotic infection beginning to seize him should turn his whole attention against it, and check it at the first discovery by proper counteraction.

The great resolution to be formed, when happiness and virtue are thus formidably invaded, is that no part of life be spent in a state of neutrality or indifference; but that some pleasure be found for every moment that is not devoted to labor; and that, whenever the necessary business of life grows irksome or disgusting, an immediate transition be made to diversion and gayety.

After the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practiced in free and easy conversation; where suspicion is ban-

ished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.

There must be a time in which every man trifles; and the only choice that nature offers us is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleasure has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amusements should not terminate wholly in the present moment, but contribute more or less to future advantage. He that amuses himself among well-chosen companions can scarcely fail to receive, from the most careless and obstreperous merriment which virtue can allow, some useful hints; nor can converse on the most familiar topics, without some casual information. The loose sparkles of thoughtless wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical positions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which those friendships that give happiness or consolation, relief or security, are generally formed. A wise and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroic generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect, but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumber all minds from awe and solitude, invite the modest to freedom, and exalt the timorous to confidence. This easy gayety is certain to please, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if our superiors descend from their elevation, we love them for lessening the distance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can receive no lasting advantage, will always keep our affections while their sprightliness and mirth contribute to our pleasure.

Every man finds himself differently affected by the sight of fortresses of war and palaces of pleasure: we look on the height and strength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy satisfaction, for we cannot think of defense without admitting images of danger; but we range delighted and jocund through the gay apartments of the palace, because nothing is impressed by them on the mind but joy and festivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters: with protectors we are safe, with companions we are happy.

# THE HAPPY VALLEY.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(From "Rasselas.")

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

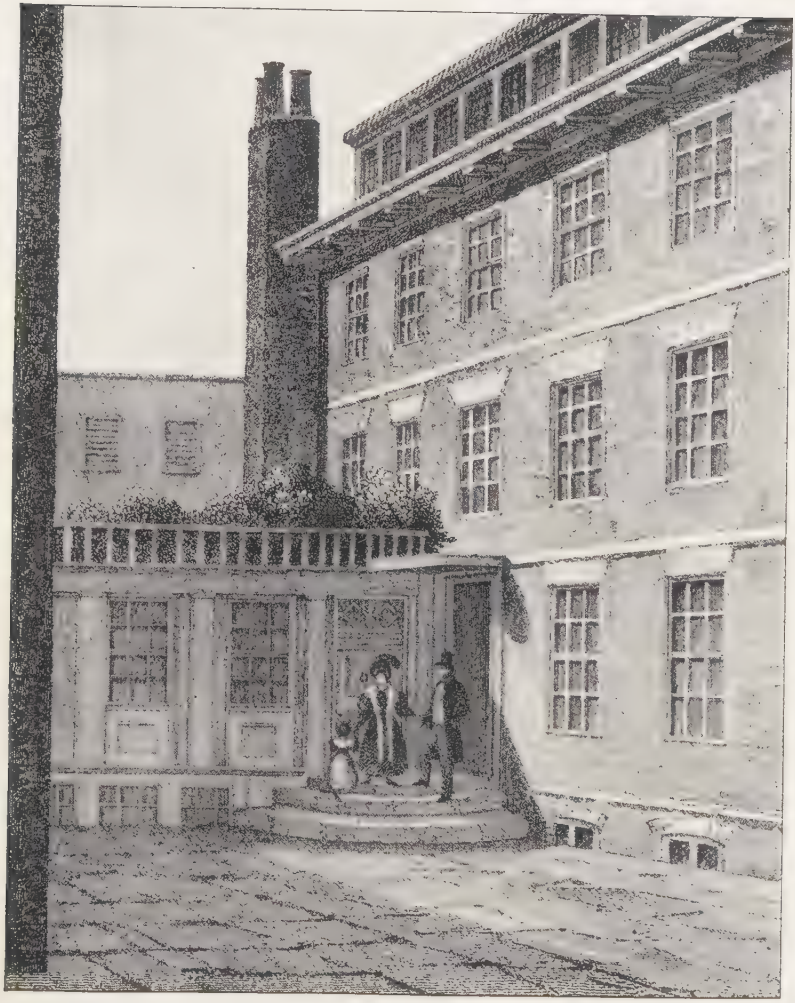
Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty Emperor in whose dominions the father of waters begins his course — whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massive that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S HOUSE, NO. 8 BELT COURT,
FLEET STREET

upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrubs, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns, the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with all the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hopes that they should pass their lives in blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new scenes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence, raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massive stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers, who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage;

every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterraneous passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had reposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigences of the kingdom, and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower, not entered but by the Emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skillful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practiced to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the Happy Valley. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment were the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of the evening.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom nature had excluded from this seat of tranquillity as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavored to renew his love of pleasure. He neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivu-

lets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the streams, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes. The singularity of his humor made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself: he is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased; he is satisfied, and sleeps; he rises again, and is hungry; he is again fed, and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty, like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest. I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fullness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken the attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutist and the singer; but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover in me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desire distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity, for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which you are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils

anticipated: surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these the Prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

On the next day, his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the Prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford. "Why," said he, "does this man thus intrude upon me? Shall I never be suffered to forget these lectures, which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again, must be forgotten?" He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when, before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once reverenced and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the Prince, and to inquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace to loneliness and silence. "I fly from pleasure," said the Prince, "because pleasure has ceased to please: I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others." "You, sir," said the sage, "are the first who has complained of misery in the Happy Valley. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all the Emperor of Abyssinia can bestow; here is neither labor to be endured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labor or danger can procure or purchase. Look round and tell me which of your wants is without supply: if you want nothing, how are you unhappy?"

"That I want nothing," said the Prince, "or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint: if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would

excite endeavor, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountains, or to lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment showed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much: give me something to desire." The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir," said he, "if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state." "Now," said the Prince, "you have given me something to desire. I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

At this time the sound of music proclaimed the hour of repast, and the conversation was concluded. The old man went away sufficiently discontented to find that his reasonings had produced the only conclusion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life, shame and grief are of short duration: whether it be that we bear easily what we have borne long; or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others; or, that we look with slight regard upon afflictions to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The Prince, whose views were extended to a wider space, could not speedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promised him, because he considered that in a long time much must be endured: he now rejoiced in his youth, because in many years much might be done. The first beam of hope that had been ever darted into his mind rekindled youth in his cheeks, and doubled the luster of his eyes. He was fired with the desire of doing something, though he knew not yet, with distinctness, either end or means. He was now no longer gloomy and unsocial; but considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, which he could only enjoy by concealing it, he affected to be busy in all the schemes of diversion, and endeavored to make others pleased with the state of which he himself was weary.

But pleasures can never be so multiplied or continued as not to leave much of life unemployed; there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could spend without suspicion in solitary thought. The load of life was much lightened; he went eagerly into the assemblies, because he supposed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes; he retired gladly to privacy, because he had now a subject of thought. His chief amusement was to picture to himself that world which he had never seen, to place himself in various conditions, to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures; but his benevolence always terminated his projects in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness.

Thus passed twenty months of the life of Rasselas. He busied himself so intensely in visionary bustle that he forgot his real solitude; and amidst hourly preparations for the various incidents of human affairs, neglected to consider by what means he should mingle with mankind.

One day, as he was sitting on a bank, he feigned to himself an orphan virgin robbed of her little portion by a treacherous lover, and crying after him for restitution. So strongly was the image impressed upon his mind, that he started up in the maid's defense, and ran forward to seize the plunderer with all the eagerness of real pursuit. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Rasselas could not catch the fugitive with his utmost efforts; but, resolving to weary by perseverance him whom he could not surpass in speed, he pressed on till the foot of the mountain stopped his course.

Here he recollected himself, and smiled at his own useless impetuosity. Then raising his eyes to the mountain, "This," said he, "is the fatal obstacle that hinders at once the enjoyment of pleasure and the exercise of virtue. How long is it that my hopes and wishes have flown beyond this boundary of my life, which yet I never have attempted to surmount?" Struck with this reflection, he sat down to muse, and remembered that since he first resolved to escape from his confinement, the sun had passed twice over him in his annual course. He now felt a degree of regret with which he had never been before acquainted. He considered how much might have been done in the time which had passed and left nothing real behind it. He compared twenty months with the life of man.

"In life," said he, "is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting. The true period of human existence may be reasonably estimated at forty years, of which I have mused away the four and twentieth part. What I have lost was certain, for I have certainly possessed it; but of twenty months to come, who can assure me?"

The consciousness of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himself. "The rest of my time," said he, "has been lost by the crime or folly of my ancestors, and the absurd institutions of my country; I remember it with disgust, yet without remorse: but the months that have passed since new light darted into my soul, since I formed a scheme of reasonable felicity, have been squandered by my own fault. I have lost that which can never be restored; I have seen the sun rise and set for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven; in this time the birds have left the nest of their mother, and committed themselves to the woods and to the skies; the kid has forsaken the teat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in quest of independent sustenance. I only have made no advances, but am still helpless and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admonished me of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth and the instructions of the planets. Twenty months are passed: who shall restore them?"

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertion by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious; and Rasselas reproached himself that he had not discovered it — having not known, or not considered, how many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardor to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He for a few hours regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of escaping from the Valley of Happiness.

# A POEM OF OSSIAN.

By JAMES MACPHERSON.

[JAMES MACPHERSON, the alleged translator of the Ossianic poems, was born at Ruthven, in Inverness, in 1738. In 1760, while a schoolmaster in his native village, he published some fragments of Gaelic verse with translations. These excited so much interest that a subscription was formed to enable the author to discover more of these poems. The result was the appearance, in 1762, of the so-called "Poems of Ossian," consisting of the epics, "Fingal" and "Temora." The controversy which at once arose as to their genuineness (as Gaelic remains) has not yet been settled, though opinion is generally against Macpherson. He was secretary to the governor general of Florida (1764); sat for a number of years in Parliament; and died in 1796. At his own request and expense he was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

## LATHMON.

SELMA, thy halls are silent. There is no sound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coast. The silent beam of the sun is on the field. The daughters of Morven come forth, like the bow of the shower; they look towards green Erin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the north arose!

Who pours from the eastern hill, like a stream of darkness? It is the host of Lathmon. He has heard of the absence of Fingal. He trusts in the wind of the north. His soul brightens with joy. Why dost thou come, O Lathmon? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comest thou with thy forward spear? Will the daughters of Morven fight? But stop, O mighty stream, in thy course! Does not Lathmon behold these sails? Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon, like the mist of the lake? But the squally storm is behind thee; Fingal pursues thy steps!

The king of Morven had started from sleep, as we rolled on the dark blue wave. He stretched his hand to his spear, his heroes rose around. We knew that he had seen his fathers, for they often descended to his dreams, when the sword of the foe rose over the land, and the battle darkened before us. "Whither hast thou fled, O wind!" said the king of Morven. "Dost thou rustle in the chambers of the south, pursuest thou the shower in other lands? Why dost thou not come to my sails? to the blue face of my seas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and the king is absent far. But let each bind on his

mail, and each assume his shield. Stretch every spear over the wave; let every sword be unsheathed. Lathmon is before us with his host: he that fled from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he returns, like a collected stream, and his roar is between our hills."

Such were the words of Fingal. We rushed into Carmona's bay. Ossian ascended the hill: he thrice struck his bossy shield. The rock of Morven replied: the bounding roes came forth. The foe was troubled in my presence: he collected his darkened host. I stood, like a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of my youth.

Morni sat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon: his locks of age are gray: he leans forward on his staff; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the battles of his father. Often did he rise, in the fire of his soul, at the mighty deeds of Morni. The aged heard the sound of Ossian's shield: he knew the sign of war. He started at once from his place. His gray hair parted on his back. He remembered the deeds of other years.

"My son," he said to fair-haired Gaul, "I hear the sound of war. The king of Morven is returned, his signals are spread on the wind. Go to the halls of Strumon; bring his arms to Morni. Bring the shield of my father's latter years, for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy armor, O Gaul! and rush to the first of thy battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown of thy fathers. Be thy course in the field, like the eagle's wing. Why shouldst thou fear death, my son? the valiant fall with fame; their shields turn the dark stream of danger away; renown dwells on their aged hairs. Dost thou not see, O Gaul! how the steps of my age are honored? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him with awe, and turn their eyes, with silent joy, on his course. But I never fled from danger, my son! my sword lightened through the darkness of war. The stranger melted before me; the mighty were blasted in my presence."

Gaul brought the arms to Morni: the aged warrior is covered with steel. He took the spear in his hand, which was stained with the blood of the valiant. He came towards Fingal, his son attended his steps. The son of Comhal arose before him with joy, when he came in his locks of age.

"Chief of roaring Strumon!" said the rising soul of Fingal, "do I behold thee in arms, after thy strength has failed?

Often has Morni shone in fight, like the beam of the ascending sun; when he disperses the storms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields. But why didst thou not rest in thine age? Thy renown is in the song. The people behold thee, and bless the departure of mighty Morni. Why didst thou not rest in thine age? The foe will vanish before Fingal!"

"Son of Comhal," replied the chief, "the strength of Morni's arm has failed. I attempt to draw the sword of my youth, but it remains in its place. I throw the spear, but it falls short of the mark. I feel the weight of my shield. We decay like the grass of the hill: our strength returns no more. I have a son, O Fingal! his soul has delighted in Morni's deeds; but his sword has not been lifted against a foe, neither has his fame begun. I come with him to war; to direct his arm in fight. His renown will be a light to my soul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only say, 'Behold the father of Gaul!'"

"King of Strumon," Fingal replied, "Gaul shall lift the sword in fight. But he shall lift it before Fingal; my arm shall defend his youth. But rest thou in the halls of Selma, and hear of our renown. Bid the harp to be strung, and the voice of the bard to arise, that those who fall may rejoice in their fame; and the soul of Morni brighten with joy. Ossian! thou hast fought in battles: the blood of strangers is on thy spear: thy course be with Gaul, in the strife; but depart not from the side of Fingal! lest the foe should find you alone, and your fame fail in my presence.

"I saw Gaul in his arms; my soul was mixed with his. The fire of the battle was in his eyes! he looked to the foe with joy. We spoke the words of friendship in secret; the lightning of our swords poured together; for we drew them behind the wood, and tried the strength of our arms on the empty air."

Night came down on Morven. Fingal sat at the beam of the oak. Morni sat by his side with all his gray waving locks. Their words were of other times, of the mighty deeds of their fathers. Three bards, at times, touched the harp: Ullin was near with his song. He sung of the mighty Comhal; but darkness gathered on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin: at once ceased the song of the bard. Fingal observed the aged hero, and he mildly spoke. "Chief of Strumon, why

that darkness? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers contended in war, but we meet together at the feast. Our swords are turned on the foe of our land: he melts before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot, hero of mossy Strumon!"

"King of Morven," replied the chief, "I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle; the rage of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal! the feeble remain on the hills! How many heroes have passed away, in the days of Morni! Yet I did not shun the battle; neither did I fly from the strife of the valiant. Now let the friends of Fingal rest; for the night is around; that they may rise, with strength, to battle against car-borne Lathmon. I hear the sound of his host, like thunder moving on the hills. Ossian! and fair-haired Gaul! ye are young and swift in the race. Observe the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to shield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valor of youth may fail!"

We heard the words of the chief with joy. We moved in the clang of our arms. Our steps are on the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its stars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The distant noise of the foe reached our ears. It was then Gaul spoke, in his valor: his hand half-unsheathed the sword.

"Son of Fingal!" he said, "why burns the soul of Gaul? My heart beats high. My steps are disordered; my hand trembles on my sword. When I look towards the foe, my soul lightens before me. I see their sleeping host. Tremble thus the souls of the valiant in battles of the spear? How would the soul of Morni rise if we should rush on the foe! Our renown would grow in song; our steps would be stately in the eyes of the brave."

"Son of Morni," I replied, "my soul delights in war. I delight to shine in battle alone, to give my name to the bards. But what if the foe should prevail; can I behold the eyes of the king? They are terrible in his displeasure, and like the flames of death. But I will not behold them in his wrath! Ossian shall prevail or fall. But shall the fame of the vanquished rise? They pass like a shade away. But the fame of Ossian shall rise! His deeds shall be like his father's. Let us rush in our arms; son of Morni, let us rush to fight. Gaul!

if thou shouldst return, go to Selma's lofty hall. Tell to Everallin that I fell with fame; carry this sword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oscar, when the years of his youth shall arise."

"Son of Fingal," Gaul replied with a sigh, "shall I return after Ossian is low? What would my father say, what Fingal, the king of men? The feeble would turn their eyes and say, 'Behold Gaul, who left his friend in his blood!' Ye shall not behold me, ye feeble, but in the midst of my renown! Ossian, I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes; their mighty deeds when alone; for the soul increases in danger."

"Son of Morni," I replied, and strode before him on the heath, "our fathers shall praise our valor when they mourn our fall. A beam of gladness shall rise on their souls, when their eyes are full of tears. They will say, 'Our sons have not fallen unknown: they spread death around them.' But why should we think of the narrow house? The sword defends the brave. But death pursues the flight of the feeble; their renown is never heard."

We rushed forward through night; we came to the roar of a stream, which bent its blue course round the foe, through trees that echoed to its sound. We came to the bank of the stream, and saw the sleeping host. Their fires were decayed on the plain; the lonely steps of their scouts were distant far. I stretched my spear before me to support my steps over the stream. But Gaul took my hand, and spoke the words of the brave. "Shall the son of Fingal rush on the sleeping foe? Shall he come like a blast by night, when it overturns the young trees in secret? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the gray hairs of Morni, for actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike the shield, and let their thousands rise! Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that he may try the strength of his arm."

My soul rejoiced over the warrior: my bursting tears came down. "And the foe shall meet thee, Gaul!" I said: "the fame of Morni's son shall arise. But rush not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy steel be near to Ossian. Let our hands join in slaughter. Gaul, dost thou not behold that rock? Its gray side dimly gleams to the stars. Should the foe prevail, let our back be towards the rock. Then shall they fear to approach our spears, for death is in our hands!"

I struck thrice my echoing shield. The starting foe arose.

We rushed on in the sound of our arms. Their crowded steps fly over the heath. They thought that the mighty Fingal was come. The strength of their arms withered away. The sound of their flight was like that of flame, when it rushes through the blasted groves. It was then the spear of Gaul flew in its strength; it was then his sword arose. Cremor fell, and mighty Leth. Dunthormo struggled in his blood. The steel rushed through Crotho's side, as bent, he rose on his spear; the black stream poured from the wound, and hissed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin saw the steps of the hero behind him, he ascended a blasted tree; but the spear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell. Moss and withered branches pursue his fall, and strew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such were thy deeds, son of Morni, in the first of thy battles. Nor slept the sword by thy side, thou last of Fingal's race! Ossian rushed forward in his strength; the people fell before him; as the grass by the staff of the boy, when he whistles along the field, and the gray beard of the thistle falls. But careless the youth moves on; his steps are towards the desert. Gray morning rose around us; the winding streams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill; and the rage of Lathmon rose. He bent the red eye of his wrath: he is silent in his rising grief. He often struck his bossy shield; and his steps are unequal on the heath. I saw the distant darkness of the hero, and I spoke to Morni's son.

"Car-borne chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our steps be towards the king. He shall rise in his strength, and the host of Lathmon vanish. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged will rejoice. But let us fly, son of Morni, Lathmon descends the hill." "Then let our steps be slow," replied the fair-haired Gaul; "lest the foe say, with a smile, 'Behold the warriors of night. They are, like ghosts, terrible in darkness; they melt away before the beam of the east.' Ossian, take the shield of Gormar, who fell beneath thy spear. The aged heroes will rejoice beholding the deeds of their sons."

Such were our words on the plain, when Sulmath came to car-borne Lathmon: Sulmath, chief of Dutha at the dark-rolling stream of Duvranna. "Why dost thou not rush, son of Nuäth, with a thousand of thy heroes? Why dost thou not

descend with thy host, before the warriors fly? Their blue arms are beaming to the rising light, and their steps are before us on the heath!"

"Son of the feeble hand," said Lathmon, "shall my host descend! They are but two, son of Dutha! shall a thousand lift their steel! Nuäth would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread of his feet approached. Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha! I behold the stately steps of Ossian. His fame is worthy of my steel! let us contend in fight."

The noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king. I raised the shield on my arm; Gaul placed in my hand the sword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring stream; Lathmon came down in his strength. His dark host rolled, like clouds, behind him: but the son of Nuäth was bright in his steel!

"Son of Fingal," said the hero, "thy fame has grown on our fall. How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men! Lift now thy spear against Lathmon; lay the son of Nuäth low! Lay him low among his warriors, or thou thyself must fall! It shall never be told in my halls that my people fell in my presence; that they fell in the presence of Lathmon when his sword rested by his side: the blue eyes of Cutha would roll in tears; her steps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon!"

"Neither shall it be told," I replied, "that the son of Fingal fled. Were his steps covered with darkness, yet would not Ossian fly! his soul would meet him and say, 'Does the bard of Selma fear the foe?' No; he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midst of battle!"

Lathmon came on with his spear. He pierced the shield of Ossian. I felt the cold steel by my side. I drew the sword of Morni. I cut the spear in twain. The bright point fell glittering on earth. The son of Nuäth burnt in his wrath. He lifted high his sounding shield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it shone like a gate of brass! But Ossian's spear pierced the brightness of its bosses, and sunk in a tree that rose behind. The shield hung on the quivering lance; but Lathmon still advanced! Gaul foresaw the fall of the chief. He stretched his buckler before my sword; when it descended, in a stream of light, over the king of Dunlathmon!

Lathmon beheld the son of Morni. The tear started from

his eye. He threw the sword of his fathers on earth, and spoke the words of the brave. "Why should Lathmon fight against the first of men? Your souls are beams from heaven; your swords the flames of death! Who can equal the renown of the heroes, whose deeds are so great in youth! O that ye were in the halls of Nuäth, in the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would my father say that his son did not yield to the weak: But who comes, a mighty stream, along the echoing heath? the little hills are troubled before him; a thousand ghosts are on the beams of his steel; the ghosts of those who are to fall by the arm of the king of resounding Morven. Happy art thou, O Fingal, thy sons shall fight thy wars! They go forth before thee; they return with the steps of their renown!"

Fingal came, in his mildness, rejoicing in secret over the deeds of his son. Morni's face brightened with gladness; his aged eyes look faintly through tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma. We sat around the feast of shells. The maids of song came into our presence, and the mildly blushing Everallin! Her hair spreads on her neck of snow, her eye rolls in secret on Ossian. She touched the harp of music; we blessed the daughter of Branno!

Fingal rose in his place, and spoke to Lathmon, king of spears. The sword of Trenmor shook by his side, as high he raised his mighty arm. "Son of Nuäth," he said, "why dost thou search for fame in Morven? We are not of the race of the feeble; our swords gleam not over the weak. When did we rouse thee, O Lathmon, with the sound of war? Fingal does not delight in battle, though his arm is strong! My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The light of my steel pours on the proud in arms. The battle comes! and the tombs of the valiant rise; the tombs of my people rise, O my fathers! I at last must remain alone! But I will remain renowned; the departure of my soul shall be a stream of light! Lathmon, retire to thy place! Turn thy battles to other lands! The race of Morven are renowned; their foes are the sons of the unhappy!"

# THE LIMITATIONS OF PICTORIAL ART.[1]

By LESSING.

(From the "Laocoon.")

[Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, poet and dramatist, was born at Camenz, Silesia, January 22, 1729; died at Brunswick, February 15, 1781. He was educated at the Fürstenschule of Meissen; studied theology at Leipsic, 1746–1748; and worked as a journalist and critic in Berlin, 1748–1752. Meanwhile he became deeply interested in the drama, published several successful plays, and in 1767 was made official playwright and director of the Hamburg theater. From 1770 until his death he was librarian of the ducal library at Wolfenbüttel. He published in 1755 "Miss Sara Sampson," a tragedy; in 1758 appeared a series of sharp and witty letters entitled "Briefe, die neueste Literatur betreffend"; the comedy "Minna von Barnhelm" (1765) was the first national drama of Germany; "Laocoon" (1766) is one of his best works; and the tragedy "Emilia Galotti" (1772) is his masterpiece. His other works are: "Wolfenbüttelsche Fragmente" (1777), "Anti-Goerze" (1778), "Nathan der Weise" (1779), "Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts" (1780), and "Ernst und Falk" (1778–1780).]

Upon examining the reasons alleged for the sculptor of the Laocoon being obliged to exercise moderation in the expression of bodily pain, I find that they are all to be attributed to the essential nature of his art and its inherent exigencies and limitations. They would therefore hardly be applicable to poetry.

Without attempting here to decide how far the poet can succeed in describing physical beauty, it will not be disputed that, as the whole infinite realm of perfection lies open to his imitation, this visible garb, in which perfection becomes beauty, forms but one of the least of the means by which he can awaken our interest in his characters. He often neglects to make use of this means at all, feeling assured that, if his hero has won our regard, his nobler qualities will either engage our attention to such a degree that we shall bestow no thought on his bodily form; or that, if we do think of it, they will so far prepossess us that we shall, in our own minds, attribute to him an exterior, if not beautiful, at least not unpleasing. At any rate, he will not allow himself to pay any regard to the sense of sight, in any single trait that is not expressly intended to appeal to that sense. When Virgil's Laocoon shrieks, does it occur to any one that a widely opened mouth is required for shrieking, and that such a mouth is ugly? It suffices that *clamores horrendos ad sidera tollit* produces a powerful effect upon the ear, be its impression upon the eye what it may.

[1] By permission of Walter Scott, Ltd.

LAOCOON

*Vatican, Rome*

And if any one here feels the want of a beautiful picture, the poet's whole effect is lost upon him.

The poet, moreover, is nowise compelled to concentrate his description into the space of a single moment. He may take up any individual action at will from its source and carry it on, through every possible variation, to its close. These variations, each of which would, in the case of the artist, need a separate work, require but a single trait at the hands of the poet; and though this trait, if taken by itself, might offend the hearer's imagination, preparation would either be made for it by what preceded, or it would be softened down and counteracted by what follows it, in such a manner that it loses its solitary impression, and, by this combination, produces the best possible effect. Assuming, therefore, that it were really unbecoming in a man to shriek while suffering intense pain: how could this slight, momentary impropriety prejudice us against one whose other virtues have already enlisted our sympathy? Virgil's Laocoon shrieks, but this shrieking Laocoon is the very same whom we already know and love as the most considerate of patriots and the most affectionate of fathers. We ascribe his shrieking, not to his character, but solely to his insupportable suffering. This, and nothing more, is what we hear in his shrieks, and by them alone could the poet have represented it to us in a vivid manner.

Who, then, will still censure him? Who would not rather admit that, if the artist did well in not allowing his Laocoon to shriek, the poet acted equally wisely in letting him do so?

But Virgil is here merely a narrative poet; would his justification include the dramatic poet also? The account of a person's shriek produces one kind of impression; the shriek itself produces another. The drama, designed, as it is, for the living art of the actor, should perhaps for that very reason confine itself more strictly within the limits of material art. For we there not merely imagine that we see and hear a shrieking Philoctetes, but we actually do see and hear him. The nearer the actor approaches to nature, the more susceptibly will our eyes and ears be offended; for it is indisputable that this is the case in actual life when we hear and perceive loud and intense expressions of pain. Moreover, bodily pain is as a rule not capable of arousing our compassion to the same extent as other misfortunes. Our imagination can distinguish too little in it for the mere sight of it to awaken feelings in any way equiva-

lent in ourselves. Sophocles, therefore, might easily have committed an impropriety, not merely a conventional one, but one founded on the very existence of our feelings, by allowing Philoctetes and Hercules thus to moan and cry, shriek and howl. The bystanders in the scene cannot possibly share their sufferings to the extent which these unmeasured outbursts seem to demand. To us, beholding them, they will by comparison appear cold, and yet we cannot but regard their compassion as the measure of our own. Be it added that the actor can with difficulty, if at all, carry the representation of bodily pain to the extent of a perfect illusion, and our modern dramatists may perhaps be deserving rather of praise than of blame, for having either avoided this rock entirely, or at any rate doubled it in but a light craft.

How much would, in theory, appear incontrovertible, had not genius succeeded in proving the reverse by fact. None of the foregoing considerations are unfounded; yet, notwithstanding this, the "Philoctetes" remains one of the masterpieces of the stage. For some of them do not apply to Sophocles, and it was only by rising superior to the remaining ones that he attained to beauties whereof the timid critic, without this example, would never have dreamt. The following remarks will make my meaning clearer: —

1. How wonderfully the poet understood how to strengthen and enlarge the idea of bodily suffering! He chose a wound — (for the circumstances of the story may also be considered as having depended on his choice, inasmuch as it was for the sake of these circumstances, so favorable to him, that he selected the whole story) — he chose, I say, a wound, and not an internal malady, because the former admits of a more vivid representation than the latter, however painful. The inward sympathetic fire which consumed Meleager, when his mother sacrificed him to her sisterly rage, by means of the fatal brand, would therefore be less dramatic than a wound. And this wound was, moreover, a divine punishment. Within it, a supernatural poison raged unceasingly, accompanied at periodical intervals by a yet more violent attack of pain, after which the unhappy man always fell into a stupefying sleep, thus giving exhausted nature time to recover strength to tread once more the same path of suffering. Chateaubrun causes him to be wounded merely by the poisoned arrow of a Trojan. How can any extraordinary issue be expected from so common an

occurrence? In the wars of old every man was exposed to it; how came it, then, that its consequences were so terrible in the case of Philoctetes alone? Besides, a natural poison, that can operate for nine whole years without killing, is far more improbable than all the fabulous wonders with which the Greek has adorned his piece.

2. But, great and terrible as Sophocles made the bodily sufferings of his hero, he yet felt full well that they were, of themselves, insufficient to excite any marked degree of sympathy. He therefore combined them with other evils, which, taken by themselves, would not move us greatly, but which, from this combination, received the same melancholy coloring which they in turn imparted to the bodily pain. These evils were: complete isolation from all human society, hunger and all the hardships of life to which one is exposed in such isolation and under an inclement sky. If we imagine a man in these circumstances, granting him health, strength, and industry, we have a Robinson Crusoe, who, though his fate be not indifferent to us, yet certainly has little claim upon our pity. For we are seldom so contented with human society that the tranquillity which may be enjoyed apart from it would not appear to us very attractive; especially under the idea, which flatters every individual, that in course of time he could learn to dispense with the aid of others. On the other hand, suppose a man to be afflicted with the most painful, incurable disease, but at the same time surrounded by kind friends, who allow him to suffer no want, who alleviate his misfortune as far as it lies in their power to do so, and before whom he freely vents his complaints and sorrows. Undeniably we shall pity him, but this pity will not be of long duration; we shall at last shrug our shoulders and recommend him to have patience. It is only when both these cases are combined, — when, in his solitude, he is moreover not master of his own body; when the sufferer derives as little help from others as he can render himself, and his lamentations are lost upon the desert air — then it is that we see the sum of the evils which can afflict humanity overtaking him, and every passing thought, in which we put ourselves in his place, arouses dread and horror. We see before us naught but despair in its most terrible form, and no sympathy is stronger or stirs our whole soul more deeply than that which is founded on the idea of despair. Of this kind is the sympathy which we feel for Philoctetes, and we feel it most

strongly at the moment when we behold him bereft of his bow, his only means of prolonging his distressful life. Oh, the Frenchman who had no understanding to consider this, no heart to feel it! Or, if he had, was paltry enough to sacrifice it all to the wretched taste of his nation! Chateaubrun gives Philoctetes companions. He lets a young princess come to the hero in his desert island. Nor is she alone; her lady in waiting accompanies her, of which thing I am uncertain as to whether the princess or the poet needed it more. The powerful incident of the bow he has omitted. In its place he gives us the play of beautiful eyes. Certainly a bow and arrows would have afforded great amusement to the heroic youth of France. On the other hand, nothing is more serious, to their minds, than the scorn of beautiful eyes. The Greek tortures us with harrowing apprehensions that the unfortunate Philoctetes will be forced to remain upon the desert island without his bow and miserably perish. The Frenchman knows a surer way to our hearts: he makes us fear that the son of Achilles may have to depart without his princess. This the Parisian critics called triumphing over the Ancients, and one of them suggested that Chateaubrun's piece be called "La difficulté vaincue."

3. After considering the effect of the whole piece, let us look at the single scenes, where Philoctetes is no longer the deserted sufferer, but has hopes of soon leaving the cheerless desert island and returning to his own kingdom — where, in fine, his whole misfortune is centered in his painful wound. He moans and shrieks, his body is seized with the most horrible convulsions. Against this the objection of offended propriety is properly urged. This objection was raised by an Englishman — that is to say, by a man who would hardly be suspected of false delicacy. As already hinted, he gives a very good reason for doing so. All feelings and passions, he says, with which others can but little sympathize, become offensive if expressed with too much intensity. "It is for the same reason that to cry out with bodily pain, how intolerable soever, appears always unmanly and unbecoming. There is, however, a good deal of sympathy even with bodily pain. If, as has already been observed, I see a stroke aimed, and just ready to fall upon the leg or arm of another person, I naturally shrink and draw back my own leg or my own arm: and when it does fall, I feel it in some measure, and am hurt by it as well as the sufferer. My hurt, however, is no doubt excessively slight,

and, upon that account, if he makes any violent outcry, as I cannot go along with him, I never fail to despise him."

Nothing is more misleading than laying down general laws for our feelings. They are so finely interwoven and complicated, that it is scarcely possible, even for the most careful observers, to take up clearly a single thread and follow it amid all the others that cross it. And if he does succeed in doing so, what advantage is thereby gained? There are in nature no simple unmixed feelings; together with each one there arise a thousand others, the least of which is sufficient to alter entirely the primary feeling, thus leading to greater and greater complexity, so that at last what was supposed to be a general law is reduced to a mere experience of a few single cases. We despise him, says the Englishman, whom we hear crying out violently with bodily pain. But not always: not the first time; not if we see that the sufferer is doing his utmost to conquer his pain; not if we know him to be in other respects a man of resolution; still less if, at the very time of his suffering, he shows signs of his resoluteness, if we see that his pain, while indeed causing him to cry out, yet does not force him to anything further, and that he submits to a continuance of it rather than change his thoughts or alter his determination in the slightest degree, even though such an alteration bid fair to bring his sufferings entirely to a conclusion. We find all this in Philoctetes. With the Greeks, moral greatness consisted in an equally undying love of one's friends and immutable hatred of one's foes. This greatness Philoctetes maintains throughout all his tortures. His suffering has not drained his eyes of tears to such an extent as to prevent him from weeping over the fate of his former friends. It has not made him so submissive that, in order to escape from it, he could pardon his foes and allow himself to be used for all their selfish ends. And this rock of a man is one whom the Athenians should have despised, because the waves which could not shake him at least make him resound. I confess, I care little for Cicero's philosophy in general, and least of all for that portion of it which he displays in the second Book of his "Tusculan Disputations," on the endurance of bodily pain. One would think that he wanted to train a gladiator, so eagerly does he oppose all external expression of suffering. This betokens to him, apparently, nothing more than a want of patience, nor does he seem to consider that, though it often is entirely voluntary, yet true bravery, also, shows itself

in voluntary actions only. He only hears the cries and shrieks of Sophocles' Philoctetes, and entirely overlooks his other resolute qualities. How else would he have had the opportunity of making his rhetorical onslaught upon the poets? "They would make us effeminate by introducing the bravest men weeping." They must let them weep; for a theater is not an arena. It behooved the condemned or mercenary combatant to do and suffer everything with propriety. Not a sound of complaint must escape his lips, not a convulsive start reveal his pain. His wounds, and even his death, were intended to afford delight to the spectators, and he therefore had to learn the art of entirely concealing his feelings. The slightest display of them would have awakened compassion, and compassion, if frequently excited, would soon have made an end of these cold and cruel spectacles. Now the very effect which was there avoided, the tragic stage has for its principal aim, and here, therefore, a directly opposite line of conduct is demanded. Its heroes must display their feelings, must give utterance to their pain, and let nature follow her ordinary course within them. If they betray any signs of training and forced effort, they fail to reach our hearts; and prize fighters in the *cothurnus* can at the most but excite our wonder. This epithet may be applied to all the characters in the so-called tragedies of Seneca, and I am firmly convinced that the gladiatorial contests formed the principal cause why the Romans remained so far below mediocrity in the Tragic Art. The spectators learnt, in the bloody amphitheater, to misconceive all that is natural; a Ctesias, perhaps, could study his art there, but a Sophocles never. The most tragic of geniuses, inured to these artificial scenes of death, would have degenerated into bombast and rodomontade. But as such rodomontade cannot inspire true heroism, so neither can the sorrow of a Philoctetes inspire weakness. The sorrows are those of a man, but the actions those of a hero. Together, they make the human hero, who is neither weak nor yet obdurate, but rather appears now the former, now the latter, according as nature or his principles of duty may require. His is the highest character that wisdom can produce or art imitate.

4. Not only has Sophocles preserved his sensitive hero from contempt, but he has also wisely provided against any other objection which the Englishman's observation might cause to be raised against him. For, although we may not always despise a man who cries out with bodily pain, yet it cannot be

denied that we do not feel so much pity for him as his cries would appear to demand. What attitude, then, are those actors to assume who have to deal with the crying Philoctetes? Ought they to appear deeply moved? This would be contrary to nature. Or should they appear as cold and embarrassed as one usually is in such cases? This would produce a most disagreeable and incongruous effect upon the spectator. Now this also, as mentioned, Sophocles has guarded against. He did so by furnishing the subsidiary characters with an individual interest, so that the impression made upon them by the cries of Philoctetes does not form the only thing with which they are occupied; and the spectator's attention is directed, not so much towards the disproportion of their sympathy to these cries, but rather to the change which, through this sympathy, however strong or weak the latter may be, is, or should be, effected in their own sentiments and designs. Neoptolemus and the Chorus have deceived the luckless Philoctetes; they recognize the depth of despair into which their deceit will plunge him; and now he meets with his terrible disaster before their very eyes. If this disaster cannot excite any marked degree of sympathy in them, it can at least induce them to look into their own conduct, to have consideration for so much misery and not wish to add to it still further by treachery. This is what the spectator looks for, and his expectations are not deceived by the noble-minded Neoptolemus. Philoctetes, had he been master of his pain, would have confirmed Neoptolemus in his dissimulation; Philoctetes, whose pain renders him incapable of all deception, how necessary soever the same may appear to him, lest his fellow-travelers repent too soon of their promise to take him with them; Philoctetes, who is himself perfectly natural, brings back Neoptolemus also to his nature. This conversion is splendid, and it is all the more touching, because it is brought about simply by humanity. With the Frenchman, on the other hand, the beautiful eyes have their share in it. But I will dismiss this parody from my thoughts. This device of combining in the bystanders the pity intended to be evoked by hearing cries of pain, with some other emotion, has also been adopted by Sophocles in his "Trachiniæ." The pain of Hercules is not merely an exhausting pain: it drives him to a state of frenzy, in which he only thirsts after vengeance. In his fury he has already seized Lichas and dashed him to pieces against the rock. The Chorus is composed of women, and it is therefore most

natural that fear and horror should take possession of it. This, together with their suspense as to whether a god will yet hasten to the aid of Hercules or whether the latter will succumb to his misfortune, here forms the main point of interest, the feeling of sympathy thus being scarcely brought into play. As soon as the final issue has been decided by the assistance of the Oracles, Hercules becomes calm, and the admiration called forth by his last resolution takes the place of every other feeling. In comparing the suffering Hercules with the suffering Philoctetes, however, it must be borne in mind that the former is a demigod, whereas the latter is only a man. The man is never ashamed of his lamentations, but the demigod is ashamed that the mortal part of him should have so far mastered the immortal as to make him cry and moan like a girl. We moderns do not believe in demigods, and yet the smallest hero among us is expected to feel and act like one.

Whether an actor could render his imitation of the shrieks and convulsions of pain absolutely illusive, I would not venture to say. If I found that our actors could not do it, I should first wish to know whether even a Garrick would find it impossible; and if he likewise failed to succeed, I should still be at liberty to think of the acting and declamation of the Ancients as having attained a perfection whereof we cannot to-day form the slightest conception.

## SULTAN SALADIN AND NATHAN THE WISE.[1]

By LESSING.

(From "Nathan the Wise.")

*Scene: The Hall of Audience in* Saladin's *Palace.*

Saladin *and* Sittah, *his sister.*

*Saladin* [*giving directions*] —
Bring the Jew here, as soon as he arrives.
He seems in no great haste.
*Sittah* — Nay, Saladin,
Perhaps he was not found at home.
*Saladin* — Ah, sister!
*Sittah* —
You look as if some contest were at hand.

[1] By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. (1 vol., price 1*s.* 6*d.*)

*Saladin* —

Ay! and with weapons I'm not used to wield.
Must I then play the hypocrite — and frame
Precautions — lay a snare? Where learnt I that?
And for what end? To seek for money — money!
For money from a Jew? And to such arts
Must Saladin descend, that he may win
The most contemptible of paltry things?

*Sittah* —

But paltry things, despised too much, are sure
To find some method of revenge.

*Saladin* — 'Tis true!
What if this Jew should prove an upright man,
Such as the Dervise painted him?

*Sittah* — Why, then,
Your difficulty ceases; for a snare
Implies an avaricious, cheating Jew,
And not an upright man. Then he is ours
Without a snare. 'Twill give us joy to hear
How such a man will speak — with what stern strength
He'll tear the net, or with what cunning skill
Untangle all its meshes, one by one.

*Saladin* —

True, Sittah! 'twill afford me rare delight.

*Sittah* —

What, then, need trouble you? For if he be,
Like all his nation, a mere cozening Jew,
You need not blush, if you appear to him
No better than he deems all other men.
But if to him you wear a different look,
You'll be a fool — his dupe!

*Saladin* — So I must, then,
Do ill, lest bad men should think ill of me.

*Sittah* —

Yes, brother, if you call it doing ill
To put a thing to its intended use.

*Saladin* —

Well, there is nothing woman's wit invents
It cannot palliate ——

*Sittah* — How, palliate?

*Saladin* —

Sittah, I fear such fine-wrought filigree
Will break in my rude hand. It is for those
Who frame such plots to bring them into play.
The execution needs the inventor's skill.

But let it pass. — I'll dance as best I can —
Yet sooner would I do it ill than well.

*Sittah* —

Oh, brother, have more courage in yourself!
Have but the will, I'll answer for the rest.
How strange that men like you are ever prone
To think it is their swords alone that raise them.
When with the fox the noble lion hunts,
'Tis of the fellowship he feels ashamed,
But of the cunning, never.

*Saladin* — Well, 'tis strange
That women so delight to bring mankind
Down to their level. But, dear Sittah, go;
I think I know my lesson.

*Sittah* — Must I go?

*Saladin* —

You did not mean to stay?

*Sittah* — No, not with you,
But in this neighb'ring chamber.

*Saladin* — What! to listen?
Not so, my sister, if I shall succeed.
Away! the curtain rustles — he is come.
Beware of lingering! I'll be on the watch.

[*While* SITTAH *retires through one door,* NATHAN *enters at another, and* SALADIN *seats himself.*

SALADIN, NATHAN.

*Saladin* —

Draw nearer, Jew — yet nearer — close to me!
Lay fear aside.

*Nathan* — Fear, Sultan, 's for your foes.

*Saladin* —

Your name is Nathan?

*Nathan* — Yes.

*Saladin* — Nathan the Wise.

*Nathan* —

No.

*Saladin* — But, at least the people call you so.

*Nathan* —

That may be true. The people!

*Saladin* — Do not think
I treat the people's voice contemptuously.
I have been wishing long to know the man
Whom it has called the Wise.

*Nathan* —
What if it named
Him so in scorn? If wise means prudent only —
And prudent, one who knows his interest well?
*Saladin* —
Who knows his real interest, you mean.
*Nathan* —
Then, Sultan, selfish men were the most prudent,
And wise, and prudent, then, would mean the same.
*Saladin* —
You're proving what your speeches contradict.
You know the real interests of man:
The people know them not — have never sought
To know them. That alone can make man wise.
*Nathan* —
Which every man conceives himself to be.
*Saladin* —
A truce to modesty! To meet it ever,
When we are seeking truth is wearisome. [*Springs up.*
So, let us to the point. Be candid, Jew,
Be frank and honest.
*Nathan* — I will serve you, prince,
And prove that I am worthy of your favor.
*Saladin* —
How will you serve me?
*Nathan* — You shall have the best
Of all I have, and at the cheapest rate.
*Saladin* —
What mean you? Not your wares? — My sister, then,
Shall make the bargain with you. (That's for the listener!)
I am not versed in mercantile affairs,
And with a merchant's craft I've naught to do.
*Nathan* —
Doubtless you would inquire if I have marked
Upon my route the movements of the foe?
Whether he's stirring? If I may presume ——
*Saladin* —
Neither was that my object. On that point
I know enough. But hear me.
*Nathan* — I obey.
*Saladin* —
It is another, a far different thing
On which I seek for wisdom; and since you
Are called the Wise, tell me which faith or law
You deem the best.

*Nathan* — Sultan, I am a Jew.
*Saladin* —
And I a Mussulman. The Christian stands
Between us. Here are three religions, then,
And of these three one only can be true.
A man like you remains not where his birth
By accident has cast him; or if so,
Conviction, choice, or ground of preference,
Supports him. Let me, Nathan, hear from you,
In confidence, the reasons of your choice,
Which I have lacked the leisure to examine.
It may be, Nathan, that I am the first
Sultan who has indulged this strange caprice,
Which need not, therefore, make a Sultan blush.
Am I the first? Nay, speak; or if you seek
A brief delay to shape your scattered thoughts,
I yield it freely. (Has she overheard?
She will inform me if I've acted right.)
Reflect then, Nathan, I shall soon return. [*Exit.*

*Nathan* [*alone*] —
Strange! how is this? What can the Sultan want?
I came prepared for cash — he asks for truth!
Truth! as if truth were cash! A coin disused —
Valued by weight! If so, 'twere well, indeed!
But coin quite new, not coin but for the die,
To be flung down and on the counter told —
It is not that. Like gold tied up in bags,
Will truth lie hoarded in the wise man's head,
To be produced at need? Now, in this case,
Which of us plays the Jew? He asks for truth.
Is truth what he requires? his aim, his end?
Or does he use it as a subtle snare?
That were too petty for his noble mind.
Yet what is e'er too petty for the great?
Did he not rush at once into the house,
Whilst, as a friend, he would have paused or knocked?
I must beware. Yet to repel him now,
And act the stubborn Jew, is not the thing;
And wholly to fling off the Jew, still less.
For if no Jew, he might with justice ask,
Why not a Mussulman? — That thought may serve. —
Others than children may be quieted
With tales well told. But see, he comes — he comes.

SALADIN, NATHAN.

*Saladin* [*aside*] —
(The coast is clear) — I am not come too soon?
Have you reflected on this matter, Nathan?
Speak! no one hears.
*Nathan* — Would all the world might hear!
*Saladin* —
And are you of your cause so confident.
'Tis wise, indeed, of you to hide no truth,
For truth to hazard all, even life and goods.
*Nathan* —
Ay, when necessity and profit bid.
*Saladin* —
I hope that henceforth I shall rightly bear
One of my names, "Reformer of the world
And of the law!"
*Nathan* — A noble title, truly;
But, Sultan, ere I quite explain myself,
Permit me to relate a tale.
*Saladin* — Why not?
I ever was a friend of tales well told.
*Nathan* —
Well told! Ah, Sultan! that's another thing.
*Saladin* —
What! still so proudly modest? But begin.
*Nathan* —
In days of yore, there dwelt in Eastern lands
A man, who from a valued hand received
A ring of priceless worth. An opal stone
Shot from within an ever-changing hue,
And held this virtue in its form concealed,
To render him of God and man beloved,
Who wore it in this fixed unchanging faith.
No wonder that its Eastern owner ne'er
Withdrew it from his finger, and resolved
That to his house the ring should be secured.
Therefore he thus bequeathed it: first to him
Who was the most beloved of his sons,
Ordaining then that he should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children; then,
That without heeding birth, the fav'rite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should still
Be lord of all the house. You hear me, Sultan?

*Saladin* —
I understand. Proceed.
*Nathan* — From son to son,
The ring at length descended to a sire
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him,
And whom he loved with just and equal love.
The first, the second, and the third, in turn,
According as they each apart received
The overflowings of his heart, appeared
Most worthy, as his heir, to take the ring,
Which, with good-natured weakness, he in turn
Had promised privately to each; and thus
Things lasted for a while. But death approached,
The father now embarrassed, could not bear
To disappoint two sons, who trusted him.
What's to be done? In secret he commands
The jeweler to come, that from the form
Of the true ring, he may bespeak two more.
Nor cost nor pains are to be spared, to make
The rings alike — quite like the true one. This
The artist managed. When the rings were brought
The father's eye could not distinguish which
Had been the model. Overjoyed, he calls
His sons, takes leave of each apart — bestows
His blessing and his ring on each — and dies.
You hear me?
*Saladin* [*who has turned away in perplexity*] —
Ay! I hear. Conclude the tale.
*Nathan* —
'Tis ended, Sultan! All that follows next
May well be guessed. Scarce is the father dead,
When with his ring each separate son appears,
And claims to be the lord of all the house.
Question arises, tumult and debate —
But all in vain — the true ring could no more
Be then distinguished than — [*after a pause, in which he awaits the Sultan's reply*] the true faith now.
*Saladin* —
Is that your answer to my question?
*Nathan* — No!
But it may serve as my apology.
I cannot venture to decide between
Rings which the father had expressly made,
To baffle those who would distinguish them.

*Saladin* —

Rings, Nathan! Come, a truce to this! The creeds
Which I have named have broad, distinctive marks,
Differing in raiment, food, and drink!

*Nathan* — 'Tis true!
But then they differ not in their foundation.
Are not all built on history alike,
Traditional or written? History
Must be received on trust. Is it not so?
In whom are we most likely to put trust?
In our own people? in those very men
Whose blood we are? who, from our earliest youth,
Have proved their love for us, have ne'er deceived,
Except in cases where 'twere better so?
Why should I credit my forefathers less
Than you do yours? or can I ask of you
To charge your ancestors with falsehood, that
The praise of truth may be bestowed on mine?
And so of Christians.

*Saladin* — By our Prophet's faith,
The man is right. I have no more to say.

*Nathan* —

Now let us to our rings once more return.
We said the sons complained; each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring — as was the case —
In virtue of a promise that he should
One day enjoy the ring's prerogative.
In this they spoke the truth. Then each maintained
It was not possible that to himself
His father had been false. Each could not think
His father guilty of an act so base.
Rather than that, reluctant as he was
To judge his brethren, he must yet declare
Some treach'rous act of falsehood had been done.

*Saladin* —

Well! and the judge? I'm curious now to hear
What you will make him say. Go on, go on!

*Nathan* —

The judge said: If the father is not brought
Before my seat, I cannot judge the case.
Am I to judge enigmas? Do you think
That the true ring will here unseal its lips?
But, hold! You tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the secret power to make the man

Who wears it, both by God and man beloved.
Let that decide. Who of the three is loved
Best by his brethren? Is there no reply?
What! do these love-exciting rings alone
Act inwardly? Have they no outward charm?
Does each one love himself alone? You're all
Deceived deceivers. All your rings are false.
The real ring, perchance, has disappeared;
And so your father, to supply the loss,
Has caused three rings to fill the place of one.

*Saladin* —
O, charming, charming!

*Nathan* — And, the judge continued,
If you insist on judgment, and refuse
My counsel, be it so. I recommend
That you consider how the matter stands.
Each from his father has received a ring:
Let each then think the real ring his own.
Your father, possibly, desired to free
His power from one ring's tyrannous control.
He loved you all with an impartial love,
And equally, and had no inward wish
To prove the measure of his love for one
By pressing heavily upon the rest.
Therefore, let each one imitate this love;
So, free from prejudice, let each one aim
To emulate his brethren in the strife
To prove the virtues of his several ring,
By offices of kindness and of love,
And trust in God. And if, in years to come,
The virtues of the ring shall reappear
Amongst your children's children, then, once more
Come to this judgment seat. A greater far
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide.
So spake the modest judge.

*Saladin* — O God, O God!

*Nathan* —
And if now, Saladin, you think you're he —— .

*Saladin* [*approaches* NATHAN *and takes his hand, which he retains to the end of the scene*] —
This promised judge — I? — Dust! I? — Naught! O God!

*Nathan* —
What is the matter, Sultan?

*Saladin* — Dearest Nathan!
That judge's thousand years are not yet past;

His judgment seat is not for me. But go,
And still remain my friend.

*Nathan* — Has Saladin
Aught else to say?

*Saladin* — No.

*Nathan* — Nothing?

*Saladin* — Truly nothing.
But why this eagerness?

*Nathan* — I could have wished
An opportunity to ask a boon.

*Saladin* —
Wait not for opportunity. Speak now.

*Nathan* —
I have been trav'ling, and am just returned
From a long journey, from collecting debts.
Hard cash is troublesome these perilous times,
I know not where I may bestow it safely.
These coming wars need money; and, perchance,
You can employ it for me, Saladin?

*Saladin* [*fixing his eyes upon* NATHAN] —
I ask not, Nathan, have you seen Al-Hafi?
Nor if some shrewd suspicion of your own
Moves you to make this offer.

*Nathan* — What suspicion?

*Saladin* —
I do not ask — forgive me, — it is just,
For what avails concealment? I confess
I was about ——

*Nathan* — To ask this very thing?

*Saladin* —
Yes!

*Nathan* — Then our objects are at once fulfilled.

# THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD AND HIS FAMILY.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[For biographical sketch, see page 4136.]

## The Description of the Family of Wakefield, in which a Kindred Likeness prevails, as well of Minds as of Persons.

I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and, as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement, in visiting our rich neighbors, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveler or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife

THE VICAR AND HIS WIFE

always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy, friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated: and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveler or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors. My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called

Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country;" — "Ay, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe: open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features: at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribbons has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and,

properly speaking, they had but one character, — that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

### Family Misfortunes. The Loss of Fortune only serves to increase the Pride of the Worthy.

The temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony: so that in a few years it was a common saying that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favorite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles; as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston, so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes: it admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her;

it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the Church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune. But fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such a happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced, by experience, that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study; they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which, even philosophers might own, often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner, my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a twopenny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened, the last time we played together. I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance

of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, — the completing a tract, which I intended shortly to publish, in defense of my favorite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece, both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid showing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute, attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but, on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest. I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How," cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be a husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity? You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument."— "Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account till after the wedding: but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for, I suppose, your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure." — "Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment and inform the company of my circumstances; and, as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favor, nor will allow him now to be a husband in any sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was, by this blow, soon determined: one

virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

### A Migration. The Fortunate Circumstances of our Lives are generally found at last to be of our own Procuring.

The only hope of our family now was that the report of our misfortune might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came, with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me, in a distant neighborhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You cannot be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendors with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why, then, should not we learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility: we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support

and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, traveled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff, and take this book, too, it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million, — 'I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.' Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honor, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheater of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighborhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighborhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment for the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and

faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph: nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me has shown me there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which I hope by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay to supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked

along the footpath by the roadside, observing with a smile that, as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was that, though he was a money borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we traveled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." — "What!" cried I, "is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence." — "Something, perhaps, too much so," replied Mr. Burchell; "at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they were all upon the side of virtue they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar: was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind: the slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul labored under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit; his profusions began to impair his fortune, but not his good nature — that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other

seemed to decay: he grew improvident as he grew poor; and, though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of *money* he gave *promises*. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependents, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But, in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and, that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learnt to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect: the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation; approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now therefore found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him were little estimable: he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found that — that — I forget what I was going to observe: in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he traveled through Europe on foot; and now, though he has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present, his bounties are more rational and moderate than before; but still he preserves the character of a humorist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as he went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when, turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over, where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledg-

ments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than with words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave, and we pursued our journey: my wife observing, as he went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

## A Proof that even the Humblest Fortune may grant Happiness, which depends, not on Circumstances, but Constitution.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and, frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor, but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, hav-

ing given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls, on the inside, were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments: one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, — for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, — we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, — Johnny Armstrong's "Last Good Night," or the "Cruelty of Barbara Allen." The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he

that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box. . . .

### The Family still resolve to hold up their Heads.

Michaelmas eve happened on the next day, and we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbor Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbor's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blindman's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbor and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defense. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad singer, when confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such

high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a great fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colors, my Lady fell into a swoon, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters.'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us

all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion." *Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favor me with a sight of them?" *Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them." *Fudge!*

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the *Lady's Magazine.* I hope you'll say there's nothing low lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?" *Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the Lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one." *Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day, another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to

own a truth, I was of opinion that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favors; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least, the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accompts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up smallclothes, work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: "But a thing of this kind, Madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, Madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself, but referred her to all the neighbors for a character; but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that our cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

### Fortune seems resolved to humble the Family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than Real Calamities.

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity

in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the Squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty well!" cried I, not knowing what to say. "What, only pretty well!" returned she: "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day: and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly—so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always

out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission: and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communi-

cating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves." — "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question: though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. — But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" — "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" — "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." — "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." — "I have brought back no money," cried Moses, again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." — "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain,

or I should not have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." — "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." — "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." — "What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver?" — "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." — "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." — "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." — "Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff: if I had them I would throw them in the fire." — "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

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